THE ART JOURNAL



FIRST ISSUED IN
THE YEAR 1839

1908

The Art Journal is published in monthly parts, each 1s. 6d. net. This title-page is reduced from the Cover designed by W. Monk, R.E., and first used January, 1906.

The Rights of Translation and Reproduction are reserved.

LONDON VIRTUE & C°CITY GARDEN ROW CITY ROAD

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
DUKE STREET, STAMFORD STREET, S.E., AND GREAT WINDMILL STREET, W.

CHRIST'S COLLEGE
LIBRARY
NEW LONDON

THE ART JOURNAL, 1908.

HAND-PRINTED PLATES.

ST. MARTIN'S IN THE FIELDS	*An original Etching by* MALCOLM OSBORNE, A.R.E. (*see p.* 72)	*Frontispiece*
		To face page
FAIR ST. GEORGE	*Painted by* SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., *Etched by* LUKE TAYLOR, A.R.E.	6
CUPID'S SPELL	*Painted by* HENRY WOODS, R.A., *Etched by* C. H. BOUCHER	42
FLIRTATION	*Painted by* SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A., *Etched by* E. MARSDEN WILSON, A.R.E.	106
HARLEQUIN AND COLUMBINE	*Painted by* ANTOINE WATTEAU, *Engraved by* F. MILLER	148
CHOOSING A DEITY	*Painted by* EDWIN LONG, R.A., *Etched by* MALCOLM OSBORNE, A.R.E.	174
LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL	*An original Etching by* W. MONK, R.E.	200
KING COPHETUA	*Painted by* SIR E. BURNE-JONES, *Etched by* LUKE TAYLOR, A.R.E.	230
HAY-CARTING	*An original Mezzotint by* W. A. COX	266
VENICE	*An original Etching by* EDWARD M. SYNGE, A.R.E.	302
CHARMINSTER	*An original Etching by* NATHANIEL SPARKS, A.R.E.	328
ABINGER HAMMER	*An original Etching by* PERCY ROBERTSON, A.R.E.	358

Premium Plate, 1908: 'AN ALSATIAN FLOWER GIRL,' an original Etching by

ROBERT W. MACBETH, R.A.

See p. 12.

DECEMBER, 1908.

38641

[*The Rights of Translation and Reproduction are Reserved.*]

The Art Journal

1908.

Netherlorn and its Neighbourhood.*

By Patrick H. Gillies, M.B., F.S.A. Scot.

"Geology may be regarded as the science of landscape: it is to the landscape painter what anatomy is to the historic one or the sculptor. . . . Landscapes are tablets roughened with the records of the past; and the various features whether of hill or valley, terrace or escarpment, form the bold and graceful characters in which the narrative is inscribed."—HUGH MILLER.

IT may appear a truism to say that the geological structure and history of a country are responsible for its scenery; but it is not so long ago since it was recognized that the present features of the land are due, not to the powers of subterranean convulsions of nature which were supposed to have reared the hills on high, and cleft open the valleys, but to the simple denuding agencies of air, rain, and frost; agencies which grind slowly, persistent and ruthless, more mighty in their effects than the greatest cataclysms of which history relates. While of course we recognize the great earth movements, which in the ages have alternately raised and submerged the land, plicating and crumpling the strata and giving the general trend to the surface; it is to these simple agencies, acting upon the lines of least resistance, taking advantage of the peculiarities of fault and structure, that the diverse details of the land which constitute its scenic features are due. The picturesque mountain chains of the Highlands are but the relics of denudation; they have been sculptured out of a huge table-land by the erosion of the valleys; the process is still going on, and will go on until a "base level" is reached, when again a new series of rocks composed of the ruins of the old may be upreared, to be subjected to the same ceaseless waste, and a new configuration be given to the surface of the land.

From the varied resistance to erosion presented by different natures of rock, we find each rock formation having a distinct type of scenery. Thus in quartzite regions the hills assume conical forms—the paps or "ciche" of so many districts; while the riven peaks or "stuc" of schist, the hummocky ridges of slate, and the precipitous hills or "bidean" of basalt are familiar features of the places where these rocks predominate. Again, the character of the underlying strata has its influence upon the vegetation which clothes the surface; from the grassy covering of basalt or limestone regions, the rugged and heathery slopes of gneiss, to the sterile bare peaks of quartzite.

We would expect therefore that where different geological formations succeed or alternate quickly in a comparatively small area, the scenery would be of an agreeably diversified nature.

Now from the shores of Jura and Scarba to the waters of Loch Awe—a region embracing the district of Netherlorn—an interesting sequence of the old metamorphic rocks of the Highlands appears. On the west we find a great mountain chain of quartzite, rising in Beinn-an-oir, one of the Jura paps, to over 2,500 feet; then great thicknesses of



The Bishop of Lorn: curious effects of weathering.

By A. Scott Rankin.

* Chapter I., General characteristics.



The Toad of Lorn: a basaltic escarpment.

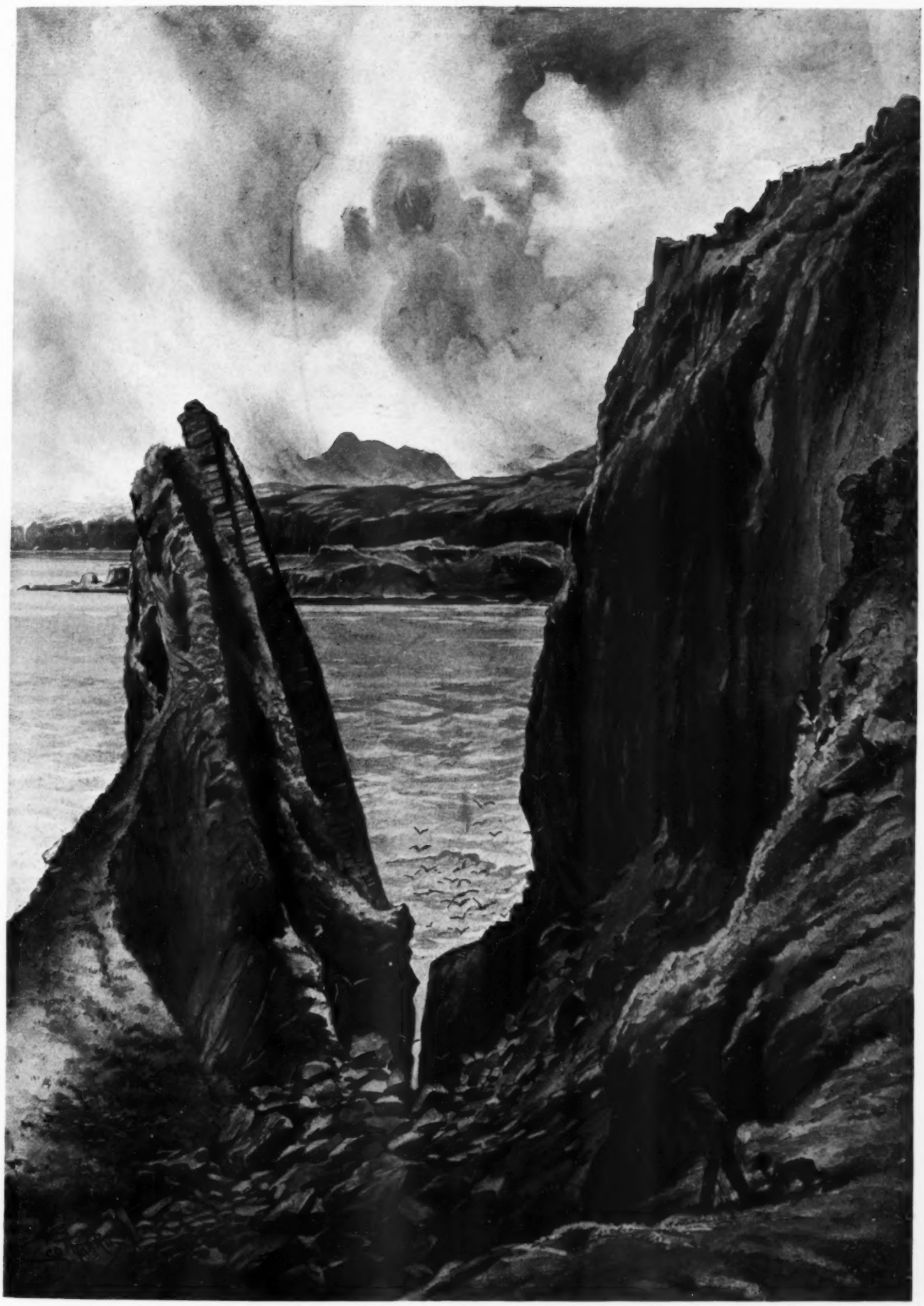
By A. Scott Rankin.

clay slate of perfect cleavage and great hardness constitute the bed rock of the interesting group of slate islands—Seil, Luing, Easdale, Shuna, Torsa, Belnahua and many others: the slate in its turn passing into the schists and conglomerates of Loch Awe and Kilmartin. These stratified rocks are of immense antiquity; they are pre-Cambrian in geological chronology. Subsequently, in the Old Red Sandstone and Tertiary times, there were periods of great volcanic activity, when large sheets of igneous rock overpoured the country, appearing as sills or ledges between the beds, or forcing their way across the strata of the older rocks in the form of dykes or veins of intrusive material, or overlying all in huge thicknesses. Many of the hills of the district are built up of basaltic rock. The terraced declivities show the edges of the sills; while the dykes, easily traceable for many miles, and seldom more than a hundred yards apart, cross the country from south-east to north-west: here, where they are of harder material than the surrounding rock, standing in relief, grey lichen-covered ramparts, locally known as "stac"; there, where they are more easily eroded, leaving picturesque ravines or dark gullies, the "sloc" of Gaelic phraseology. Sometimes we find a "soft" and a "hard" dyke side by side, and then, especially if it so happen on the seashore, where the enormous force of the waves aids the ordinary subærial agencies to more decisive and striking effect, we see "sloc" and "stac," or gully and dyke, magnifying each other's proportions, making a most striking feature in cliff scenery.

To this diversity of structure and consequent diversity in scenery, the landscapes of the district owe their charm. There is no monotony. Mountain, moor, glen and fiord, river and loch blend fitly. The long narrow and tortuous indentations which pierce and embarb the rough bounds, stretching to the foot of that mountain chain which for ages has been known as Druim Albain (the ridge of Alban, Dorsum Britanniæ), mellow as if by stealth the solemn grandeur of the mountains and valleys; they add the contrast of the ever-changing sea to the "everlasting hills"; the freshness and warmth of the ocean penetrate to the heart of the district. The shattered scalps and riven precipices of the summits are succeeded by the heath-covered slopes strewn with grey scars and boulders, which in their turn merge into broad terraces of grassy alluvium bordering the edge or the fiord and river.

It is related that, during a fear of foreign invasion, instructions were given to the Lord Lieutenant sof counties, should a descent by the enemy upon the coast be imminent, the cattle and sheep were to be driven at least twelve miles from the sea; so deeply however have these sea lochs been carved into the heart of the country, that it was found that with the exception of a narrow strip of the Blackmount in the extreme north-east, no part of the large county of Argyll was that distance inland.

Again, the peculiar trend of the coast-line of south-western Argyllshire cannot fail to strike the observer. The long narrow promontories of land and chains of narrow islands



Stac on West Coast of Seil Island : dyke and ravine caused by unequal erosion.

By A. Scott Rankin.



Ardmadie Loch: an Argyllshire Fiord.

By A. Scott Rankin.

alternating with valleys and arms of the sea are arranged in "echelon" of parallel lines passing from north-east to south-west, and this direction has been determined, in the first instance at any rate, by the effects of great earth movements. Some mighty squeezing force passing from the south-east has thrown and thrust the rocks into billows of contorted strata folding towards the north-west, and the valleys have been subsequently cut out by the ordinary processes of sub-aërial denudation along the axes of these plications.

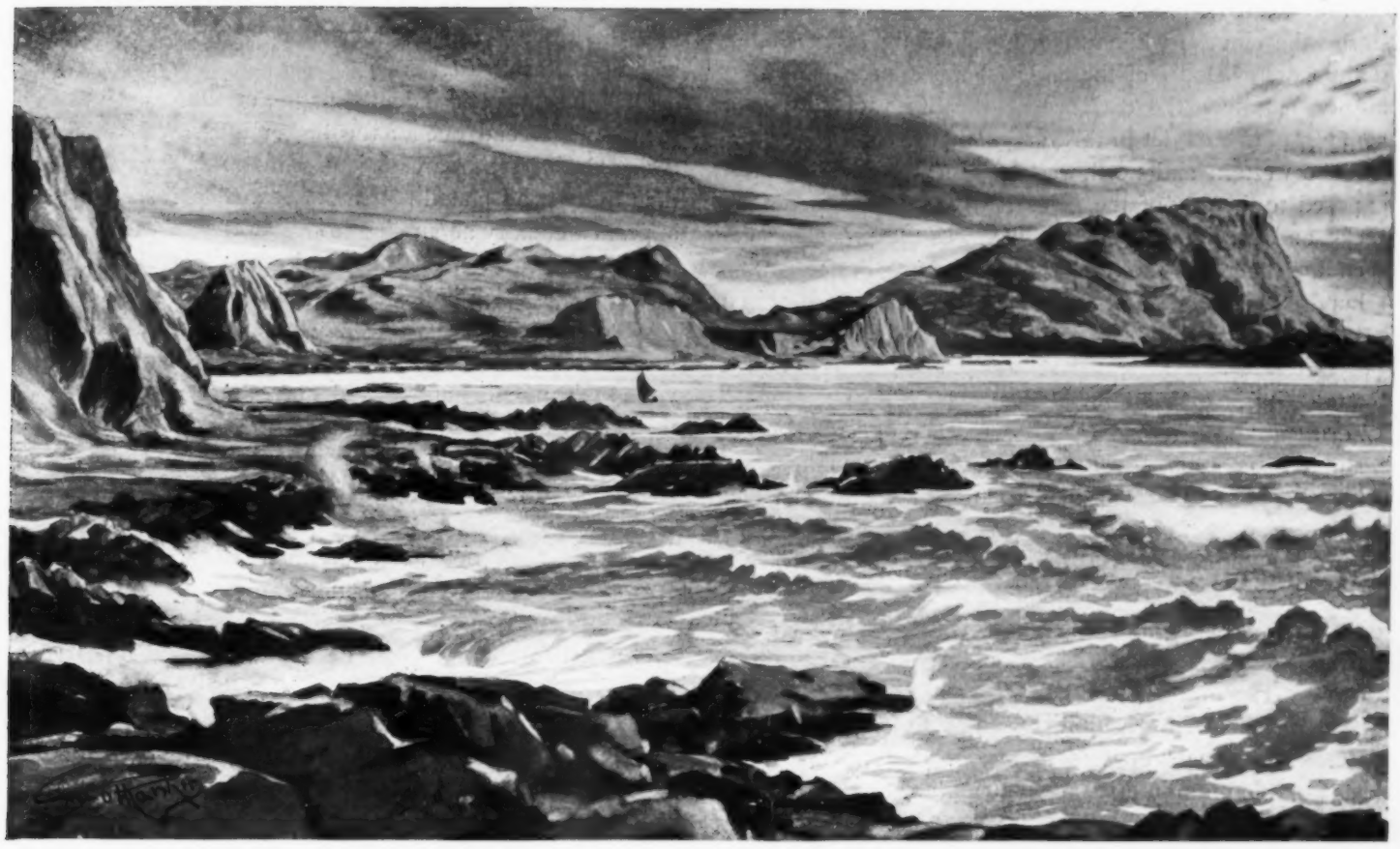
These western sea lochs are true fiords—submerged valleys—portions of the glen which passes down from the "col" at the watershed or the corrie on the mountain side to the head of the loch. When the great ice sheet which rounded the hills and ridges left by previous ages of denudation began to disappear, mighty ice streams continuously fed by the snows were left in the valleys. These in their resistless march seawards, carrying along with them sheets of detritus, disrupted the subjacent rocks, pounding them into clay and mud, broadening and deepening the valley. They increased in strength until a point of maximum pressure was reached, where necessarily the power of erosion would be greatest; and so we find the greatest depth in the fiord much nearer the eastern termination at a point where the shadows of the hills still darken the surface, shoaling gradually in its progress westward until, as the loch debouches on to the general coast-line, the lip of the submarine basin appears as a submerged reef or chain of bare skerries. Loch Etive or Loch Craignish are types of such a fiord. At Connel Ferry, the western end of the former, we find the waters at low tide pouring in a surging cascade over the edge of a submarine cliff, so that a rise of a few feet in the level of the coast would convert that splendid sheet of water into a fresh-water lake.

Fiord and glen then are the product of the glacier, and on the hillsides we can trace the mark of its burin, we can tell by the ice scratches the direction of its flow, while the grass-covered moraines, and the tenacious clay which beds the fiord, are further proof of its once mighty presence.

The Netherlorn country partakes in an eminent degree of this admixture of sea and landscape. It stretches from the foot of mighty Cruachan to the western seas, a broad plateau of land—attaining in Beinn-a-Chapull a height of seventeen hundred feet, but seldom exceeding one thousand—intersected by ravines and glens, leaving broad ridges of moorland which are continued into the sea in tongue-like promontories or nesses. But while the country lacks the Alpine character of many parts of the Highlands, it gains, in the archipelago of emerald islands which fringe its coast, a peculiar beauty. Islands,

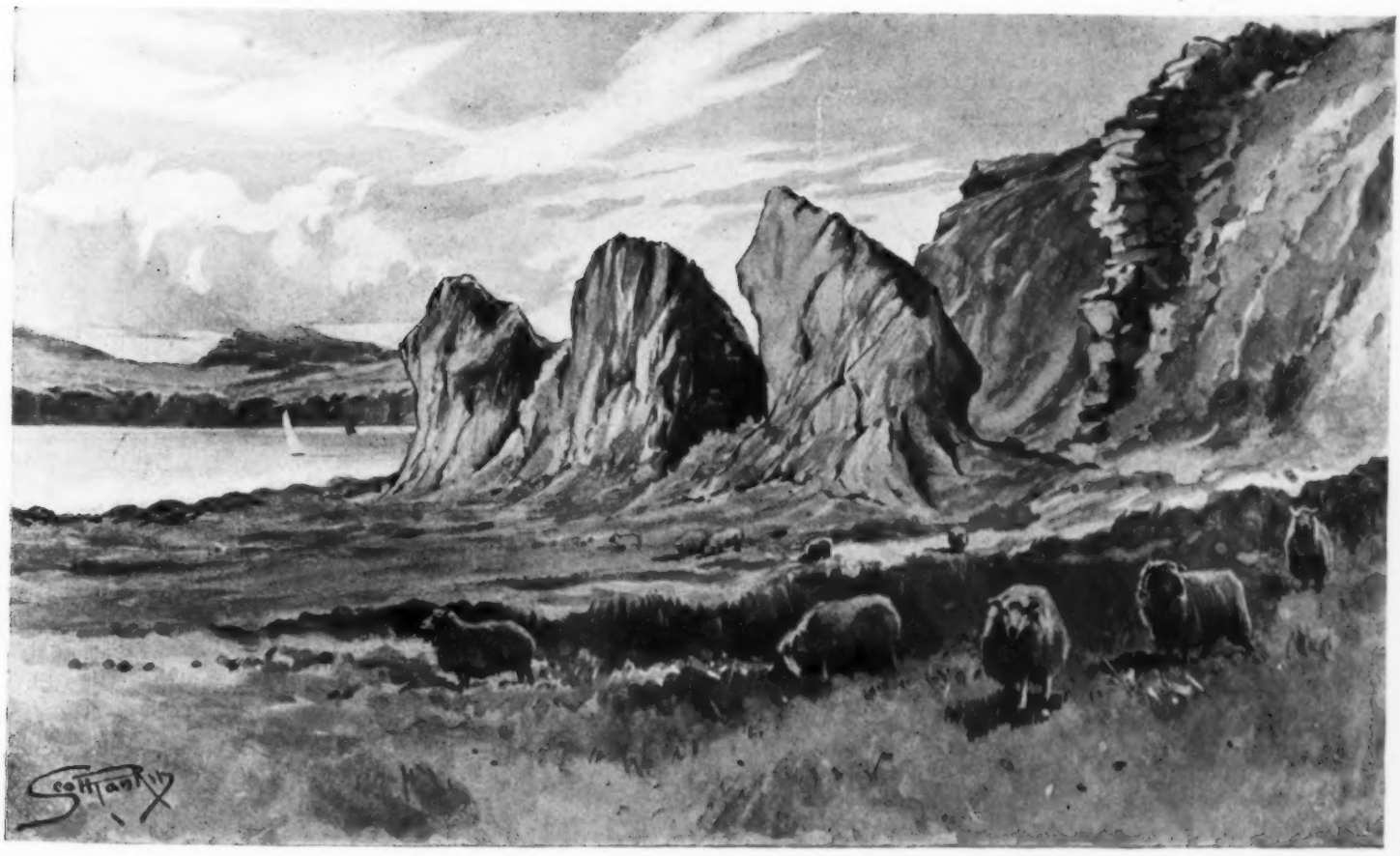
> "Confusedly hurled,
> The fragments of an earlier world,"

varying in size from ten square miles downwards, are scattered in profusion all over this part of the Firth of Lorn.



The Western Shore of Netherlorn: raised beach on Seil Island; Scarba in the distance.

By A. Scott Rankin.



The Cobblers of Lorn.

By A. Scott Rankin.

Bounding the whole on the south-west, the huge truncated cone of Scarba, seldom without its hood of misty vapour, storms the clouds; while further north, on the fringe of the sea, the grassy slopes of the Holy Islands appear in isolated beauty, guarding the entrance of the Firth of Lorn, the confines of the district in this direction.

The western and north-western aspect of these shores, exposed to the fury of the gales and breakers, is generally rocky and precipitous; in many places the precipices descending sheer into the sea, in others the crag line retreating a hundred yards or so, leaving long stretches of flat raised beach between it and the present shore. These raised beaches belong to the "twenty-five feet" series and are a prominent feature of the coast. Along the sides of a defile or "bealach" landslips frequently lay bare the strata and expose traces of a still higher beach, covered with water-worn boulders, and strewn with the shells of the common limpet and other existing species of mollusc.

From these heights the land slopes eastward to the shores of the sea lochs and straits. The declivities are dotted with farm homesteads, while tracts of brilliant green pasture interspersed with thickets of broom and furze pass downwards to the shore, where the absence of heavy seas allows a fringe of turf with a dense coating of stunted grass to maintain a position well below high-water mark. The heads of the promontories are coated with thick coppices of hazel, and the steeper sides towards the heads of the inlets are thickly covered with a natural growth of ash, rowan, thorn, oak, and other indigenous trees. In some of the more inland lochs the scenery is still further varied by the numerous plantations of spruce, fir, and larch, stretching over the lower hummocky hills, along the dark ravines and high up the acclivities.

The insulous and indented nature of the country is well seen if we ascend one of the higher hills of the island of Seil. Gazing southwards it is possible to determine no less than thirty-two isolated patches of sea. To the stranger it appears a country abounding in fresh-water lakes and tarns, and it is difficult to dispel the illusion, the scene is so devoid of evidences which indicate the proximity of the ocean.

This intricacy of parts—the juxtaposition of mainland, promontory and island with their diversified covering, the varied expanses of land-locked ocean, and the sinuosity of the narrow channels which connect these, often in the most unexpected way—creates a series of land- and seascapes of romantic and unrivalled beauty. On a summer day when the waters are still, when the vista of shimmering islands appears stretching away into infinitude, their green colouring fading into the grey mist of the distance, when the steep wooded precipices of the mainland are reflected on a mirror of pellucid azure—a diaphane of crag, copse, and fleecy cloud—we view a scene of that subdued grandeur which arises from the contemplation of the uncertain and infinite; a scene which, as it has nothing of the awesome monotony of mountain scenery, has nothing of the commonplace of the plains. It is scenery which causes the soul to long for deeper contemplation, which we gaze upon with delight, from which we are unwilling to depart.

Sir John Gilbert, R.A., P.R.W.S.

By C. Collins Baker.

LOOKING back to the early nineteenth century, we see in England a pitch of landscape-painting of paramount importance, corresponding with the earlier astounding height of British portraiture. English landscape work had, we may fairly say, fertilised the Art of Europe, and from the ripe excellence of Constable and Crome, Turner and Cox, one might well have anticipated a harvest of prolonged tradition. Constable, we all know, predicted gloomily the death of Art in England ere the century was really middle-aged, and critics have been seen to nod their heads confirming his prevision. Certainly, however, Cox was almost the last exponent of that brilliant phase of landscape-painting which so wonderfully achieved the largeness of Nature's winds and skies and atmosphere. In France, of course, at Barbizon, they gathered in the harvest, while here, at home, with barely an exception, the contemporaries of those great masters harked back to a sort of Dutch tradition, or adopted a blend of pre-Raphaelism for their interpretations.



At Westcoomb Park.
By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

The great exception is, of course, John Gilbert, who, born in 1817, took definitely, as we say, to art about a year before Constable died. Drawing he always had been, as you and I would walk or write, and we may infer considerable individuality in his work from his failure to pass into the Academic schools. For himself he then, about 1835 or 1836, studied at the easel of George Lance, the still-life painter, a not too wise selection, it would seem. For drawing he was thus dependent on whatever he might pick up in the way of practice, and by 1842 he had attained a

The Art Journal 1900 London Virtue & Co

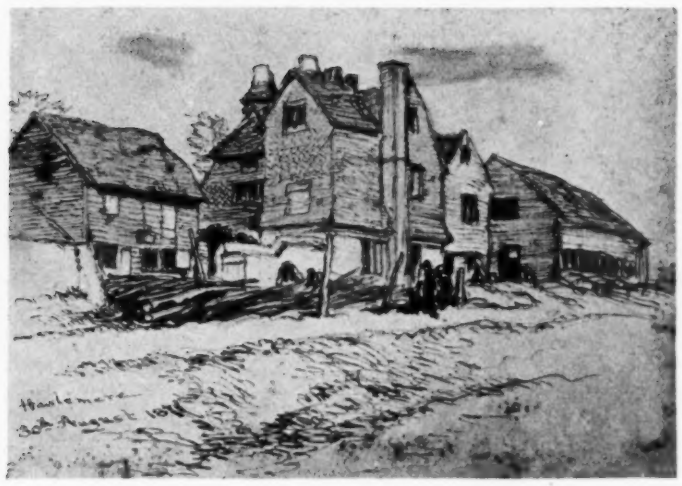


Painted by Sir John Gilbert R.A.

Etched by Luke Taylor A.R.E.

Fair St. George.

(By permission of the Corporation of the City of London)



At Haslemere.
By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.



At Hampton Court Palace.
By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

recognised position as an illustrator of fairly ambitious themes: mainly he was occupied by romantic poetical subjects, and by Bible prints. To us, to-day, that early work does not appeal. By 1857, in his wood-engravings, we find a beautiful and expressive line, putting before us poses of fine draughtsmanship and subtle action. Running with his work for the illustrated papers and books was a steady output of pictorial work for the exhibitions, where at once he gained popularity. Roughly, we may say that his paintings at that time, largely relying for their *motif* on Shakespeare or Cervantes, were informed by a vigour of action and a considerable feeling for the larger side of landscape: his drawings of trees and of horses in movement were always very strong.

In an article of necessary limits, so extensive work as Gilbert's must be handled briefly, on its chief heads. As a painter of vast landscape and skies, duly we may rank him at times with the great: as rendering the agitation and rushing force of Nature, and the high grandeur of the heavens, his name safely may be placed with Constable's, with Cox's—yes, and Turner's. Really, to take this home, one has but to refer to such a work as 'An Armed Host' in the Guildhall Art Gallery, painted in 1878. Therein we see a sky big with wrath and terror, but yet unforced nor illegitimately dramatic. On the horsemen, massed confusedly, a menacing light gleams, picking out here and there some casque or breastplate: the landscape stretches away, infinitely, under clouds that nearly burst with their burden of immense downpour. And with all this potential gloom the light of out-of-doors plays over the whole picture, silvering the darkness. At the Guildhall, too, in 'The Ford,' finished in 1897, the year the painter died, we see another phase of his landscape painting, when, as it were, he essayed a calmer range, and wonderfully approached the high remoteness and space of vast *pallia* of cloud: in especial the clear truth of lighting strikes us in this picture. Passing round this municipal gallery, which in "Gilberts" is exceptionally rich, we cannot but be infected by the greatness of his conceptions. Before the 'Queen Margaret taken Prisoner,' of 1875, we feel the power of an imagination which justly may be called Turnerian; the sky, which seems to be filled with vaporous light and dimly towering clouds, is in conception immeasurable, while the landscape is vastly solemn: the landscapes and the skies of 'Fair St. George' (see etching by Mr. Luke Taylor) and 'Sir Lancelot du Lac' (1886), too, are filled with Nature's light and wind.

Then, of course, his capacity of 'battle piece' painter comes to mind, and here he stands practically, we think, alone. Battle pictures—why, is not clear—usually fail through the mediocrity of their conception: their painters are delivered



At Midhurst.
By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.



At Haslemere.
By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.



In Greenwich Park.
By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.



Cowddaw House.
By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

merely of costume-genre, of mild episodes or, as generally it is known, of blood and thunder khaki. Thus we see nice gentlemen in faultless raiment and a studio light set in weak landscapes on very glossy horses; or else we have on canvases, preliminary to the Christmas Supplements, the rather 'Kipling' sort of thing. Sir John Gilbert, on the other hand, was never concerned for the mere costume of his men nor the sleekness of their mounts. Rather to him the figures seemed part of a vast whole: components of the fierce spirit of war and the elemental wildness of the scene. He gives us a confusion of spent men and beasts, and the disordered mass, glinting here or there, of well-worn accoutrements. The rough-coated yet noble horses, and the war-seared veterans, stand menaced by the sky, by the wind buffeted, integrant parts of the rugged conception.

As a painter of landscape and large skies filled with grandeur (a simple cloudless effect I do not recall), his pitch is very high: of the complexities and possibilities of cloud formations his knowledge very great. So is it, too, of tree structure. Most eloquent to him is the bold contortion of huge trunks and limbs, and just as to us his men-at-arms speak of primitive and savage hardness, so his trees imply the primæval and untutored grandness of the forests. I recall a water-colour sketch of, I think, 'Travellers in the Middle Ages': a gigantic bole in the foreground thrusting forth a branch from which depend, turning in the wind, the bodies of deer-stealers. Hastening through a rough gorge come horsemen, emerging from the secrets and darkness of the wood. Such a picture, again, as 'Charcoal Burners,' at the Guildhall Gallery, distils into a water-colour the giant freedom and character of immemorial trees and all the vague mass and tangle of the underwood. The prettiness of woodland Gilbert overlooked in the inherent primitive majesty of Nature.

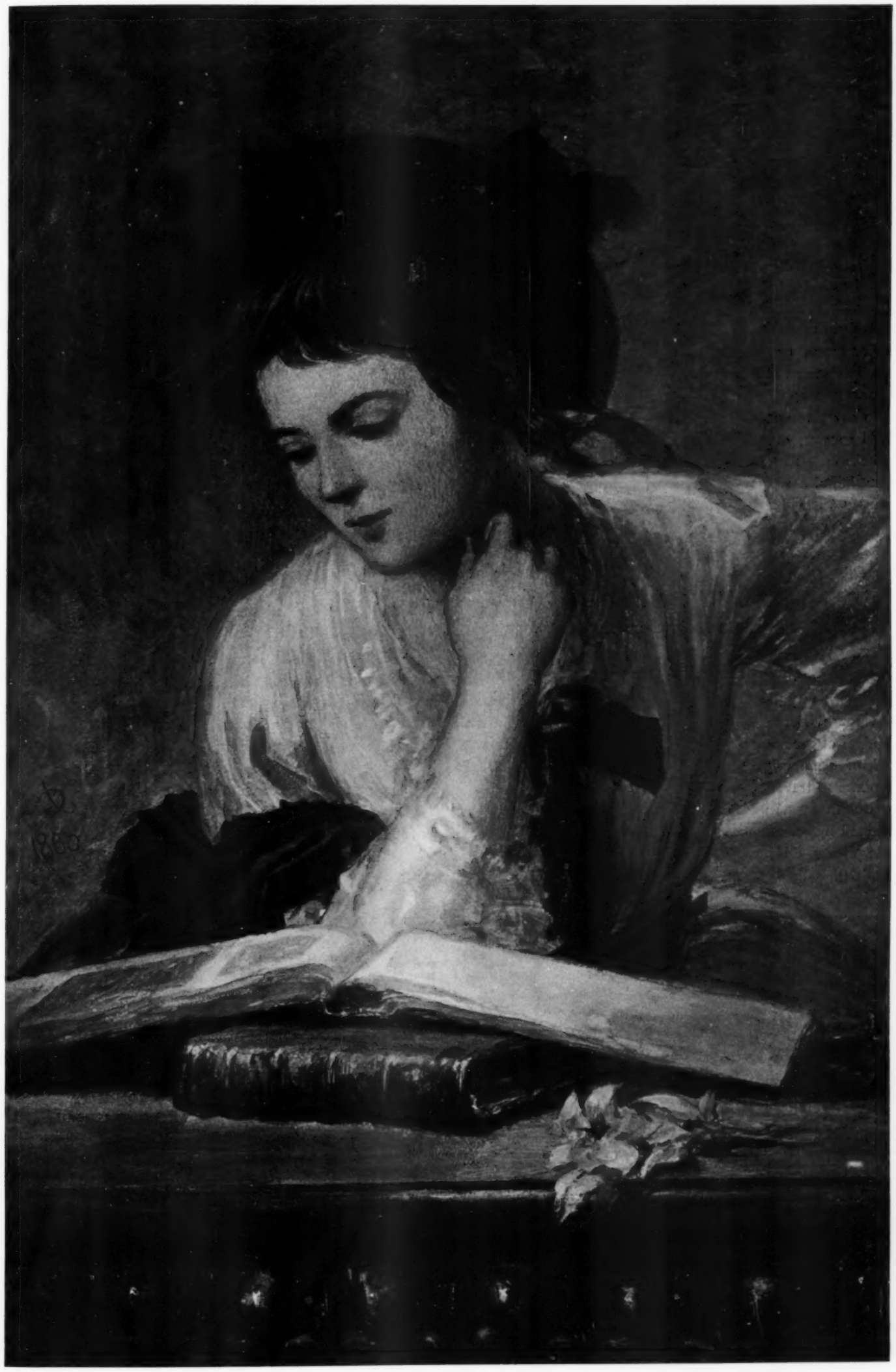
So far, we have considered his larger pictures chiefly, and it is remarkable that a water-colour of, say, 6 feet by 4 to him presented no insuperable difficulties, rather an advantage. Of his studies and sketches, of which some are here illustrated, there must be an innumerability. Our examples will well point to the simplicity and directness of his expression. I question whether any master could more adequately set down the hauling movement of a horse (p. 6), or more beautifully suggest the spring of a tree (see sketch below). And in his sketches of old cottages or castles, or historic houses such as that of 'Bloody McKenzie' in Edinburgh, we can see the master's swift appreciation of the essential requirements of his subject, and his immediate and unerring expression of them. Elaborate study inch by



In Greenwich Park.
By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.



Uppenfold.
By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.



The Old Scrap-book.

By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

inch was in no case Gilbert's view of things. His eye discovered the main features which speak out the spirit of his theme, and to these features he applied his skill. This in 'Uppenfold' (p. 8) is very patent: he just seizes the needful accents and sure lines for his composition.

At his best, then, we see him dealing with the more elemental things of Nature: the rough free life of men that seems in keeping with the stern wildness of large sky and land. So when he set out to depict grandness of character in a head, as, for instance, in 'A Bishop' (Guildhall), he eminently succeeded. On the other hand, with the tenderness of girlhood he was less comfortable, and in the oil 'Ego et Rex meus,' he positively failed. In such a subject, with which, it seems, he lacked sympathy, his want of thorough schooling is apparent; the tone and modelling of the heads are weak; whereas in the head of Fair St. George or of Sir Lancelot, or 'A Bishop,' his work is un-let by any indecision. The damsel's head in 'Sir Lancelot' is really beautiful, of a sort of still intensity, not unlike one of Burne-Jones' conceptions. In 'St. George' she is endowed with a certain sweet seriousness, and in the simple pose of her who muses over 'The Old Scrap Book' there is much natural charm.

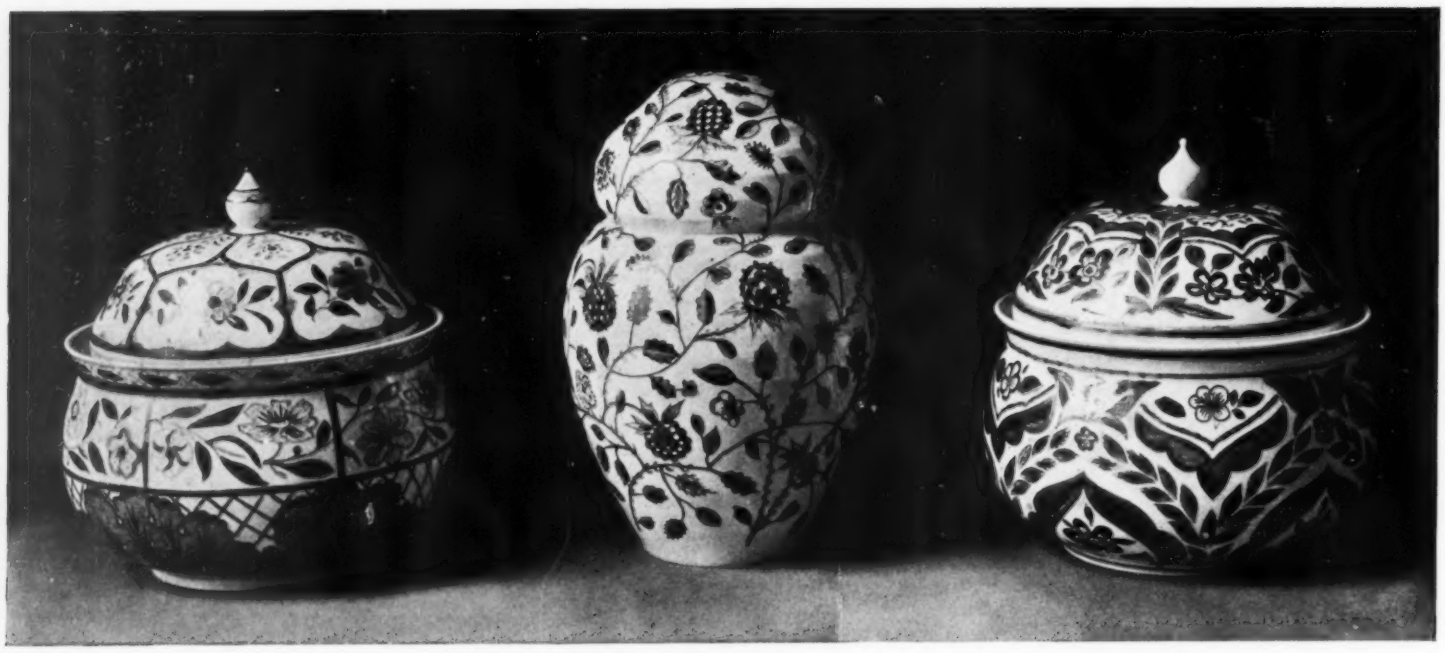
Of his technique in water-colour Sir John Gilbert was certainly a master, and, for that matter, he got, as we say, the most out of that of his oils. In the latter medium we see the habit of line-work engrained, obviating any fluent zest of pigment. Be that as it is, he could excellently express whatever he meant—cloth-of-gold, leather jerkins, gleam of armour, or shaggy pelts; while in his skies his execution is always singularly fresh and vigorous. His worst fault is, at times, a poor thin tone which mars relief, which is strange when we know how fine in his best work his chiaroscuro is.

To-day we often see clever technique barren of a breathing idea: with Gilbert a fine imagination gave birth to a convinced and virile execution, and he filled his work with the rarest and largest conceptions of Nature's dignity.

Powell-Wedgwood Pottery.

WHOEVER has watched the modern development of ceramic art does not need to be told in what way the living force of the ancient art has renewed its vigour. Between the two extremes of trade-potting, with its ideal of precise and uniform manufacture from a pattern, and of amateur art-potting, where fluke and eccentricity combine to travesty the true ideal of art, there is, to-day, a great activity. In this domain of real ceramic art—an art directed by science—the resources of manufacture and the enterprise of the individual are alike employed.

Never has the potter owned so rich and assured a heritage of knowledge and ideas. The finest pottery of to-day, whether it is the work of an individual artist or of a firm, is an expression of power that may issue in a ceramic art greater than that of the past. For the story of the past is of splendid isolated successes, the ending of one glory, the foundation of another, which in its turn faded. To the generation that followed the great potters of the East and of Europe, their knowledge and skill was a lost art, fumbled after or left to forgetfulness. To



Covered Pot-pourri Bowl. Blue and white.

Covered Pot-pourri Pot. Black, red and lustre on cream-coloured ground.

Covered Pot-pourri Bowl. Blue, red and gold on cream-coloured ground.

Designed and Painted by Alfred H. Powell.
Made by J. Wedgwood and Sons.



Vase. Hawk and apple-tree in natural colours on a black ground.

Designed and painted by Alfred H. Powell.
Made by J. Wedgwood and Sons.

the modern potter no ceramic art is wholly lost through time or space. By degrees each past glory of the craft is recovered as a process to be repeated, or diverged from in experiment. There is, to-day, no hopelessly lost secret mystery, no need for desperate Palissy-practices in the potter's art. Through the centuries, across the countries of the world, science has ascertained secrets lost for the contemporaries or immediate successors of the master-potters. And, besides this wide scope of knowledge, a command and perfection of materials, due to science of locomotion and manufacture, are given to the service of the craft.

Working in co-operation with these resources there is, undoubtedly, a splendid opportunity for the decorative artist, who while possessing as much practical experience of the exigencies of potting as is essential to ensure a real understanding of its artistic possibilities and limitations, yet prefers to devote himself to the painting of the pot. The artist-potter, gaining experience by costly failure, is one of the craft-adventurers to whose undaunted spirit the art in every age has owed new conquests of possibility. But the collaboration of the artist with the potter, thoroughly equipped and skilled, is at present the more hopeful possibility for the art of potting. In such conditions an ambitious art may be practical, and to make the finest production a practical course is an achievement big with hope.

The Powell-Wedgwood ware, produced by the collaboration of Mr. Alfred Powell with the historic Staffordshire firm, is from this point of view one of the most significant of recent developments in art-potting. Here, broadly speaking, is an instance of the finest conditions that the



Bowl on Foot. Green, red and black on cream-coloured ground.

Designed and painted by Alfred H. Powell.
Made by J. Wedgwood and Sons.

modern industrial organization offers for art. The potteries at Etruria are rich in resource, traditional perfection of skill, repute. Mr. Powell is free to develop his art of design without any submission to a style, or fashions of the trade. He is the designer of his own work, not merely the decorator, and his knowledge of the craft enables him to use the proper effects of fine potting as effects of his art. In the first exhibition of this ware in 1905 there was more that was experimental than the exhibition of 1907 showed. The later pots are, however, developments of those pro-



Jam Jar. Blue, red, green and gold. Flowers in counterchange.

Designed and painted by Alfred H. Powell.
Made by J. Wedgwood and Sons.



Round Fruit-dish: blue and white.

Designed and painted by Alfred H. Powell.
Made by J. Wedgwood and Sons.

duced in the beginning of the partnership. One important example of a delightful cream-coloured incised ware has had apparently no successors.

In such big elaborate pieces as the two-handled vase, standing eighteen inches high, there is increase of boldness on the part of the artist. And the boldness is justified. At the exhibition it was one of three vases of like size, and the absolute contrast of these was only one instance of many of Mr. Powell's fertility of design. In all an observed reality is the starting-point of the design. In the adaptation of this theme of hawk chasing heron through the blossoming boughs, the actual wildness of the flight, pursuer and pursued beating through the fragile beauty of the blossoms, the artist has brought his idea into a scheme that is suggestive of Chinese vase-painting. But it is not in imitation. The various beauty of the wings, the big wings of hawk and heron, little fluttered wings of small birds startled from the tree, the fresh petals, the freshness of the round orchard boughs and green leaves, are realised in the painting, and the black ground is obviously chosen to give them effect—not in remembrance of other black grounds.

A smaller pot of charming effect is the covered jar with a counter-change pattern. By the play of red, white, and blue in various combinations, and the setting of these variously combined spaces of flowers and ground in solid, yet delicate leafage, the little jar has brilliance. It showed brightly in the company of pots where the treatment was more open, as in the two covered bowls and jars. Here again the fluency of Mr. Powell's invention and hand, covering, with delightful variety, pots of similar shape—and these are but two of very many—may be noted. The forcible presentment of the design, in the complexity of the two-handled jar, the broad conventional repetitions of the bowl, is fit for big solitary pieces. The little covered jar is daintily bright. The two jars of similar shape are both formal in pattern, but lightly so. The free-growing interweaving of slender stem and leaf, bearing bright fruit, on the taller jar, and the radiating sequence of leaf on flower on the circular dish, so well managed for both unity and variety of effect, are still other suggestions of an art that has freedom and spontaneity in its ordering.

In Memoriam.

THOMAS BEWICK (1753–1828), WILLIAM BLAKE (1757–1827). How little the great wood-engraver and the poet-artist had in common save their time, and that each in his own way loved nature and animal life! A bronze statue of Bewick has recently been placed in a niche of the new building in Newcastle, where, in the late eighteenth century, stood his workshop, and the Society of Arts have inserted a tablet on a London house associated with Blake.

Premium Plate, 1908.

FOR 1908 the Premium Plate of THE ART JOURNAL will be an original etching by Mr. Robert W. Macbeth, R.A. A small illustration of the subject appears on this page, and elsewhere subscribers will read the conditions under which this important plate may be obtained at the end of the year.



An Alsatian Flower-girl.

Original Etching by Robert W. Macbeth, R.A.



The Young Fir Plantation.

By Emile Claus.

Nature=Study.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

A KNOWLEDGE of botany is no more needful to the landscape painter than a knowledge of physiology is necessary to the figure painter; yet, as the latter finds an acquaintance with structural anatomy helpful to him in giving correct movement to his figures, so the former should know enough of the construction of trees to enable him to draw them correctly. So, too, he should be sufficiently aware of the habits and distribution of the vegetable world to put his trees and plants in their right relation to their surroundings. The same applies to the animal life introduced into his picture—a bird must not be painted in England at a time when it and all its tribe are safely wintering in Africa.

It is intended in the following papers to treat of some aspects of nature from a painter's point of view, and in a simple way to gossip of plants and birds, of animals and insects, in the hope that in so doing some service may be rendered to the student of outdoor art. Trees, as the most conspicuous features of landscape, will form the main theme; but in nature all things are so intimately connected one with the other, that it is almost impossible to write of a tree without mentioning some of the living organisms it shelters.

The drawings will be made from subjects having distinct characteristics that should be noted by the student of landscape, of trees, foreground, plants, flora, fauna and conspicuous insects, and it is hoped that both text and drawings will be of use to the artist and of interest to the layman.

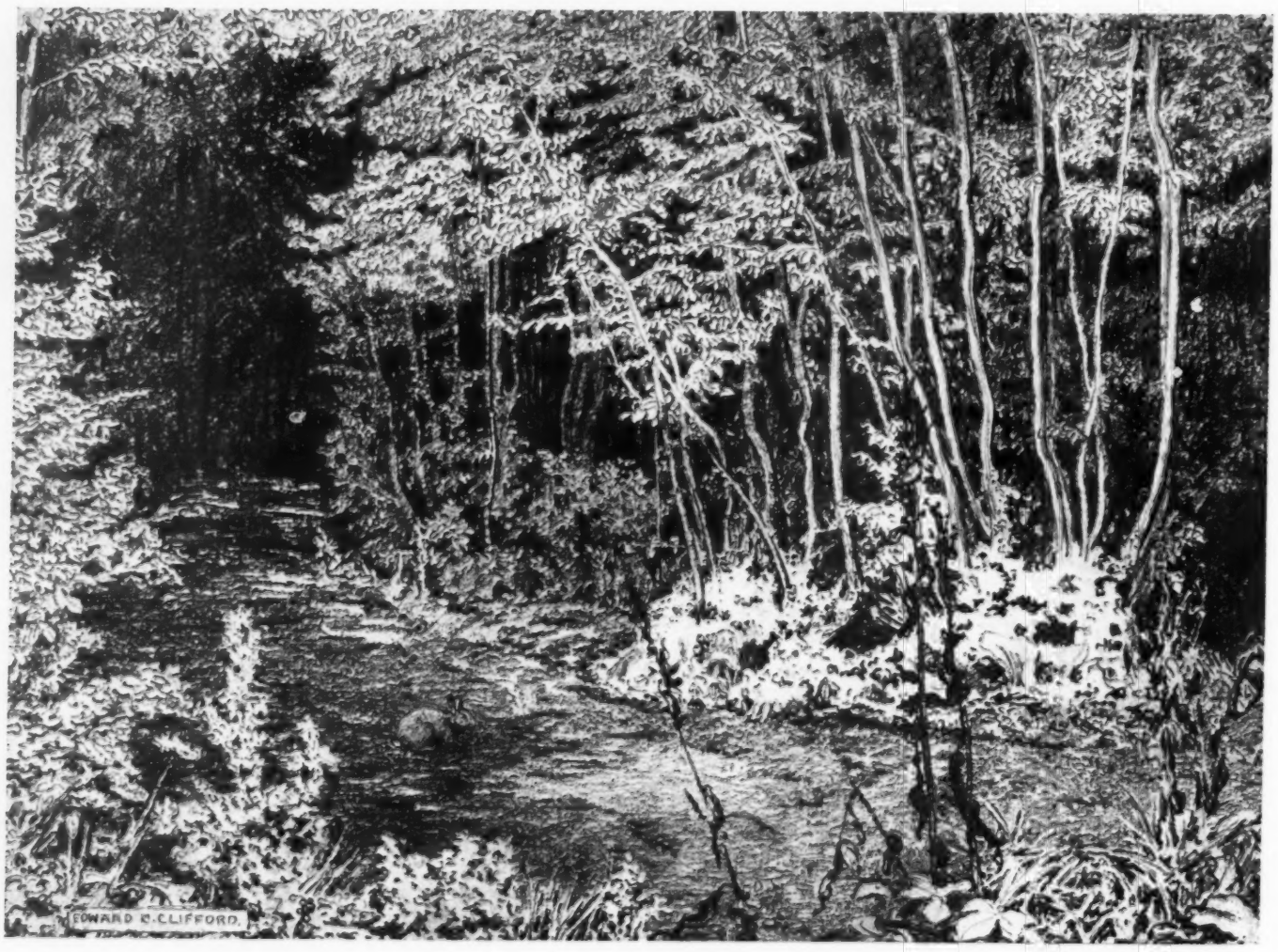
Woodlands.

IN the dim light of the pine wood, where silence reigns, are few possibilities for the painter; just a maze of straight poles, a low-toned harmony of browns and greys, a floor carpeted thickly with a sound-deadening mass of fallen needles, a ceiling of myriad brown twigs and pendent pieces of grey lichen. Above all, but unseen, are the green tree-tops whence comes a faint hum of the insects gathering the exudations of the living needles. Perhaps far up on a tree stem a ray of sunshine coming through some unseen break in the brown grey roof makes an orange splash that only accentuates the semi-darkness around. The trees have all risen together, grown up in a mass, no young tree planted now could ever reach the upper green and pierce



An Open Glade.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



The Keeper's Path.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



Brambles.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

through to the open air; trees need light for their leaves, and so all the lower branches have withered. Nor is there visible any animal life, the wayfarer passing through sees no movement, hears not even his own footfall on the soft covering of the ground, but in a solitude complete is aware only of the scent of the pines and the distant murmur of insects.

How different is the more open wood of deciduous trees planted far enough apart to let the light between them, with here and there open spaces with varied undergrowth, the haunt of birds, and patches of wild flowers, the hunting-ground of insects. Perhaps the most paintable of all woods is that which is of many kinds of trees, here a plantation of oak, there one of beech, again the red stems of the Scotch fir towering up aloft near by a clump of the grey stems and light green foliage of the ash, queen of the woods. Under the beeches there is little undergrowth, their wide spreading branches and thick foliage are too dense; the oak lets more light permeate to its base, and beneath it more will grow: yet in a wood of any density all plant life beneath the trees is somewhat pale and drawn up and slight. In the more open parts of the wood are found the crab and the wild pear, the hazel and the service tree and bushes of dogwood and gelder rose; the bracken fronds sway, and the long trailing branches of the brambles bending down the slender root-shoots of the elm reach across the path, the heather grows between the deep-cut ruts of the cart-tracks, the dog rose and the honeysuckle climb among the bushes and hang pendent sprays from the lower branches of the trees. Small

38641



The Wooded Valley of the Exe.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



View in Sherwood Forest.

By Andrew MacCallum.

spaces of rich green sward occur, and wet places where sedges grow slope down to the hollow in which runs the stream through reeds and mosses and water-weeds, and washing away the earth, leaves twisted masses of tree-roots bare to the air. In woods such as these is infinite variety of light and shade, of form and colour, of richness in flora and fauna, and of such as these are much of the woodlands of England.

There are woods grown for certain purposes, as in the Buckinghamshire beech woods, where so many cubic feet per acre must be cut annually for the chair factories, and where the trees are drawn up in serried ranks, and are hardly to be recognised as of the same kind as the individuals growing to such splendour in many parks: or in the Kentish coppices that are cut down when the young growths reach a height to yield a crop of hop-poles, where are dense masses of ash and hornbeam and chestnut shoots growing from mossy stumps, dense and impassable except by the keeper's paths: such woods have many beauties; the more open mixed woodlands have the beauties of them all.



The Yaffle or Green Woodpecker (Gecinus Viridis).
By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

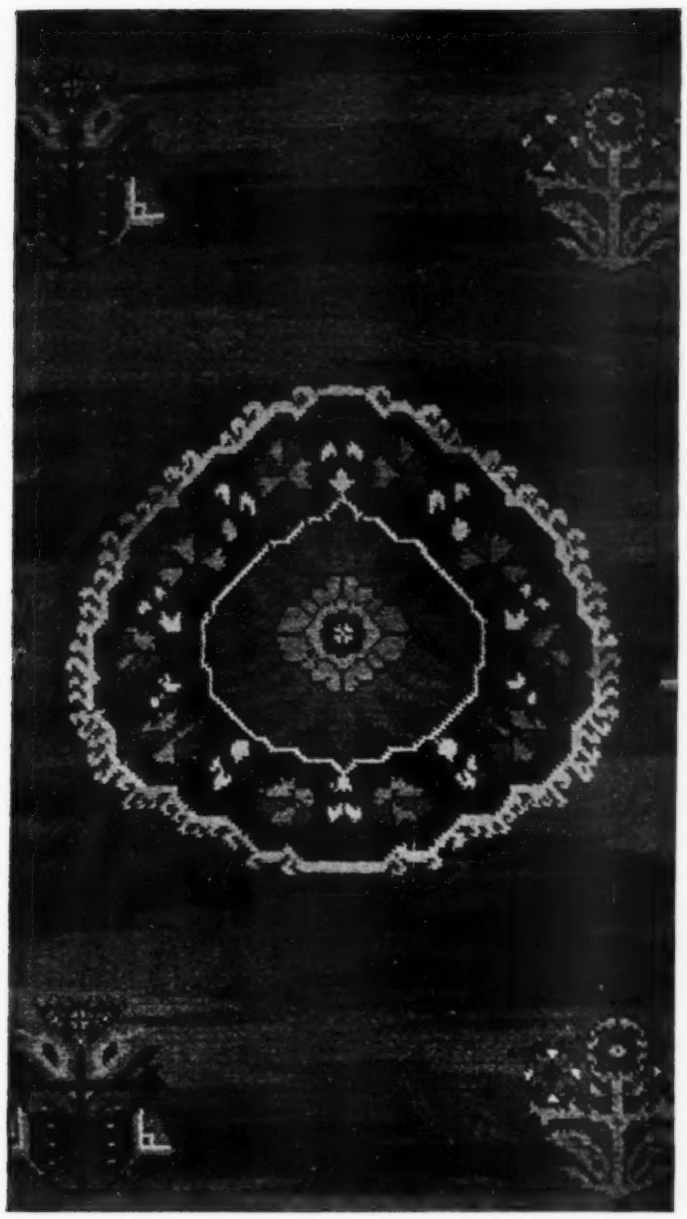
The Bucks beech woods are not so dense but that there are open spaces where the trees have been cut, and the young saplings growing in their places are struggling up in youthful rivalry with their elders. The Kent woods from cutting to cutting hold much life dormant which breaks out in renewed vigour when the poles are cut; flowers bloom the following spring, and never may be seen primroses as large or as plentiful as in a Kentish wood, the second year after cutting. Still, the more open woods have too their feathery glades, their primrose knolls and flowery banks, and their population is far more numerous and varied. During the day is heard the coo of the pigeon, the call of the pheasant and the songs of a whole choir of small birds, to end with the nightingale's song of songs; harsher notes, too, come from the rook and the yaffle; all seasons the woodlands are full of life, and man, too, may always find work in them.

In old times forests covered the greater part of the land, and many remains of them still linger. It doubtless is bad forestry to let the ancient trees still stand, taking up ground that might be profitably employed, for the timber of a tree deteriorates after a certain age, softening in the centre, and many of the old giants are hollow within and would be quite useless if cut down. But the beauty of their gnarled boles and crooked branches, the hospitality they extend to the immensely varied horde of insect life, the shelter the holes in their stems and branches offer to birds and animals, the mosses and lichens and fungi that grow upon them, make them of great interest to the painter and the naturalist, and some at least have the added glory of historical record which appeals to the antiquarian.

In many places the old forest has been partly cut and grubbed and made into arable land, and then some of that land has again reverted to wood; so that there are fields among the woods, and woods surrounded by fields, and through the tree-stems from the twilight recesses of the foliage may be seen a sunlit field of rape in full bloom, or later in the year the squirrel in his new winter coat, gathering in his harvest of beech-mast within sound of the ploughing of the wheat-fields.

Royal British Colonial Society.

THE Royal British Colonial Society of Artists, as with the sanction of the King it has since 1904 been called, is less well known in this country than it deserves to be. Formed in 1886, under the title of the Anglo-Australian Society of Artists, with the aim of holding picture exhibitions of educational value in the Colonies and of extending the market for works by native artists, it was cordially supported by Lord Leighton among others, while its members have included Millais, Henry and Albert Moore, Watts and Whistler. Several pictures and drawings in the Melbourne Gallery were selected from the exhibitions of the Society. Mr. W. Ayerst Ingram, the President, went to Sydney to superintend the inaugural exhibition. An influential body of guarantors has been formed in connection with the Society's Melbourne show, and there is every reason to anticipate success.



1. By James Templeton & Co.

The Making of Carpets.

By Alexander Millar.

SPECIALISTS in any branch of art or industry may be disposed to over-rate the importance of their own particular craft in the eyes of the general public. Still, there are some industries which not only serve to provide a living for those engaged in them, but are to many of these a source of constant pleasure. Of such is the making of carpets. When seen in practical operation, its processes never fail to arouse the lively interest of the average man, and a statement of its possibilities as a field for design and colour is always interesting to the decorative artist. It may be hoped, therefore, that a short account of its present condition will be acceptable to all classes of readers of THE ART JOURNAL.

There is probably no other branch of art manufacture in which the thought and labour bestowed upon design bear such a high proportion to the total output of the actual fabric. The cause of this will be presently explained, but the fact being as stated, there is an exceptionally large and constant demand for new designs. It may seem to follow from this that young designers would do well to turn their attention to such an apparently profitable field. Whether this be so or not, they must judge after learning the conditions which govern the production of carpet designs.

It must be remembered that most manufacturers have in their permanent employment large staffs of designers and copyists of all grades. Comparatively few of these, however, are doing original work, but a large number are employed in "drafting," i.e., carrying out designs on ruled paper, and the necessities of some branches of manufac-



2. By James Templeton & Co.



3. By H. & M. Southwell.

ture involve a great deal of adaptation, the replacement of worn-out working designs, and so on. One large firm employs as many as 150 persons in putting colour upon paper in one shape or other. It follows from all this that manufacturers are not, as a rule, dependent on aid from outside designers, though they are always glad to avail themselves of it when they discover real merit. But long experience goes to show that the best work is usually produced by those who confine themselves to this branch of designing alone. And it must not be forgotten that such designers, though in the employment of commercial firms, have had a thorough art education, previous to or concurrently with their technical training.

Until about fifteen years ago the subject had been steadily neglected by those responsible for our schools of art. Designs were produced by students and duly rewarded by medals, but whatever their artistic merit, which was often not very obvious, they were for the most part unpractical and therefore commercially useless.

Students, teachers, and judges were alike ignorant of technical requirements. Sources of information were open to them, but they did not make use of them. The official attitude of the time was indicated in the advice given to me many years ago by a former well-known director of the South Kensington Museum. "You should," he said, "seek out one of our gold medallists, pay him a good salary, don't fetter him in any way, let him stay here in this rich storehouse of suggestions, and take what he gives you. Only in that way will you get good original work."

Now while this does not necessarily represent the views of the teaching staff, and while some progress has been made towards bringing teachers and manufacturers into touch, much remains to be done, and it is to be feared that in some quarters the spirit of the foregoing advice still prevails. An exactly opposite course would be more nearly the right one. If such a student were to enter the designing-room of a carpet factory and plod through a course of technical drudgery, he would be able to express his artistic ideas in terms of manufacturing conditions. And if he had the requisite gifts, he would meet his reward.

At present, many of the designs which are premiated are produced by students from manufacturing centres, who are employed in factories and at the same time are attending evening classes. Such designs are technically blameless, but as a rule sadly lacking in distinction and originality, no better and no worse than average trade productions. This is almost inevitable. Among other students who have had no technical training, the winning of awards breeds an exaggerated idea of their own merits. The successful medallist of this class, when he passes out of the schools, and meets the manufacturers who are to be his future clients, finds that his work is necessarily judged by a practical standard which is entirely new to him.

A good deal of technical information has recently been placed at the disposal of students,—enough, if carefully

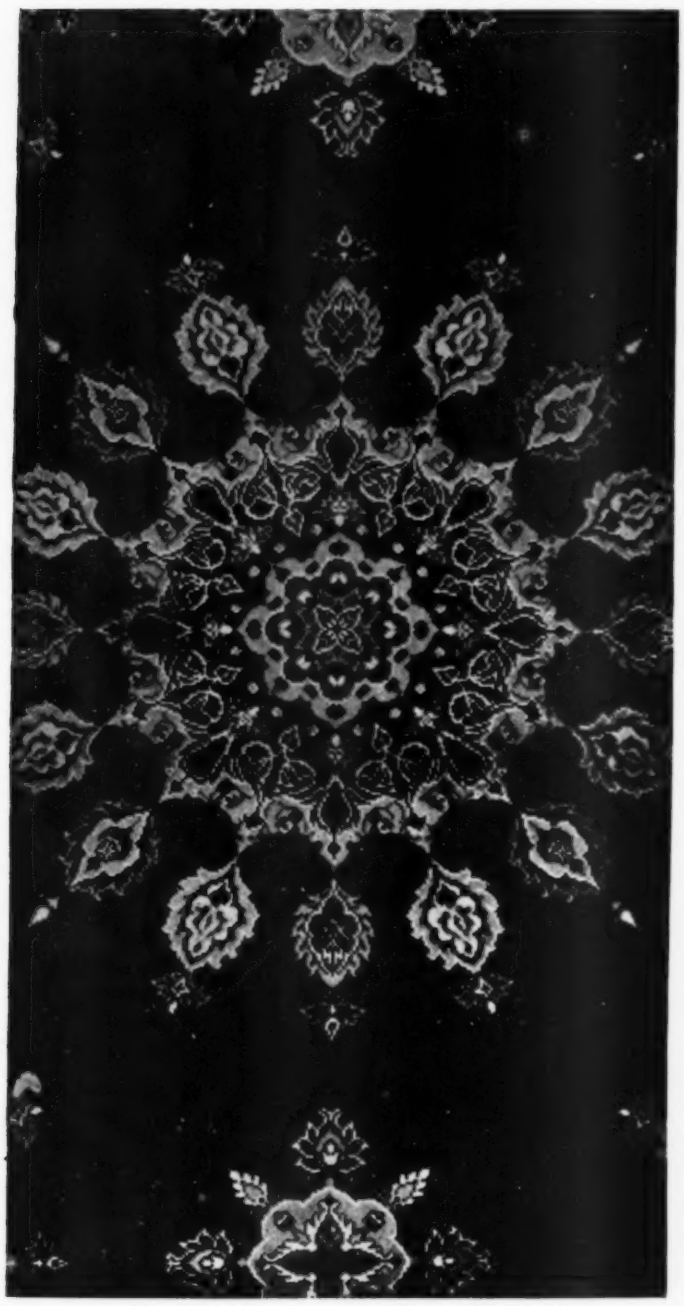


4. By H. & M. Southwell.

studied, to keep them clear of technical faults. But there are many to whom the most accurate text-book is a poor substitute for the living voice, and in this direction not much has been done, though a beginning was made in the shape of a technical lecture at the Royal College of Art a few years ago; and one, at least, of the L.C.C. schools is moving in the same direction.

Recent changes in the methods of some of the principal schools have not tended to bring about closer relations between manufacturers and teachers. The present tendency is perhaps in the direction of encouraging design for, and the practice of handicrafts, rather than the production of designs for manufacturers. So that the latter branch of teaching seems likely to become more and more specialised in provincial art schools, each of them giving attention to the particular branch of manufacture carried on in its locality. This will tend to ensure technical correctness, but it must also limit the field from which novelty of ideas is to be drawn.

It seems probable, if we are to judge by results, that



5. By James Humphries & Sons.



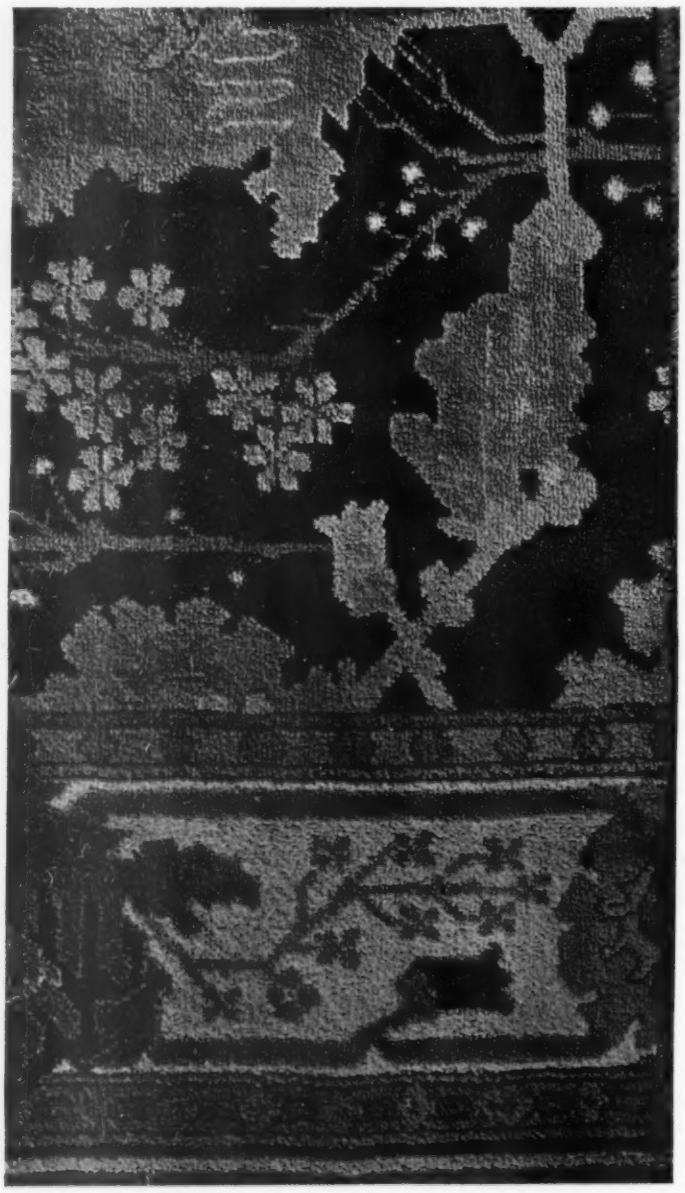
6. By James Humphries & Sons.

greater familiarity with technical conditions has not increased the attractiveness of this branch of designing. Its difficulties are considerable, and to the beginner, perhaps, repellent, though to those who are familiar with them they are only incentives to the invention of expedients to overcome them. They are mainly these. First, the variety of fabrics, each of which has its own manufacturing conditions to which the design must conform. Secondly, the fact that some, perhaps many manufacturers do not care to buy designs unless carried out full size on ruled paper. A small scale "model" can often be adapted for a different fabric from that for which it was originally intended; but this is not always so with a design on ruled paper. And not only does each class of fabric usually require a separate ruling, but in many cases each different grade must be on paper suitable to itself; hence the work done on ruled paper is wasted, though the design may be good, if the manufacturer wishes to use it for a different fabric. Some manufacturers will accept designs drawn to one-sixth or one-fifth scale, if they are such as can be properly expressed on the ruled paper.

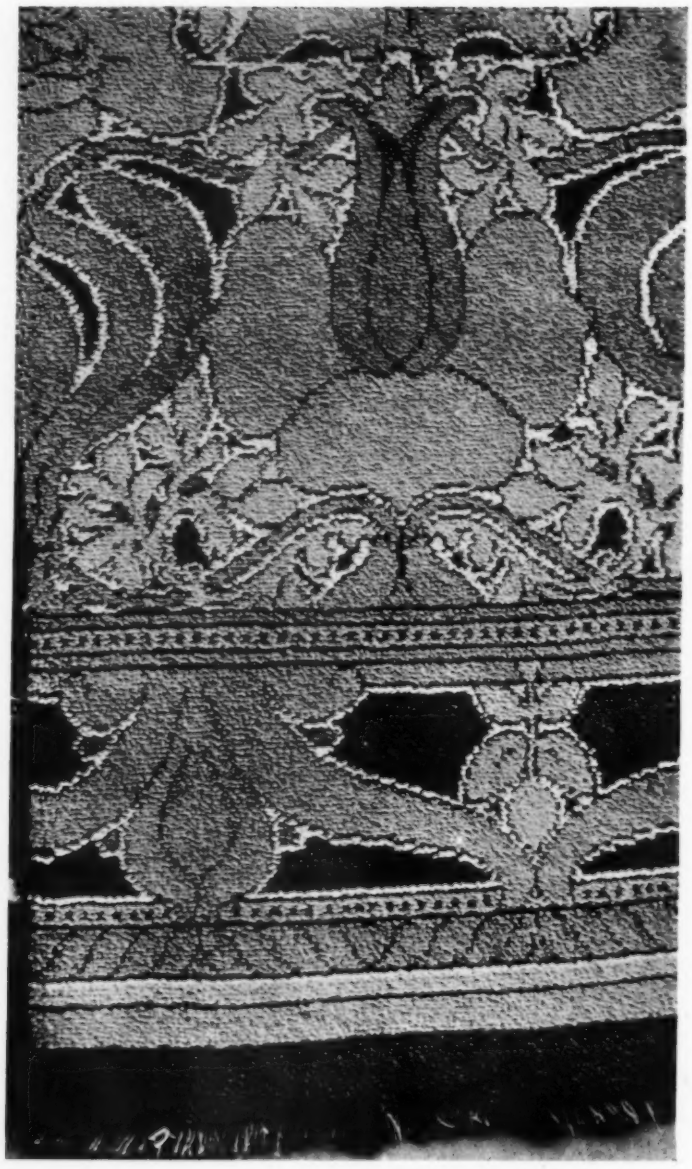
Here arises a third difficulty. It is hard for the technical beginner to learn to restrain himself from putting in too much detail and delicacy of drawing. But this is absolutely necessary if the design is not to be hopelessly spoilt in the process of enlarging. The necessary thickness of outline is a great bugbear; it is so easy, in a small scale "model," to get an effect by the use of a thin line of colour. But when this is translated into a jagged angular band of considerable width, the inexperienced designer will scarcely recognise his own work.

There is the further difficulty that many designers are accustomed to work in transparent water-colours, getting pleasant effects of gradation which it is utterly impossible to render in a carpet, where every tint must be a solid patch of colour with definite boundaries. The use of opaque "gouache" colours is imperative.

Then there is the limitation which applies to carpets in common with all textiles, and to wall-papers,—that the repeat must be arranged for a fixed width. But in the case of carpets, this limitation is much more severely felt on account of the coarseness of the fabric. Experienced designers sometimes find themselves obliged to give up novel and hopeful arrangements because of the impossi-



7. By Alexander Morton & Co.



8. By Alexander Morton & Co.

bility of expressing them satisfactorily within the unalterable limitations of width.

Still another difficulty peculiar to carpets is that, when in use, the design is never seen at a right angle, but always foreshortened and in perspective. The ideal design should be one which would not suffer from this cause, but this is a counsel of perfection seldom complied with. Yet it weighs or should weigh upon the mind of the thoughtful designer. Strictly followed, it would mean adherence to a geometrical plan with ornament radiating from centres; a thoroughly safe method, but usually ending in deadly monotony. I shall have more to say on this point when I come to deal with the proper subjects for design and their treatment.

But it is possible that chief among the deterrent influences is one of a totally different character. It is the difficulty which manufacturers have in paying more than ordinary trade rates for any design, no matter how good, original, and saleable. This highly regrettable state of things,—regretted, as will easily be seen, by no one more than manufacturers themselves,—must be accepted as an ultimate fact. The reason is that all carpets of a given quality are sold at a uniform price, regardless of artistic merit. Whether the design has cost one pound or fifty,



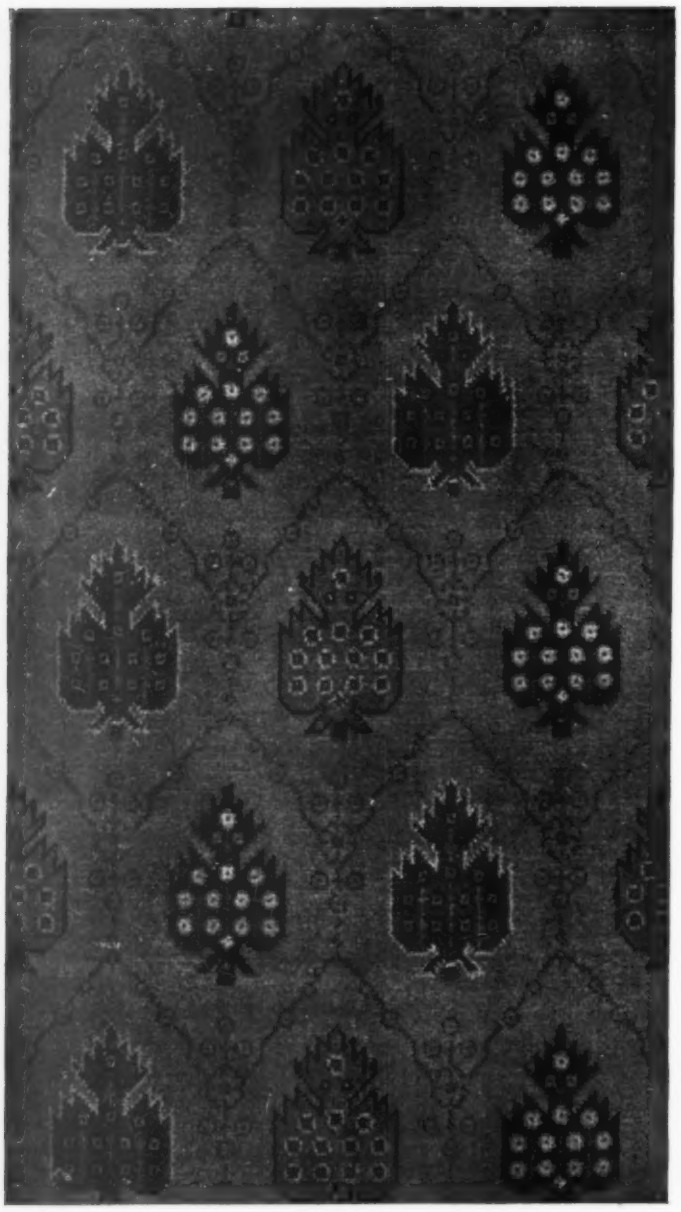
9. By Tomkinson & Adam.

whether the designer be a young beginner or an artist of world-wide fame, it is all the same. And the manufacturer has no chance of recouping himself by an increased output. If there were a very large and continuous sale of each specially fine design, the initial cost, however high, would be so distributed as to make the transaction fairly remunerative. But for two reasons this is impossible. Such designs appeal to a comparatively small circle of cultivated purchasers. And the demand for constant novelty is so great that few designs last longer than one season, the few that do survive for a year or two being very often simple ordinary patterns, no better than hundreds of their less fortunate companions. The desire of many housewives to have something unique is to be reckoned with. There are places where a dealer can only sell one carpet of a given pattern in his town and the district round it. The result of all this is a demand for new designs every season, and an enormous production of them to meet it. This should be in the interest of designers, but it does not make for high prices. It is clearly not to the advantage of the manufacturer, whose interests lie in the direction of large production concentrated on few designs. The waste arising from this system is enormous. It is not merely that good designs have an unduly short life; but in the straining after novelty very many are produced which are never put on the market, being passed over in favour of others which are considered a little better.

From all this it will be obvious that, as things are, manufacturers cannot afford, as a rule, to pay high prices for designs. A number of attempts to secure the co-operation of leading artists have been made by one or two manufacturers, who were anxious to keep in touch with what is best in modern decorative art; but such ventures, though they may have enjoyed a moderate *succès d'estime*, have not as a rule been remunerative to the manufacturer, who has to be content with whatever kudos may attach itself to his share in the transaction. The reproach, once so commonly aimed at manufacturers, of neglecting to call in the assistance of leading artists, has no longer any force. But they can scarcely be expected to continue such experiments when they are unprofitable. Once more let it be said, no one regrets this more than they do. Many of them would



10. By Tomkinson & Adam.



11. By Tomkinson & Adam.

infinitely prefer to produce nothing but work which comes up to the highest artistic standard, but they cannot continue to educate the public at their own expense.

Something should be said as to the possibility,—always so desirable where it is practicable,—of close co-operation between the designer and the actual executant. In the making of carpets it is scarcely practicable or necessary. The designer should, of course, fully realize what shape his work will assume when transferred to the small squares of ruled paper, and he should be able to carry it so far with his own hand. But from the description of technical processes which follows, it will be evident that beyond this point he can have no control, unless it be the suggestion of new arrangements of colour.

He could, no doubt, if he has a gift for colour, assist in the selection of the requisite dyed woollen yarns, but this is a matter which needs special technical training and much experience. The colourist who is master of his pigments could find himself quite at sea in translating his design into coloured wool. At present this is exceedingly well done by colour experts, who, it need scarcely be said, have not been trained for this special work in schools of art, where no efficient provision is made for the teaching of colour. I hope to be permitted to return to this subject in a future article.

The designs which illustrate this article, together with others which are to follow, have been selected from a large number, courteously placed at the editor's disposal by a few of the leading manufacturers. They are not altogether representative of the bulk of their productions, many of which, being created to satisfy the demands of the public through the trade, admittedly violate elementary rules as to flatness of treatment, etc., whose cogency is admitted by all competent judges, including those who are obliged, if they are to live and thrive, to disregard them. Such designs, it has been felt, whatever their merits in other respects, are scarcely fitted for reproduction in THE ART JOURNAL. It will be readily seen that the greater number of those selected are of Oriental origin—adaptation more or less direct from good Eastern models. (In a future article I shall have something to say in vindication of this practice.) For the present it is sufficient to record the fact that outside these adaptations, comparatively few designs are being produced which conform to the most rigid canon of design as applied to floor coverings. The movement in the direction of a new style, founded directly upon natural forms without reference to traditional conventions, has apparently lost its force. This is much to be regretted, as in spite of occasional extravagances, it promised to result in the evolution of a new and permanent method. But the change is only



12. By John Crossley & Sons.

a symptom of a widespread alteration of public taste in decoration to which carpet manufacturers have no option but to conform.

Of the designs shown in the illustrations, Nos. 1 and 2 indicate methods by which, in some fabrics, the breadth and simplicity of a plain ground can be preserved, while it is made more interesting (and, incidentally, more serviceable) by clouding and streaking. In No. 2 the reproduction does not quite give the value of the original, the ground being too prominent and the figures not sufficiently so.

No. 3 is a good example of the latest development of the modern style above referred to. It will be a misfortune if graceful compositions such as this should be wholly set aside in favour of the old well-worn themes of the French Renaissance. The design has, however, the drawback—almost inevitable, as I shall try to show later—of growth in one direction only. No. 4 is a good adaptation of Turcoman ornament. No. 5 is an adaptation from the centre of the 'Holy Carpet' at South Kensington, very well carried out, considering how much of the fine detail of the original has had to be omitted. But a figure of this kind is perhaps better suited for its original purpose as a centre ornament than for repetition. No. 6 is a particularly graceful and interesting piece of Oriental ornament, even in the absence of colour. No. 7 is a fragment of a fine design whose broad simplicity is well suited to the comparative coarseness of the hand-knotted original.

No. 8 is an example of Mr. Voysey's work, dating a few years back. It has all his well-known originality and breadth of treatment, which is specially adapted to the coarse fabric. But, for the reasons already given, the influence of the school of which Mr. Voysey is an eminent representative is ceasing to have much influence upon carpet design. Nos. 9 and 10 are very successful adaptations from Eastern rugs, equal to or surpassing the originals as charming pieces of colour. Objection might perhaps be taken to the arrangement of No. 10—the way in which the panels are connected, leaving the rest of the ornament to run into broad zigzag bands across the carpet. Nos. 11 and 12 are excellent examples of design, which are good from the critic's point of view and are popular as well. For some purposes No. 11 might be objected to as pointing in one direction, but it is admirably suited for stairs and corridors. No. 12 is one of those useful carpets which will "go anywhere." Like the others, its fine colour is lost in the illustration.

Further reference may be made to some of these designs when the question of fabric comes to be dealt with.

(To be continued.)

Recent Publications.

A gift-book that can be confidently recommended is **The Arabian Nights,** re-told by **Laurence Housman,** and illustrated by **Edmund Dulac** (Hodder & Stoughton, 15*s.*). The original drawings have been shown lately at the Leicester Gallery, and the fifty reproductions in colours are excellent. The fine Oriental flavour in the striking illustrations gives richness to the book, and the production is altogether creditable.

The expiration of copyright in Lewis Carroll's **Alice's Adventures in Wonderland** was the signal for several new illustrated editions, among which that containing reproductions of fine drawings by **Arthur Rackham** is specially admirable (Heinemann, 6*s.*). It is interesting to recall that the author wanted Sir Noel Paton to become responsible for the original illustrations, but Paton named Tenniel as better qualified for the task.

A favourite "annual" with children is that written and illustrated by **W. Graham Robertson:** this year he calls it **The Baby's Day Book,** for a Woman of Four (John Lane, 3*s.* 6*d.*). The characteristic drawings and the simple words make a pleasant harmony, and the little book is one to be prized.

Childhood, with drawings by **Millicent Sowerby** and verses by **Githa Sowerby** (Chatto & Windus, 3*s.* 6*d.*), is a cheerful addition to the nursery library. The illustrations are bold and brightly coloured, and every page looks very nice. . . . By the same authors and from the same publishers is **The Bumbletoes** (1*s.* 6*d.*), sufficiently gnomy and golliwoggy to please, yet not to frighten, small people.

The quiet **Verses to a Child,** by **Mabel Trustram,** and the excellent black-and-white drawings by **Edith Calvert** (Elkin



(From "Bohemia in London.")

The Bookstalls of the Charing Cross Road.

By Fred Taylor.



An Adventure.
(From "The Bumbletoes.") By Millicent Sowerby.

Mathews, 2*s*.), will be appreciated by everyone without regard to age. It is one of those happily-imagined books that interest the grown-up as much as the growing-up possessor.

The Children and the Pictures, by **Pamela Tennant** (Heinemann, 6*s*.). A little girl went downstairs to the drawing-room one night to fetch her doll, and found there as well Mrs. Inchbald, by Romney, out of her frame and sitting at the table (colour plate introduced of the famous picture). A narrative is constructed from that idea, and through the book appear the coloured portraits of many celebrities who come before the child in one way or another on succeeding occasions. It is an ingenious plot, and the text, as the vehicle which "carries" the fine reproduction of masterpieces by Reynolds, Raeburn, Turner, Gainsborough, and other artists, is entertaining.

A book for the lover of the country is **Wild Flowers of the British Isles** (Heinemann, 30*s*.). This work consists of seventy-five plates in colours, after drawings by **H. Isabel Adams,** with suitable descriptions. Mrs. Adams understands well how to translate the beauties of Nature, and it seems as though the fragrance of gardens, meadows and open fields escapes from this handsome volume.

Mr. Meredith's Nature Poems find a sympathetic illustrator in **William Hyde,** whose sixteen impressive drawings, reproduced in photogravure, are published by Messrs. Constable (12*s*. 6*d*.). Text and plates are well printed, and the book, effectively bound, is very suitable for presentation.

An edition of **Coleridge,** with illustrations by **Gerald Metcalfe,** and an introduction by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, comes from Mr. John Lane (15*s*.) It is a substantial, well-produced volume, and should prove acceptable to the many followers of the poet.

Out of abundant material arises **Bohemia in London,** by **Arthur Ransome** (Chapman & Hall, 6*s*.). The author is a north countryman, writes well, and tells us all about the London which, with the social help of a penny whistle, he has explored. A lively book, with good illustrations by **Fred Taylor.**

Volume II. now appears of **Venice,** its individual growth from the earliest beginnings to the fall of the Republic, by **Pompeo Molmenti,** translated by **Horatio F. Brown** (Murray, 21*s*.). It covers the "Golden Age" period, and, like the first volume, it contains an authoritative and interesting record of social affairs as well as of architecture, painting and sculpture. The illustrations are numerous and well chosen.

Bound in white and stamped in gold after a fifteenth century design, the story-book of **Artists of the Italian Renaissance,** "translated from the Chroniclers and arranged" by **E. L. Seeley** (Chatto & Windus, 15*s*.), makes a handsome gift-book. Many illustrations, in colours and otherwise, are included. The scheme of the book follows that adopted for its companion, *Stories of the Italian Artists from Vasari*.

A special feature of **Trees and their Life Histories,** by **Percy Groom** (Cassell, 25*s*.), is the series of illustrations from fine photographs by **Henry Irving.** The author seeks to guide the interested observer of Nature rather than to interest the book-lover; nevertheless the book is for the library. Botanical technicalities have been avoided as much as possible. With the admirable reproductions to supplement the author's descriptions the book appeals to a popular as well as to an expert circle.

An inexpensive and sound presentation book is **Cranford,** by **Mrs. Gaskell** (Macmillan, 5*s*.). With its daintily drawn and delicately tinted drawings by **Hugh Thomson,** the novel re-appears now in a new edition.

The Burlington Miniatures, 200 mezzogravures after famous pictures (1*s*. 6*d*. each portfolio of ten subjects), is the latest enterprise of the Fine Art Publishing Co. The reproductions are excellent.

A companion volume to *Some English Gardens*, published in 1904, is **Italian Gardens,** after drawings by **George S. Elgood, R.I.** (Longmans, Green & Co, 42*s*.). For the new book, royal quarto size, Mr. Elgood has been preparing drawings and memoranda since 1881, and the collection includes reproductions in colours of fifty-two pictures, with notes by the artist. It is impossible to say whether the volume is likely to be more acceptable to travellers who know the villas with their delightful surroundings or to stay-at-home lovers of beauty, to whom the scenes are only known in imagination: the book will please every reader. Here are bright gardens, sparkling fountains, and cool shrubberies to inspire and to enchant.

It would be difficult to name any book containing such fine illustrations in black-and-white as **Old Spanish Masters,** engraved on wood by **Timothy Cole** (Macmillan, 31s.). For splendid interpretations of paintings, Mr. Cole has achieved greatness, and the quality of his workmanship is well shown in the present book. **Mr. C. H. Caffin** provides historical notes of the pictures chosen, and the engraver comments on the characters of each.

An interesting book is **Cathedral Cities of France,** drawn by **Herbert Marshall, R.W.S.,** and described by the artist and **Hester Marshall** (Heinemann, 16*s*.). There is much in the book that is attractive besides the reproductions, but the chief honours go to the illustrations, of which there are sixty in colours. Mr. Marshall has a happy gift in selecting his points of view, and his workmanship is beyond reproach in preparing water-colour drawings for publication.

To teach the technique of an art by book requires not only knowledge, but the power to be absolutely explicit. Knowledge of lace-making **Miss Louisa Tebbs** undoubtedly possesses, and her wide experience as a teacher has a useful issue in **The Art of Bobbin Lace** (Chapman & Hall, 5*s*.), a text-book which deserves all praise for clearness, useful illustration, and appreciation of the difficulties, as of the beauty of the work. **Practical Wood-carving,** by **Eleanor Rowe** (Batsford, 7*s*. 6*d*.), is another book of the same character. Miss Rowe is very well known by her work at the School of Art Wood-carving, South Kensington, and this new book of hers is authoritative of the subject. There are 170 illustrations.

Mr. Monk has etched, as headpiece to his **Calendarium Londinense 1908** (sixth year), the famous old buildings in Holborn. The subject is worked out well, and the sheet (15 × 11 inches) when taken from the wall at the end of the year will be of permanent interest to Londoners. Hand-printed by the artist at Amersham (2*s*. 6*d*.).

The popularity of **The Frescoes in the Sixtine Chapel,** by **Evelyn March Phillipps,** has caused the book to be reprinted (Murray, 2*s*. 6*d*.).

The Horse, a Pictorial Guide to its Anatomy (Fisher Unwin, £1 10*s*.), 110 drawings by Hermann Dittrich, with explanatory notes by Professors Ellenberger and H. Baum; loose plates and bound descriptions, well produced.

The University Tutorial Press, Cambridge, publish in their "Organized Science Series" **Perspective Drawing,** by **S. Polak** (5*s*.)

HIS Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to accept from Messrs. Virtue and Company a Volume of THE ART JOURNAL, 1907; also a copy of the Christmas Number devoted to the art of Mr. W. L. Wyllie, R.A., with an appreciation by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, G.C.B. It may be remembered that on the death of the Prince Consort, to whom THE ART JOURNAL had been dedicated since 1847, the King, then Prince of Wales, honoured this Journal with his Royal Patronage; a distinction which was continued for nearly twenty years.

London Exhibitions.

New Gallery	Society of Portrait Painters.
R.W.S.	149th Exhibition.
Artists' Society . . .	Langham Sketches.
Dering Yard	New English Art Club.
Messrs. Agnew's . . .	Old Masters.
Messrs. Sulley's . . .	Rubens and Correggio.
Messrs. Obach's . . .	Sir F. Seymour Haden.
Messrs. Tooth's . . .	Winter Exhibition.
Messrs. McLean's . .	Mary F. Raphael.
Goupil Gallery . . .	Society of 25 Painters.
" " . . .	The Second Salon.
Leicester Gallery . .	Edmund Dulac.
" " . . .	R. Thorne Waite, R.W.S.
Carfax Gallery . . .	A. E. John.
Fine Art Society. . .	Mr. and Mrs. Young Hunter.
" " " . . .	Birmingham Craftsmen.
Doré Gallery . . .	Hely Smith, R.B.A.
Brook Street Gallery .	London Sketch Club.
Messrs. van Wisselingh's	F. Yates.

Pictures: Old and New.—The Exhibitions of the New English Art Club, the Old Water-Colour Society, the Society of Portrait Painters, the Goupil Gallery Salon, and the Society of Twenty-Five Painters were side by side with fine works of the past. At Messrs. Agnew's the yearly exhibition on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution brought together, besides an important picture from the Ashburton Collection—Murillo's assured 'St. Thomas of Villanueva'—consummate Gainsboroughs, canvases by Reynolds, to head a representative collection of eighteenth century portraiture, and fine landscapes in Gainsborough's 'Pastoral,' and two beautiful examples of Constable's early work.

The will to see is strong and fervent in modern art. In all that is to be acquired for art by that will the modern painter successfully confronts the master of the eighteenth century. But the meeting of old and new emphasised once more the comparative insufficiency of the painter of to-day as a designer of pictures, the insecurity of method, the deterioration of manner. To pass from the portraits at the New Gallery or at the New English into the presence of the eighteenth century portraits was to feel with renewed appreciation the spell of courteous accomplishment, of the gracious composure with which the person painted is received into the art of the painter.

Messrs. Agnew's Gallery.—Murillo painted several pictures of 'St. Thomas of Villanueva,' one of them being that of which the artist spoke as 'his picture.' He spoke as an accomplished self-appreciator, if that version is to be judged by the one shown at Messrs. Agnew's. For once a religious subject appealed directly to Murillo as being of the real earth, genuinely delightful and vivid, and even amusing. In the collection of British Art of the eighteenth century, Gainsborough was supreme. Not least typical of the subtlety of his art is the difference of mood and vision expressed in the de Dunstanville portraits, while yet they accord so perfectly together in their quality as pictures. By exquisite inflections the opalescent gleaming beauty of the scheme is differentiated into an enigmatic and mysterious



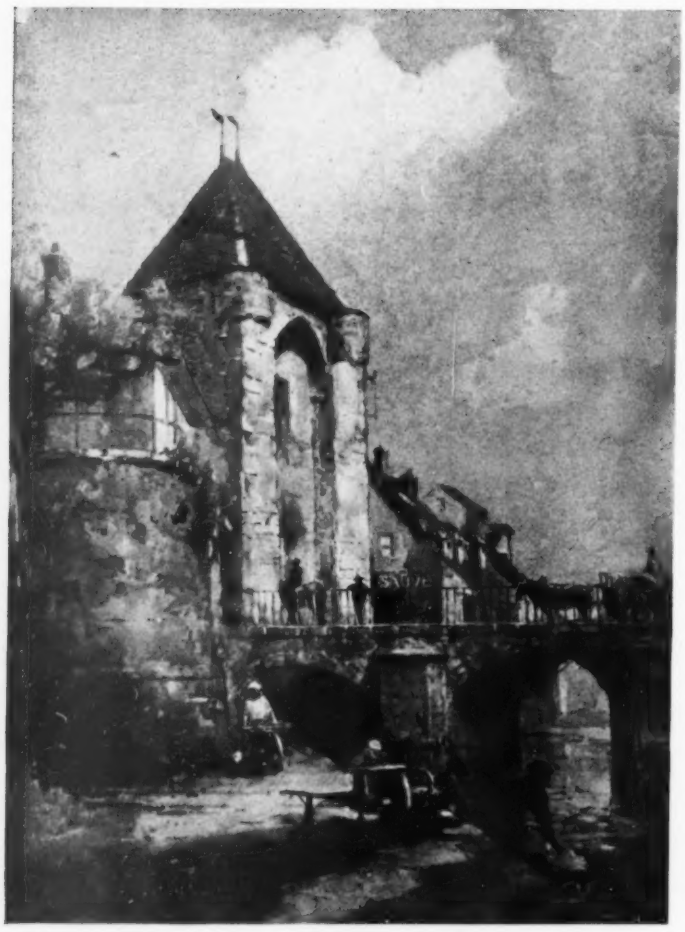
(R.W.S.) **A Poacher's Dog.**
By Edwin Alexander.



(R.W.S.) A Landmark of the Past. By Arthur Hopkins.



(N.E.A.C.) A Courtyard. By P. Wilson Steer.



(R.W.S.) Moret. By James Paterson.

conception in the one case, into a serene lucidity in the other. Beautiful as is the picture of 'Lady de Dunstanville,' with its shimmer of moony lights on the gown and the soft drooping feathers, there is a chill in it, not only of the actual coldness of the flesh-tones, but of the unresponsive glance and smile. The 'Lord de Dunstanville' is entirely gracious. He is immortally at ease in Gainsborough's art, as serene as the dreaming landscape of lake and hill that are in the distance of the picture. The floating blue and white of the pool in the 'Pastoral Landscape,' where the reflections of the sheep are as lovely clouds in the blue water, is the unforgettable passage in the canvas. 'The Cottage Girl' showed the genius of Gainsborough in yet another light of inspiration. The timidity, the shy grace of the child, stepping lightly on slim feet, is a lyrical quality of life. He rendered the child's heart in the gesture with which she clasps the little dog to her, as he rendered with magic brush the value of surfaces and substances in the big brown pitcher, the garments and flesh of the figure.

The Gainsboroughs were so essentially inspired that Reynolds on this occasion took a second place. His admirably preserved, full-length portrait of the 'Countess of Eglinton,' seated at her harp, has the dignified temper of the eighteenth century. Warmer to the eye was his 'Ino and Bacchus'—a sumptuous Italianated painting, with glowing depths and richnesses of shadowed colour; but the slight 'Golden Age,' a vivid sketch of a baby, declared the living source of his art more fully than these deliberate compositions. Romney—especially in 'Miss Sophia Elizabeth Lawrence'—Hoppner, Raeburn and Lawrence, were characteristically, if not remarkably represented, as was Morland in 'The Country Stable.' The 'Dedham Mill' by Constable,



THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTON.

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

(By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons.)

ascribed to 1806, shows his art attaining mastery by scrupulous practice. It has a reasoned simplicity that is a quality of beauty. 'Dedham Vale' of 1811 is not less sincere, and expresses a freer delight in its cool and placid painting. Constable's later 'Salisbury Cathedral,' and Crome's 'Mousehold Heath, near Thorpe,' were the other landscapes in a small but greatly significant representation of English landscape Art.

S.P.P.—The Society of Portrait Painters wisely makes its exhibitions not entirely from the work of to-day. The result, in the 17th exhibition, was a re-making of fame for the portrait art of Frank Holl, whose portraits of 'The late Alexander Mitchell Sim,' painted in 1881, of 'Samuel Cousins,' the first portrait Holl painted, and of 'Viscount Wolseley,' dating from 1883, claimed lasting authority for the painter's vision and conception of these significant, widely different types of men.

Two Orchardson portraits, 'Charles Moxon' and 'Lady Gilbey' were hung at either end of the west room. The 'Lady Gilbey' has suffered from time in the flattening of the blonde flesh tints, especially in the hands, till they lie heavy and inert in the scheme. There are beautiful accessories in this portrait, and the head of the 'Charles Moxon,' placed against a tapestried background, is a firm and sensitive example of Sir W. Q. Orchardson's power to paint the life of a face; but neither of these portraits is to be named with masterpieces such as the 'Sir Walter Gilbey.' As they have been seen before, two canvases by Mr. Sargent, the full-length of Mr. Graham Robertson, so intently and keenly seen, and 'Mrs. Raphael,' a handsome canvas, with rich and admirable accessories to the imperious figure of the lady, may be classed as other valuable additions to the retrospective section, which also included a spirited sketch by Pettie of 'Hamish MacCunn,' and small works by C. W. Furse.

Mr. Orpen, with a firmly-accomplished portrait of 'General Lawson,' and 'Sir James Stirling' in judicial robes, the head finely modelled and sensitive in characterisation, Mr. Lavery in the long flexible line of the gown in 'Lady Norah Brassey' and the triumphant freshness of the face, Mr. Nicholson in the quiet yet picturesque 'James Curle of Melrose,' showed with distinction. Mr. E. A. Walton's over-patterned but, in the flesh-tints, able, 'Lady Smiley,' Mr. C. H. Shannon's shadowy self-portrait, in a canvas shared with a marble torso, Mr. J. J. Shannon's daring 'Mrs. J. J. Shannon,' the skilful 'Walter Sickert' of M. Blanche, Mr. Sauter's 'Joseph Conrad,' and the strong and sincere portrait of 'Mrs. Harrison' by Mr. Gerald Kelly, were noticeable on the walls. None of them, however, nor indeed any canvas in the exhibition, seemed anything but tame compared with Signor Mancini's 'Hugh P. Lane.' It is the greatest proof of the art of the Italian painter that his strength prevails over his extravagance. Everything that can be dared he dares. Yet blinding sunlight, large gorgeous objects, heaped flowers, all pitched forward on the canvas, do not overwhelm the figure of the sitter in dark-blue clothes. They overwhelm everything else in the west room on a first impression, but not the portrait that is among the brilliances of this astounding canvas. M. Gandara's 'Madame d'Annunzio' was a clever thing in this room.

New English Art Club.—The exhibition of the New English Art Club had its full strength only in the drawings. Mr. A. E. John showed no pictures, but six drawings, and Mr. Muirhead Bone had a like number. The art of these two, in the company of Mr. Francis James, Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. A. W. Rich, Mr. MacColl, made this section of the exhibition compare well with the oil paintings, taken as a whole. Three canvases painted by Mr. Sargent for his own refreshment, two of them, 'The Fountain' and 'The Brook,' accentuating, as he alone of living painters can, the beauty that is in vividness, were among the memorable paintings. In the third, 'The Moraine,' the material is a vast mountainous region, immense shapes of the mountains, peak beyond peak, retreating into the blue spaces of the sky. Yet it does not give the sense, as does, for instance, 'The Courtyard' of Mr. Wilson Steer, with its interest of texture and charm of sequestered light, of the subject being chosen for itself, but rather as a test and satisfaction of skill. Mr. Wilson Steer's 'Montreuil' has beauty in the row of irregular nondescript houses under a great open sky, in a wide "Place" of perplexing substance. Mr. Orpen in his finished accomplishment of a still-life study of the room and the likeness of 'Mr. Percy Wyndham,' and in freer portraits painted with impulse of 'Grace Orpen' and 'Young Ireland,' was an important contributor, as was Mr. Tonks with the blithe and fresh 'Bird Cage,' its gay qualities maintained with remarkable skill in a canvas of considerable size.



(R.W.S.) **Mignonette.**
By J. Walter West.

R. W. S.—Mr. Clausen, with an impression of the beauty of the night-veiled river, and renderings of the strength and mystery of light in simple landscapes, Mr. James Paterson's honest and authoritative representation

of boats in the harbour of St. Andrews, Mr. Alfred Parsons in 'Meadows,' where his quiet art gives what he paints their very quality of contenting the sight, Mr. H. S. Hopwood, vigorous in Venetian drawings, Mr. R. W. Allan in capable landscapes of a real Japan and in one of his assured harbour scenes—these were to be seen at the exhibition of the R.W.S. Mr. Curnow Vosper's 'Grief,' handled with solidity and genuineness, was distinguished among the figure subjects, as were the glowing sketches of Mr. Louis Davis for their true atmosphere of romance, vainly attempted by Mr. E. J. Sullivan in his large 'Once upon a time,' and clouded, for once, even in Mr. Anning Bell's work. The veteran member, Mr. William Callow, again sent drawings of dignified style and fine structure, some of them dating back to the forties. Mr. Edwin Alexander's brush has done some exquisite spiriting in setting on paper the living fragility of wild flowers, and grass, and insect. 'Goldfinch and Thistle' was his largest subject; a dainty one.

Goupil Gallery.—It is to be hoped that the Goupil Gallery Salon, inaugurated last year by Messrs. Marchant, will become a permanent series. The chance to see side by side well-chosen examples of modern painting by English and foreign artists is valuable and delightful. The second exhibition included some remarkable works. Mr. Lavery's 'Miss Vera Christie,' a fine invention in colour, as well as a charming portrait, Mr. Orpen's 'Night,' another affirmation of a talent that strengthens in interpretation of the life and beauty of the things he so skilfully paints, Mr. Nicholson's gleaming still-life piece of a Rodin bronze and white Chinese gods, and his delicate decoration of the black-and-white figure of a 'Bretonne de Brignogan' on a luminous grey ground, Mr. Brangwyn's big bold 'Tinker,' too assertive, however, for its position in the gallery, were among the English paintings that made the exhibition noteworthy. Landscapes of distinction by Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. Peppercorn, Mr. Clausen, Mr. Oliver Hall and Mr. Buxton Knight, were also here. The continental artists included M. Blanche in a brilliant but unharmonised interior, all in blue, M. Bussy, whose clever lamp-lit interior asserted itself beside the subtler 'Night' of Mr. Orpen, M. Le Sidaner, M. Aman-Jean and M. Besnard. Sculpture by artists of distinction such as M. Aronson, and M. Charpentier; pottery by that accomplished ceramist, M. Delaherche, and a good selection of drawings completed an admirable exhibition.

Downstairs at the Goupil Gallery the Society of Twenty-five Painters held a delightfully arranged exhibition, in which, among work of some distinction, the two landscapes by Mr. Oliver Hall were farther distinguished. 'Albi at Twilight,' the tall irregular houses above the water partly hidden by yet taller trees, their bareness made tender by the softening light, and the warm cluster of the hillside 'Town of Southern France' below the grey gaunt church, are paintings of fine quality, as well as landscapes of temperament. Mr. Hughes-Stanton, Mr. Dods Withers, Mr. Bertram Priestman, and Mr. W. W. Russell showed to advantage. Figure subjects were not on the whole the equal in merit of the landscapes. A coarsely-painted 'L'Amour Scandalisé,' by Professor Moira, lymphatic figures by Mr. Lee Hankey, picturesque designs by Mr. Anning Bell, and an eighteenth century music piece by Miss Constance Halford were among them.

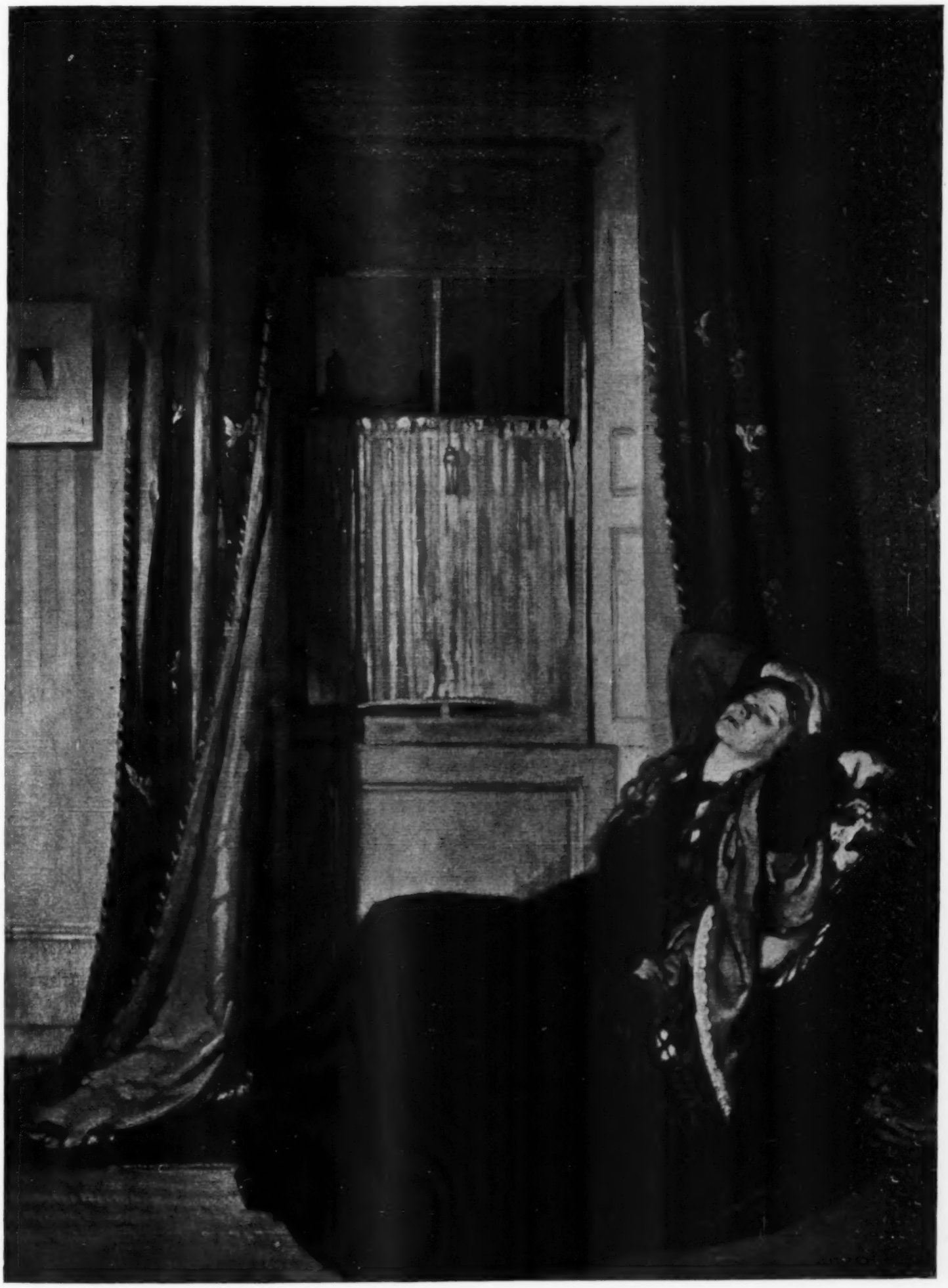


Grief.
By S. Curnow Vosper.
(R.W.S.)

Passing Events.

TWO of the great pictures from the Ashburton collection appeared at the Sulley Gallery in November. Rubens seldom or never reached higher as a master of living design, as a triumphant colourist, than in this 'Wolf Hunt' of 1617 or thereabouts. The group of foxes and wolves is superb, the white mane of the conventionally prancing horse is fair as a cloud. Correggio's group of four saints, painted about a century earlier, when he was but 21, has a wonderful landscape background.

ABOUT thirty of Mr. Augustus John's virile drawings are reproduced in



(Goupil Gallery.)

Night.
By William Orpen.



(N.E.A.C.)

The Sands at Swanage.

By (Mrs.) Evelyn Cheston.

a quarto relating to the Slade School, which contains an admirable essay on his powers as a draughtsman, from the pen of Mr. MacColl. Mr. MacColl says that the temper of Mr. John is "rebellious against the ordinary and scornful of the pretty, and the anarch young has not yet controlled or concentrated his passion to the creation of great pictures; but he has given us some measure of his powers and indication of their quality." Some of Mr. John's drawings lately exhibited at the Carfax Gallery stand unexcelled in modern art.

LORD BATTERSEA, who died somewhat suddenly in November, had knowledge of art as well as of politics and sport. He possessed Burne-Jones' 'Golden Stairs,' Watts' wonderful sculptured bust, 'Clytie,' and several Old Masters. He was something more than a collector of mere names. Years ago he picked up for a small sum in a second-rate shop the radiant 'Three Priests' of Simeon Solomon, painted in the early sixties, and secured later works by the same wandering genius like 'Love Singing to Memory' and the 'Medusa Head.' Another beautiful work of the sixties, Whistler's 'Golden Screen, a caprice in purple and gold, was for years at Surrey House. It now forms part of the great Whistler collection of Mr. Freer of Detroit, which eventually goes to the American Government. 'The Golden Screen' was lent by Mr. Freer to the Paris Exhibition in 1905. Unfortunately it was not at the New Gallery Memorial show.

THE exodus of works of art from this country to America is considerable, but on occasions they return. For example, the extensive collection of Sir Seymour Haden's etchings recently on view at Obach's had since 1889 been "on the other side." Sir Seymour then sold to Messrs. Wunderlich of New York his superb series of Méryons, which came home and was dispersed in Bond Street in 1902, his fine Whistlers, acquired *en bloc* by Mr. Freer, and picked impressions of all, or nearly all, his own etchings. Two of the three sets "sojourned" only in the States, it will be seen. By the way, Haden's 'Études à l'eau forte,' 250 copies of which were in 1866 published in Paris at 15 gs. each, now command anything up to £200 at auction.

MR. GILBERT BAYES, whose talent won for him the distinction of being entrusted with the outdoor reliefs for the decoration of the New South Wales Art Gallery, has completed a small plaster model for the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Lincoln. It is of St. Hugh of Lincoln, moving along accompanied by his pet swan, the swan he kept at Stow.

THE original model of 'The Chariot of Peace' by Captain Adrian Jones, which it is proposed to place on the arch at the top of Constitution Hill, was exhibited at the 1891 Academy, as 'Triumph: design for a Quadriga group.' This was about the time that Captain Jones retired from the army, where, engaged in the veterinary service, he had exceptional opportunities for adding to his knowledge of equine anatomy.

MR. ALYN WILLIAMS, one of the most popular of our miniature-painters, President of the Society of Miniaturists, has been in America, where President Roosevelt was among his sitters, as at home has been Queen Alexandra.

THE Society of Twelve managed to evade inexactitude by electing Professor Legros as Honorary President, but in this respect it will have to throw up the sponge if the contemplated inclusion of one or two more able ordinary members be carried out. Undoubtedly some of the minute and powerful drawings of Mr. Havard Thomas would be a welcome addition to the forthcoming show. When it is over at Obach's, the exhibition is, we understand, to be transferred to Glasgow, where Mr. Muirhead Bone intends to etch some architectural subjects.

SIR WILLIAM B. RICHMOND succeeded in his action against the Crown Fire-Lighter Company to secure immunity from noise and smell in his residence, Beavor Lodge, Hammersmith. Mr. Justice Neville held that a legal nuisance had been proved, so an injunction was granted, with costs. Much of the evidence was amusing.

THE widow of Mr. Nicholas Chevalier has presented to the New Zealand Government over 250 pencil and water-colour drawings done by him, as illustrations to a book of travels among the lonely islands, which has never been published. Mr. Chevalier frequently contributed to the Royal Academy and received several commissions from Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales as he then was.



Hornbeam (Carpinus betulus) and Beech (Fagus sylvatica).

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

Woodlands.

Two Contrasts and a Likeness.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

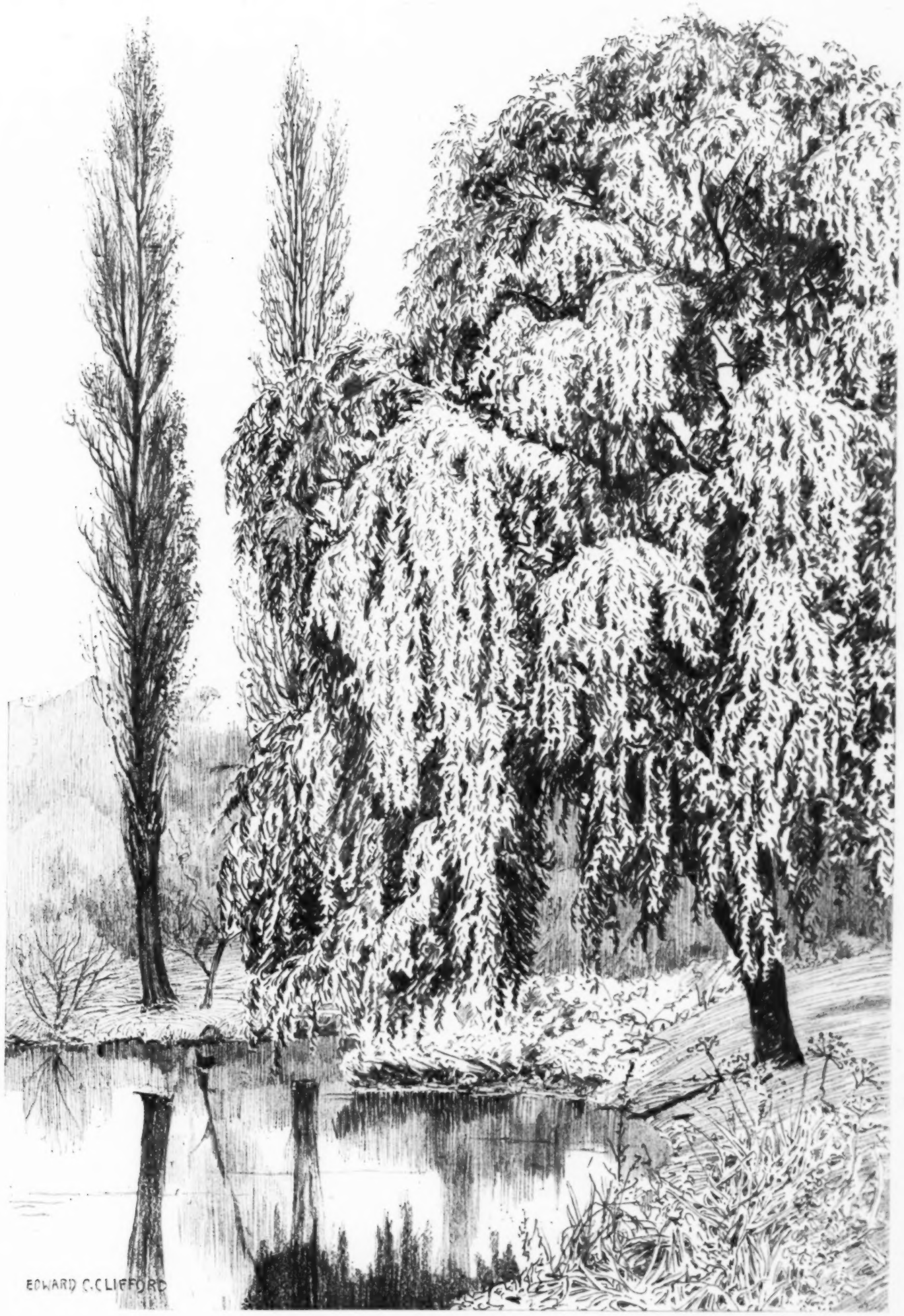
WHEN the autumn sun breaks through the morning mists and strikes the "jewels of gold that are hung in the hair of the birch tree," it lights up a picture of exquisite grace and elegance that is in strong contrast to the more massive and rugged beauty of the oak near by. They belong botanically to the same order—*Cupuliferæ*, as having their fruits in cupules or leafy husks, but while the birch with the alder belong to the tribe *Betulæ*, the oak gives its name to the tribe *Quercinæ*, which includes the sweet chestnut and the beech. They both enjoy a wide range, though the birch will grow farther north and at a greater altitude than any other European tree, with perhaps the exception of the Scots pine, and it will multiply from its seed where the seedlings of any other tree would be smothered in the thick undergrowth. They both belong to the hardwood division of the broad-leaved trees—as distinguished from the needle-leaved trees—and are not therefore of rapid growth, for rapid growth means softness of the wood. Still, there is no comparison between them as regards longevity, for the oak does not bear fruit till it is

* Nature-Study Series; continued from p. 18.



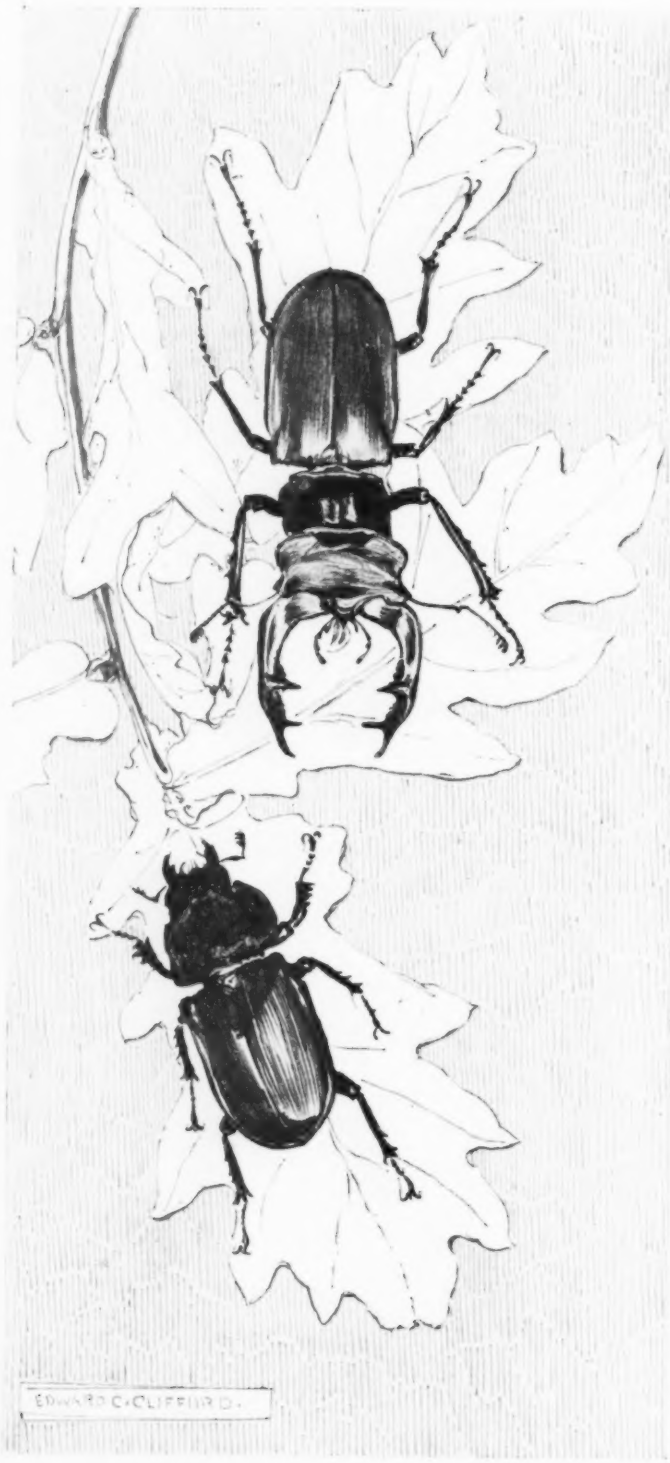
Oak (Quercus robur) and Birch (Betula alba).

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



Lombardy Poplar (Populus fastigiata) and Weeping Willow (Salix bablonica).

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I



Male and Female Stag Beetle (Lucanus cervus).

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

sixty years of age, only matures at 150, and lives centuries; some of the oaks in Ampthill Park are believed to date from the eleventh century; while the birch matures at fifty, and scarcely lasts to a hundred. The wood of the oak is the most durable of all our British timber—the wood of the birch is not so durable as its bark—no wood except perhaps the Indian teak is so suitable for shipbuilding; but if the fleet of Lord Howard of Effingham and that of Nelson were built of oak, our earlier British ancestors built the first boats of birch-bark. The name birch tree is equivalent to bark-tree, and its bark is of inestimable value to the Laplander for many things, from roofing huts to making clothes; while in our own highlands it is often used for similar purposes. It is also used for tanning; if English leather owes its quality to the bark of the oak, it is the bark of the birch that gives to Russian leather its delicate odour.

In their growth the contrast between the two trees is very great. An oak standing alone throws out its great limbs fifty or sixty feet at right angles to the trunk in defiance of the laws of gravitation; and, as Oliver Wendell Holmes points out, scorning to lessen the strain by either lifting them upwards or drooping them downwards. The birch, on the contrary, after sending its branches upwards for some few feet, lets them hang downwards in a mass of pendent twigs or spray. When grown in plantations the oak, like other trees, becomes practically a bare pole with a leafy top, and under such conditions attains its greatest height; but when it has plenty of room to spread its branches on all sides, it does not lose the lower ones, and has a trunk of the form spreading out at the bottom, from which Smeaton took his idea for the design of the Eddystone lighthouse. Then it is that its massed foliage gives it the solid look that is so opposite in appearance to the slight waving birch.

When the leaves are young the oak has a reddish hue, in the summer its foliage is of the richest green, while in autumn it assumes all varieties of yellow and brown mixed with vivid green: the flowers are green and inconspicuous, little affecting the appearance of the tree and offering no attraction to fertilising insects, for it trusts to the wind, like all forest trees, to carry the pollen of the male pendent clusters to the female flowers. A plentiful crop of acorns studs the tree with little points of light, reflected from their polished shells, and when the leaves are thin, late in the year, the marble galls of the *Cynips Kollari* are visible, and if numerous, as is often the case—more especially on pollards—they are more conspicuous than the fruit. The oak apple, with its delicate pink fleshy appearance, is not often sufficiently numerous to affect the colour of the tree in May, but the spangle galls of the *Neuroterus lensticulari*, passing from crimson to brown, are sometimes of such numbers as to show to some extent when the breeze lifts the leaves, exposing their under sides. An oak is sometimes entirely stripped of its foliage by the larvæ of the mottled umber moth (*Hibernia defolaria*) in early summer, but it puts out a fresh crop of leaves and assumes its Spring appearance once more in the middle of the year; and an old oak may often be seen with bare branches projecting out above its foliage, stag-headed as it is called, "the high top bald with dry antiquity" of Shakespeare. Our handsome British beetle the stag-beetle (*Lucanus cervus*) affects the oak, and may often be seen flying around it in the evening.

Of the Common Oak (*Quercus robur*) there are three varieties that should be noted—the *Quercus sessiliflora* having stalks to its leaves but not to its acorns, the *Quercus pedunculata* having stalks to its acorns but not to its leaves, and the *Quercus intermedia* having short stalks to both. The first, which is found more on high ground and in the north and west, has its foliage more easily stirred by the wind; the second more affecting valleys, has its leaves broader at the base; while the third, commonly called Durmast, has darker fruit than the others, and is best seen in the New Forest. A feature of the oak wood is the felling for the bark. A number of young trees are thrown in May and stripped; the bark being piled around to dry, ready for the tanner's inspection. The men plying their axes, the piles of brown and grey-lichened bark among the still standing trees; the



SIR P. SIDNEY'S OAK, PENSHURST PARK, KENT.

BY PATRICK NASMYTH.

naked limbs divested of their covering lying on the ground already starred with spring flowers, make up a scene that might be more frequently painted, but for the fact that dull cold damp weather is generally chosen for the work.

One of the most noticeable features of the Birch (*Betula alba*) is its bark, black and rough near the ground and in patches, but white on the stem, peeling off in horizontal bands, showing rings of silver and bronze and grey. The tree is best seen in its native highlands on the wild hill-sides among Scots pines and heather and bracken; but it is sufficiently common in our English woodlands to make it a matter of wonder that when the cult of the Birch tree arose in landscape painting it was not more often represented in juxtaposition with an oak to accentuate the contrast between the two. The Birch is often attacked by a gall insect, the Phytoptus, which causes the confused masses of short twigs which are known as "witches' brooms," so disfiguring to the tree and so liable to spread through a whole plantation.

The great difference in the angle at which the branches of trees grow from their stems is a point sometimes given insufficient consideration. Oliver Wendell Holmes pointed out that, from the extreme downward droop of the branches of the weeping willow to the extreme upward inclination of those of the poplar, they sweep nearly half a circle. This statement is accurate only with regard to the pendent terminal spray of the willow, as its true branches have an upward growth. The larch has much more droop in the actual branch, but when in leaf the weeping willow gives the impression simply of a downward growth, the uplifted branches being hidden in the richness of its foliage. At such a time the Lombardy poplar and the weeping willow touch the two extremes in appearance, and the oak is halfway between them with its horizontal limbs; practically all the trees of our temperate clime taking their place in the upper half between the oak and the poplar.

The willows and the poplars belong to the natural order *Salicineæ*, which includes the genera *Salix* and *Populus*.

The genus *Salix* is botanically a difficult one, the different varieties it includes being hard to identify. To the painter, however, it is only necessary to know the more noticeable characteristics of the principal members of the group; he may roughly class them as tree willows and osiers, and need not trouble himself with the minute differences distinguished by botanists. Of the tree willows the largest of the more frequently met kinds is the White Willow (*Salix alba*), which is the lightest in colour owing to the silkiness of the leaves reflecting the light; the Crack Willow (*Salix fragilis*) shows the difference between the upper and lower surfaces of the leaves when moving in the breeze, to which Tennyson alludes in "The Lady of Shalott," when he speaks of willows whitening. The French Willow (*Salix triandra*) is oftenest met with as a mere stump with long straight shoots cut periodically with the osiers (*Salix viminalis*), among which it is frequently planted, and another kind to be noted is the Sallow (*Salix caprea*), it being the earliest to flower, and its male and female flowers, on the leafless twigs of different trees—the order is dicœcious—are the golden and downy-blossomed branches gathered at Easter as "Palm." As a curiosity may be mentioned the Least Willow (*Salix herbacea*), it being the smallest of our shrubs, growing only an inch or two high, and found only at considerable altitudes. Lastly the Weeping Willow (*Salix babylonica*), belonging to the Crack willow group, which is a native of China and Japan, and is said to have been introduced to this country in 1748. It can hardly be said to belong to the woodlands proper, its rich masses of pendent foliage being more often seen on riverside lawns and in the neighbourhood of towns.

Willows are mostly found in moist situations growing near water, though not in it, and they are found in various forms; for beside the tree in its prime there is the old tree, partly decayed, with a rotting interior, due to some unhealable wound made by the gale tearing away a limb, the centre of the stem being a mass of soft touchwood, which sometimes shows slightly phosphorescent at night; then there are along the banks of winding streams the pollards growing in an irregular row, and cut out of all semblance of their natural form for the sake of the basket-maker, yet having a picturesqueness of their own; or again, on an eyot or in a riverside swamp a bed of osiers, bending and swaying in the breeze like a field of gigantic grass.

Of the genus *Populus* there are to be found several kinds in our woodlands, mostly in the moist places. The Abele (*Populus alba*), with its broad, palmately lobed, dark green leaves, having white, downy under sides, "the poplar that with silver lines his leaf," is one of our native trees and one of the best known; it grows to a height of 60 to 100 feet, and the whiteness of its constantly moving leaves against a dark, lowering sky is a striking feature in a landscape. There is a common variety of this tree, the Grey Poplar (*Populus canescens*), with leaves more heart-shaped and with less down on the under surface that tells greyer than the Abele. Another indigenous kind is the Aspen (*Populus tremula*), with wavy-edged, orbicular leaves, always trembling on their long stalks, a favourite with the poets and frequently occurring in legendary lore—the peculiar motion of its leaves is due to the form of its stalk, which, while the part near the branch allows of an up-and-down movement, the part nearer the leaf is flattened vertically and allows a free lateral waving. The misnamed Black Poplar (*Populus nigra*) is not a native tree, though naturalised here for centuries; the male tree is very noticeable in the spring, before its leaves appear, by the crimson of its innumerable catkins; while the female tree, in June, covers the ground beneath it with its white cottony seeds.

The Lombardy Poplar (*Populus fastigiata*) is a native of the Himalayas, its name arising from the fact that having been introduced to and thriven in the Lombardy plains, it was thence brought to England in the middle of the eighteenth century. It is grown here from suckers, as it is supposed that the specimens originally introduced to England were all male trees and, therefore, no seed can be produced. Its branches grow from the stem more vertically than any other of our trees; the nearest to it in this particular being the Irish Yew (*Taxus fastigiata*), and its tall spires seen among other trees cannot be mistaken.

Perhaps the tree that is most often erroneously named, and of all the commoner kinds the least known, is the Hornbeam (*carpinus betulus*)—it is almost always called beech, to which tree it bears a superficial resemblance. The resemblance is only slight in reality; though they both belong to the order *Cupuliferæ*, the beech is of the tribe *Quercinæ* and the hornbeam of the tribe *Coryleæ*, so that botanically it is nearer akin to the hazel. In general appearance in the summer it will be found that its outline is rounder, and not

broken by the long feathery sprays so noticeable in the beech, and in the winter that the branches have not such an upward tendency as those of the latter tree, besides being more twisted. The stems of both are grey, but while that of the beech is smooth and round, that of the hornbeam is divided by irregular fissures of dark rough bark into which the smoother part breaks with flashes of silver, and the form of the trunk is more elliptical in shape, and often deeply divided, giving a suggestion of two or three trees growing together. The leaves of the hornbeam are rougher in texture than the varnished leaves of the beech, are somewhat corrugated, and do not wear the silky coats that the latter have in their young state; they are, too, longer and more irregular in shape and doubly serrated. In autumn, when the leaves are falling, the difference between the two trees is very marked, for while the beech is studded with numbers of upstanding empty husks, opened like four-petalled flowers, from which the nuts have fallen, the hornbeam is hung with pendent sprays carrying bunches of winged seeds, which assume the most delicate tints of yellow and green and brown, and in the sunshine give the tree an exquisite golden appearance. The hornbeam has to put up with the grossest indignity, and is cut and lopped to such an extent that a naturally grown tree is seldom met with; but when left to itself in an open space it is certainly one of the most beautiful of our indigenous trees, a fact hardly to be realised from seeing the maltreated veterans of Epping Forest, or the narrow hedges that extend for miles along some Belgian roads.

Fine Church Metal-work.

THE worker in precious metals who knows the inspiration of splendid materials, and dreams of their fashioning into forms of imaginative beauty, must look to the church as the best hope of his art. Rarely, however, even in the times of the craft's greatest pre-eminence, has the art of the silversmith been employed on a labour of such importance as that recently completed by Mr. Krall, of the firm of Barkentin and Krall, and his assistants. The work is the gift of an anonymous donor to the Lady Chapel of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia. A silver altar, bronze and silver altar rails, a credence, memorial tablet, and sanctuary lamp, have been designed and executed with an elaboration and magnificence that make the achievement extraordinary in the history of the craft. That a modern artist should have such scope for his art, and that the result should be so fine technically and æsthetically, are splendid facts.

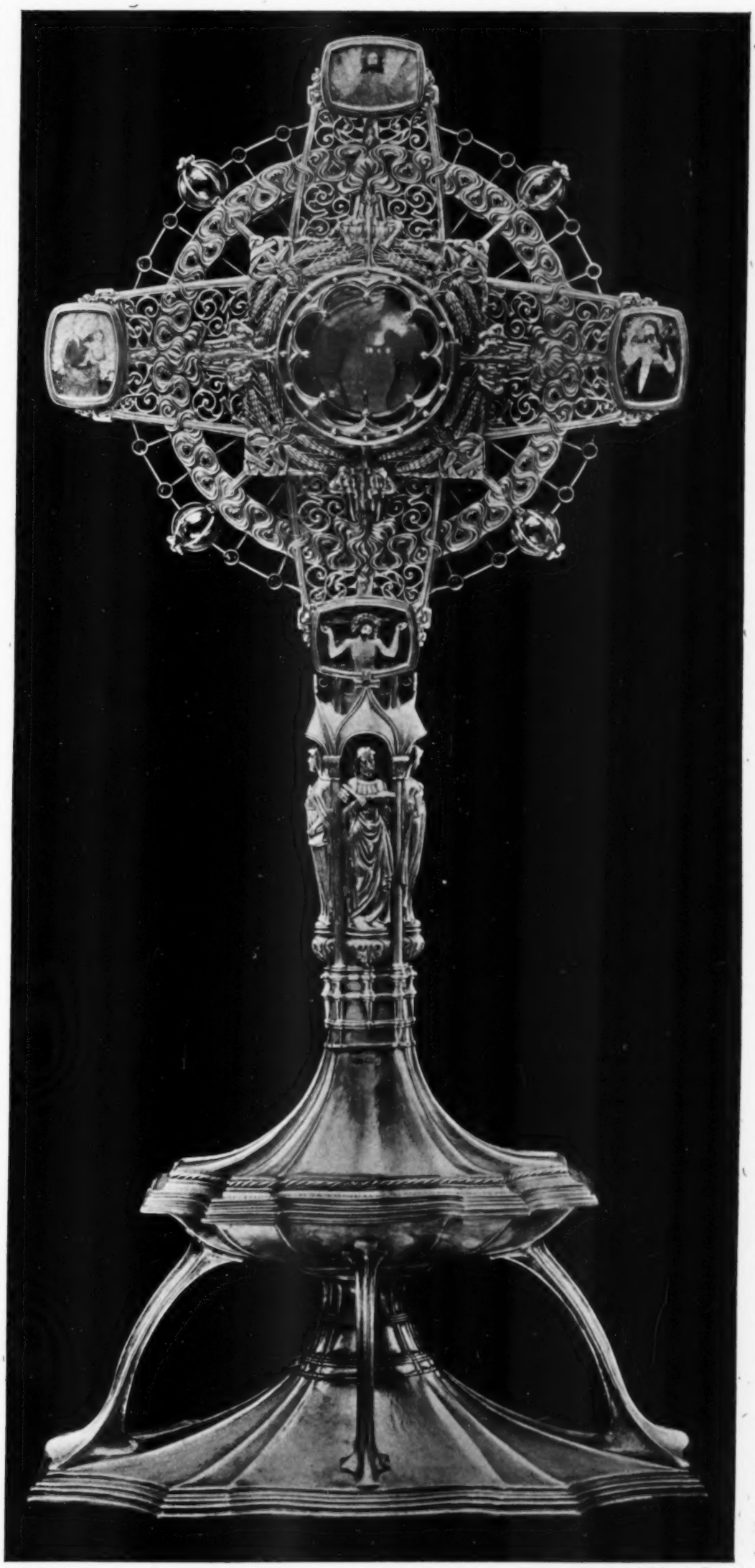
The illustrations give some idea of the delicacy and beauty of the work, but to appreciate the design of the altar the relation of these parts to the whole must be understood. With all the wealth and complexity of detail, the ront of the altar is a well-ordered unity. There is no display of the skill and care that has gone to the shaping of each of the figures in the panels, in the niches of the columns, and the exquisite angel figures that make music and praise in the scroll-work of the capitals. Each figure fits into its place, important or subordinate, and it is only scrutiny that shows the particularity of the conception, the wide interest of difference that is in the work.

As the half of the altar shows, the disposition of the front is into twelve panels, separated by eight half-columns. In the centre is the Virgin with the Child in her arms. Their figures are finely modelled in the round, and set in a canopied niche with twisted columns, the back enamelled with a diaper of fleur-de-lys on pale blue. The canopied niche is an important architectural form in the altar, the eight columns which separate the panels being divided into six tiers of niches, three in a row, each containing a figure of a saint in complete relief. It is a triumph of design that these tiers of 144 little statues are neither monotonous nor too obvious. They are so justly treated, that while greatly enriching both the effect and the significance of the work they give value to the panels which they divide. These panels are the most elaborate parts of the whole. Each measures 7 inches by $11\frac{3}{4}$, and contains a scene from the life of the Virgin, modelled in low relief. A band of ornament of roses with jewels at the centre separates the upper from the lower series, and a like band is above the upper panels, underneath the frieze of richly-wrought foliage with angel's figures that is one of the most beautiful parts.

The description is necessarily elaborate, but the delicacy of details, especially in the figure work, is not to be suggested by any such cataloguing of the parts of this extraordinary work. There is beauty in the faces, and, without undue emphasis that would war with the decorative effect of the panels, the significance of the scene is clearly expressed.

To the altar rails, the credence, the memorial tablet and lamp, the same praise may be given for the design and workmanship, though, as is fitting, there is less magnificence in their fashioning. In all there is the beauty of colour and surface that predominates in the effect of the altar, but employed with less ornate intention. The altar rails, especially, are of beauty. The tall figures of the silver angels on their twisted bronze columns shine splendidly, and the crinkled scrolls, the shields, also of silver, tell as lovely effects of light on the bronze open-work. It is good, indeed, that such an opportunity as this commission has found such earnest and skilled achievement.

Compared with such a vast work as that for St. Mark's Church, even such an important production as the monstrance for Westminster Cathedral, by Messrs. Omar Ramsden and Alwyn Carr, must seem slight. Yet in itself, and as part of the recent activity of these craftsmen, it is a very remarkable piece of work, expressive of a genuinely creative art. When exhibited at the studio of these metal-workers it was only one—though the chief—of several fine things. Besides such examples of imaginative production as the monstrance, the loving-cup to be presented by the University of London to the University of Paris, and other loving-cups, the great gates executed for the New Bailey are recent work by Mr. Ramsden and Mr. Carr; and well-designed and pleasant forms of household silver are among the various



Monstrance for Westminster Cathedral.

By Omar Ramsden and Alwyn C. E. Carr.

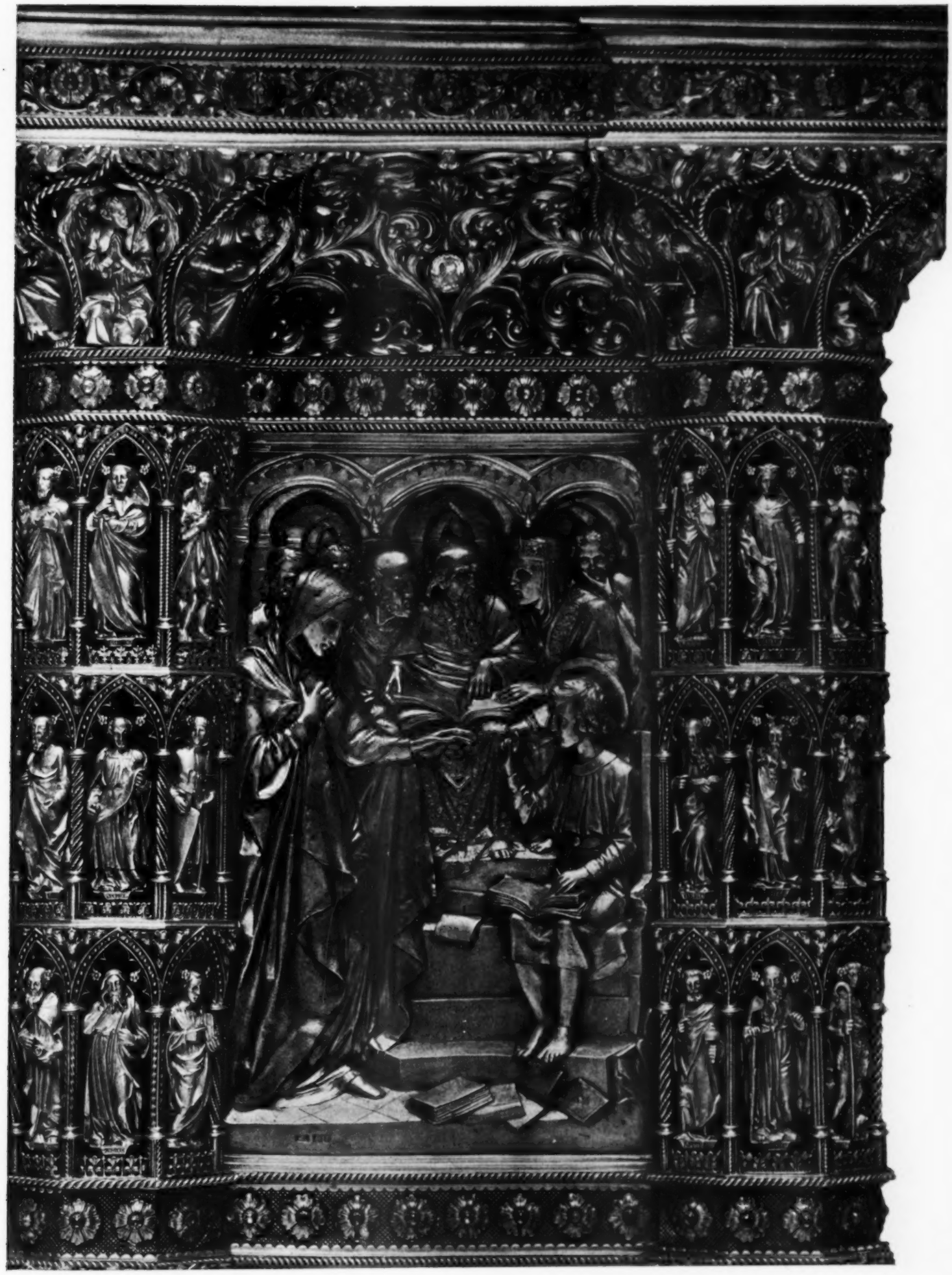


Half of Front of Silver Altar for St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia.

By Barkentin and Krall.

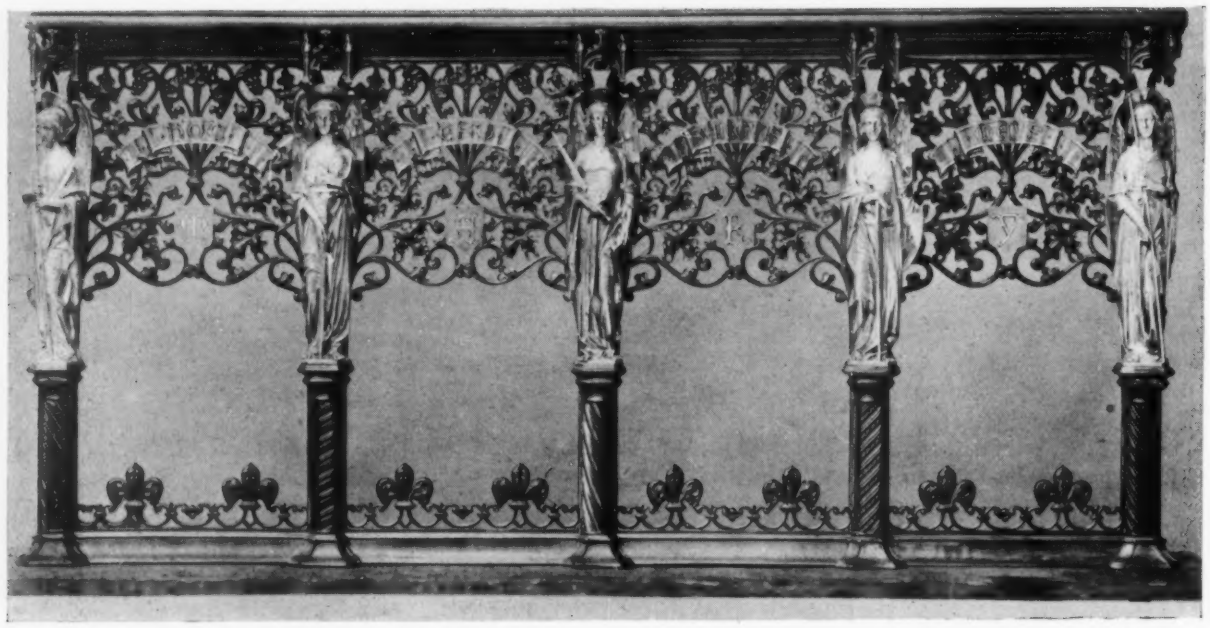
smaller things that are proofs of the good sense that is the basis of their work, as it must be of any really effective craftsmanship.

The monstrance is the most elaborate piece of work these artists have as yet accomplished, and they have had an opportunity in its fashioning to do the best of which they are capable. The result is a fine piece of craftsmanship, patiently and truly wrought to be not only expressive of the splendour of the precious metal and stones that have gone to its making, but of the high significance of the monstrance in the service of the church. It is the work of two years, and the artists have had the condition that is even more necessary to invention than that of full time and materials—freedom to shape the work according to their own ideas of beauty and fitness. The traditional form of the monstrance, the shrine, with radiating spokes of light, is, of course, the starting-point of the design. In the present instance, however, the monstrance takes a cruciform shape, and as it is to be used on the High Altar, as well as on the Altar of the Sacrament Chapel, it has a base. The shrine of the Host is the centre of the cross, and the artists have designed the whole work so that the rays of light, plain spokes of metal,



Detail of Silver Altar for St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia.

By Barkentin and Krall.



Altar Rails in Bronze and Silver for St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia.

By Barkentin and Krall.

are the basis of construction. Imposed on the spokes is the rich work, in repoussé pierced, of the cross, the four arms terminating in vivid panels of translucent enamel. On the front of the cross these bear the symbols of the four evangelists; on the reverse they show the childhood of Christ, the Sacrament, Crucifixion, and Ascension. Surrounding the shrine is a square panel with a closely-wrought vine-pattern on the obverse side, a similar panel, with wheat, being on the reverse. A symbolical representation of clouds jewelled with amethyst forms a ring, pierced by the rays of light, four of which end in crystal pomegranates, in symbolism of the Divine blessing. In the colour scheme these globes are finely related to the symbolic and actual centre of the design—the shrine which, by the use of a specially-prepared convex glass, shows the Host as though carved in the interior of a crystal sphere. It is an effect of great beauty, and its adoption from a mediæval Spanish monstrance is an example of the wise studentship of these modern artificers. Surrounding the mysterious light of the shrine are points of living light, diamonds, used, as are the various jewels employed in the work, as beautiful, not merely as precious, things.

The stem of the cross is of tabernacle work, with four niches containing figures of St. Peter, St. Francis of Assisi—a specially successful figure—St. Clare and St. Colette, the introduction of the three latter saints having reference to the donor, now a Franciscan nun, "Poor Clare Colletine," whose plate and jewels are the material of the work. The base is designed to lead the eye upwards, and is wisely kept simple in line and surface.

Cupid's Spell.

Etched by C. H. Boucher after the picture by Henry Woods, R.A.

IT is thirty years since Mr. Henry Woods, on the advice of his brother-in-law, Sir Luke Fildes, went to Venice. In 1877 his first Venice picture appeared at the Academy, since when the visible poetry exhaled by the sunshine, the water, the stones, the life of the Venice populace has cast a spell over him. Election to Associateship of the Academy in 1882, to full membership in 1893, did not cause him to falter in his allegiance to Venice as the most delightful of all places to dwell. For years now he has been recognised as one of the most accomplished members of what has been called the Anglo-Venetian school. Just as a person shows a different aspect of himself to each friend and acquaintance, so Venice is the same for no two people. The Venice of Mr. Woods is, of course, even in outward seeming, a very different Venice from that of the painters of the Golden Age, whose colour-harmonies cause as much delight to-day as when saints who had been cardinals were painted because of their red hats, and hermits were sunburnt to russet brown, when Tintoretto was improvising for some panel or sumptuous decoration, or Canaletto and Guardi painted so securely her architecture. Nor is it the same Venice as that which Turner visioned—immortalised, too—though perhaps without rendering a single detail accurately. It has been not ill said that the Venice of Mr. Woods is a city of water-washed palaces seen leisuredly by a man who has explored all its nooks and corners, who is familiar with the fisherfolk, the fruit-sellers, the gondoliers, and paints what he sees with definiteness and precision. Along the avenues of the Adrian waves there can be no careless walking, it has been asserted. The Venetian must be vigilant, ready and able to turn his hand to rudder and yard and cable. Thus has come about a respect, not as observable in all other parts of



Painted by Henry Wood, R.A. Etched by E. H. Brown.

Cupid's Spell.

Italy, for bodily prowess, for comeliness, too, of figure and gesture. A happy passage in Ruskin points out that from the sweeping glory of the sea Venetians come to love human beauty, "broad-breasted, level-browed, like the horizon, thighed and shouldered like the billows, footed like their stealing foam, bathed in a cloud of golden hair like their sunsets." To-day you can alter the colour of the hair to jet black, and so gain a truer idea of perfect beauty as imaged by the gondolier.

'Cupid's Spell,' exhibited at the 1885 Academy, was bought by Sir Henry Tate, and later presented by him to the nation as part of the munificent gift with which his name is associated. A young fisherman is seated on the wall of an old garden, giving on to the lagoon, beyond whose waters are seen one of the towers and some buildings of the city. From the arm of an obliging Cupid depend his nets and tackle, but meantime he speaks on a new-old subject to the girl who is nominally spinning.

Mr. Woods, born at Warrington in 1846, who was one of the original staff of *The Graphic*, built in 1879 a little glass house which became the model of the glazed studios now common in Venice. He has been represented at the Academy from its first exhibition at Burlington House in 1869.

The late Mr. George McCulloch.

By D. Croal Thomson.

THE death of Mr. George McCulloch, on December 12th, 1907, removed the greatest patron of the artist of to-day. From the first time he purchased a picture, this keen lover of the arts of painting and sculpture was imbued with the feeling that, for him, the works of the artists of his own time were most suited to his taste, and no persuasion ever carried him past that conviction.

This taste for pictures, bronzes, and sculpture was otherwise of the widest comprehension, and his truly magnificent collection embraced nearly every great painter's production of the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

From Sir John Millais' memorable 'Sir Isambras at the Ford' to Mr. Whistler's 'Valparaiso,' Mr. McCulloch possessed himself of every note in the gamut of good painting in England, and while purposely avoiding the earlier Barbizon men, he gathered together a remarkable array of pictures by Bastien-Lepage, Harpignies, and Dagnan Bouveret. The only Dutch examples he had were a first-rate James Maris, 'The Two Windmills,' and an early and exquisite Matthew Maris, 'At the Well.'

It was to obtain a thoroughly representative collection of English and Scottish painters that Mr. McCulloch really set himself, and the four large salons at 184, Queen's Gate include examples practically of every first-class British artist of to-day.

Sir J. E. Millais, Sir W. Q. Orchardson, and John Pettie always possessed a peculiar fascination for him. In addition to that masterpiece of the pre-Raphaelite painters, 'Sir Isambras,' a picture exhibited in the Old Masters in 1906, his great galleries contained the charming later piece, 'In Perfect Bliss,' a little English girl seated amidst flowers and foliage, looking up at a passing butterfly. Another Millais, 'Lingering Autumn,' is one of the series of great landscapes with which the artist relieved, as it were, the many figure and portrait pieces on which he was constantly engaged.

Of Sir W. Q. Orchardson, Mr. McCulloch acquired nearly a dozen years ago the canvas 'The Young Duke,' which many consider the finest picture he has painted. Seated at the head of a table laden with ornaments and flowers, and surrounded by a dozen good-looking companions of his own age, the young patricians have risen to drink the health of 'His Grace.' Another Orchardson picture is 'Master Baby,' a work which, in many good judges' opinion, is at least equal in quality, and in some ways more masculine in treatment. In the painter's own estimate this indeed takes first place. The mother—really Lady Orchardson—is seated on a sofa, and she waves a fan to the stirring delight of her baby boy, who kicks up his heels and crows his loudest.

Of Pettie, the friend and intimate of the painter of 'The Young Duke,' Mr. McCulloch purchased the fine piece of colour, 'The Jester's Merry-thought,' where monk in black and jester in various bright colours are in the act of pulling a "merry-thought." The figures are seated against a bank of sand and vegetation of the most harmonious tints, very strongly painted.

Mr. Edwin Abbey's 'King Lear and Cordelia' and 'Richard III. and Anne of Gloucester' are certainly the finest pieces of colour presented by that unique colourist. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse is seen to great advantage in 'St. Cecilia' and 'Flora'; two pieces with several figures painted in the quietly masterful way this artist so successfully follows.

Leighton's grand processional picture 'The Daphnephoria' fills half the wall of the large billiard room—a room where so much good company was seen in the owner's lifetime. This immense work—probably the best the courtly President produced — looks a little cold in colour, but this cannot be



Mr. George McCulloch.

said of the smaller tondo 'In the Garden of the Hesperides' which is the best piece of colouring Leighton executed.

Of Sir Luke Fildes' pictures, Mr. McCulloch was very fond, but he never was able to secure what he wanted, although he had purchased the powerful Venetian picture, 'An Al Fresco Toilet.'

Of artists who have died, Burne-Jones and Cecil Lawson are superbly presented. 'Love Amongst the Ruins,' the oil painting prepared by Burne-Jones immediately after the damage, unduly exaggerated, to the original's body colour, is a very strong piece of painting, which has matured delightfully. 'The Sleeping Princess,' one of the large preparation pictures for the Briar Rose, and 'Psyche's Wedding' are characteristic examples of the same artist.

Cecil Lawson's 'Marsh Lands' is by far the finest picture by this little-known artist, and in some ways it is the best landscape in Mr. McCulloch's collection. It represents the edge of a forest, and through the full tracery of well-grown trees the sky is abundantly visible. The composition has a certain relation to Theodore Rousseau's 'Coucher de Soleil' in the Louvre, but it is firmer in treatment, and stronger in result. In somewhat similar vein is the 'Autumn Landscape' by Harpignies.

Mr. Sargent painted a picture of Mr. McCulloch's son, 'On His Holiday,' which is entirely different from his other portraits. The young athlete, whose first attempt to win the Diamond Sculls last year was so nearly successful, is lying on the rocky bank of a Norwegian river which flows rapidly by, with a couple of big salmon beside him—a bright, clear effect rapidly achieved.

For English landscapes Mr. McCulloch had a very strong liking, and his pictures from the easels of Mr. John McWhirter, Mr. Alfred East, Sir E. A. Waterlow, and above all, of one who became a great personal friend, Mr. David Murray, are the best works they have produced. There is a strong, deep-blue, darkening evening effect by Mr. McWhirter which is about as strong a piece of fine colour as is in the collection, while 'Mangolds,' by Mr. Murray is in my deliberate opinion as fine a rendering of open air—heaven's daylight—as I know in English, French, or Dutch landscape pictures.

Mr. John M. Swan received continual support from Mr. McCulloch, and the last work to enter his gallery was the masterful 'Orpheus and Bear Cubs,' in bronze, exhibited at the last Academy. Another version of the same story, as a painting in oils, by Mr. Swan was an early acquisition, and the bronze 'Puma and Macaw,' size of nature, is another vigorous piece, and there are besides various examples of Mr. Swan's popular small bronze animals.

Mr. Clausen's art appealed more and more strongly to Mr. McCulloch, although he had not hit upon any very late example of this fine colourist's productions. 'Ploughing' and one or two 'Reapers' was the total, but he was often thinking about securing another. The virile painting of Mr. Napier Hemy was always very acceptable to Mr. McCulloch, and three or four vigorous sea pieces from his brush adorned the walls. Pictures by Mr. Stanhope Forbes and his accomplished wife, Mr. Leader, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. Davis, and Mr. McTaggart, found honoured places in this collection. Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's careful painting is adequately represented by 'The Sculptor's Gallery' and 'Love's Jewelled Fetter,' the latter a piece of brilliant colouring.

In quite another way, but showing strongly Mr. McCulloch's largeness of interest, Mr. Whistler's pictures greatly attracted him. The portrait of Mr. Whistler by himself, once in the Alexander Ionides collection, is the best known, and a good reproduction of the picture formed the appropriate frontispiece to the illustrated catalogue of the Memorial Exhibition of 1905. The other, the splendid sapphire 'Valparaiso,' is the most exquisite rendering of night effect ever painted.

It has never been told that Mr. Whistler arranged to paint Mr. McCulloch's portrait in 1895. In my possession is a letter from the artist deciding to do so, not because Mr. McCulloch lived in London, but because he was a Scotsman. The project fell through, because of the difficulty of Mr. McCulloch finding time amidst his fishing pursuits to sit to the artist, who presently went to France.

Of the pictures by Bastien-Lepage at Queen's Gate, the most celebrated is the 'Petite Fauvrette,' a shepherdess in the field with a cow unexpectedly cut in two by the artist. The most powerful is the 'Potato Harvest,' wherein a French peasant woman fills her basket from the produce of the dark-coloured earth on which she kneels; the strength of paint in this great canvas is simply wonderful. M. Dagnan Bouveret painted portraits of Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, half-length, ceremonial pictures. His 'Dans le Forêt' and 'Madonna' in the other rooms are more characteristic, while his famous rendering of 'La Cène,' the Last Supper, is a piece of superb colour.

It is quite impossible in a short article to give more than an idea of the contents of these wonderful galleries. There are over four hundred pictures and fully one-half of these are pictures of importance, and about twenty pieces of sculpture, including a splendid marble by Rodin.

Suffice it to say that there is no idea of the collection being dispersed. Those who remain are as fond of beautiful works as the one who has gone, and we may hope that for many a day to come this great collection will be kept together as a memento of a man who was a true friend to the artist of his own generation.

The Royal Academy.

THE three gold medals and travelling studentships at the Royal Academy Schools went respectively to Francis E. Fitzjohn Crisp in painting, to Ford Victor Burnstone in sculpture, to William Harvey in architecture. The contest for painting was the closest there has been since 1891, when Mr. Ralph Peacock defeated Professor Moira by a vote or two only. Sir Edward Poynter, tilting at certain modern methods of premature assertiveness, reminded students that "no artist can 'be himself' unless he has the power to produce what is in him"; and he went on to emphasise the need of steadfast study, without which mind, eye, and hand cannot be trained.



Easdale Island.

By A. Scott Rankin.

Netherlorn and Its Neighbourhood.*

By Patrick H. Gillies, M.B., F.S.A. Scot.

"The target, the dirk, and the claymore, too long abused, were wrested rom our hands, and we were bid to learn the arts of peace."—*Pennant's Tour*, vol. i. p. 424.

THE little island of Easdale, which lies eight miles south-west of Oban, is from an economic point of view, perhaps the most important part of the district. It is the centre of an extensive slate-quarrying industry; and while there are many slate quarries in the neighbourhood, those of Easdale, alike from the quality of the rock, the uniformity of bedding, and the long period during which the works have been carried on, are by far the most famous.

It is impossible to say when Easdale slates were first used as an article of commerce. Dean Munro, who visited the Western Isles in 1549, mentions the neighbouring island of Belnahua as "ane iyllane quharin there is fair skailzie aneuche"; also another island, Sklaitt, probably Eilean-a-beithich, "quherein there is abundance of skailzie to be win"; of Easdale, which he calls Eisdcalfe, he merely refers to its situation, but makes no mention of the manufacture of "skailzie" or slates. It is said that Caisteal-an-Stalcaire or Stalker Castle in Appin, which was built in the time of James the Fourth, was roofed with Easdale slates, while we know that Ardmadie Castle in Netherlorn was re-roofed with them in 1676. The wood used for roofing this castle was highly resinous pine from the old Caledonian Forest, cut into planks an inch thick, the slates being fastened to the wood by oak pins about three inches long. During the centuries which have elapsed since the work was done, little repair has been required; the wood is as fresh and the slates as blue and hard as on the day the roofing was completed. The custom of using wooden pins for attaching the slates continued until quite a recent period.

The long flat slabs of weathered stone, which are so easily split from detached blocks or the exposed ends of the strata, was doubtless the material from which slates were first manufactured. At a later period, when slate quarrying became a recognized industry—operations were systematically begun about 1626—wedges of seasoned hard wood were driven into the seams or cracks in the cleavage planes at low tide, the subsequent immersion causing the

* Chapter II., "The Slate Islands." Continued from p. 6.

wood to expand and so disrupt the rock. For long after the introduction of blasting by gunpowder the workings were carried on at the sea-shore, the rock being wrought down to the level of the lowest tides.

The great obstacle in the workings in early times was the difficulty of keeping a quarry "dry," so that when a quarry was sunk at some distance from the shore, a trench or sluice was cut from the working to the sea, the sluice being opened when the tide was low, thus draining the quarry. In this way the richest seams on the island were worked to low-water level, and so confident were the workmen, in those days of primitive hydraulics, that the quarries could not be worked deeper, that a spot is still pointed out where one of them, having succeeded in firing a blast at the water-edge at an exceptionally low state of the tide, exclaimed: "That is the lowest blast which will ever be set off in Easdale."

At this period the slates were conveyed from the quarries to the shipping places in hand- or wheel-barrows. Pennant, who visited the place in 1772, says: "Visit Easdale, the noted slate island: whose length is about half a mile and composed entirely of slate, intersected and in some parts covered with whin-stone, to the thickness of sixteen feet; the stratum of slate is thirty-six, dipping quick S.E. to N.W. In order to be raised it is first blasted with powder; the greater pieces are then divided, carried off in a wheel-barrow, and lastly split into the merchantable sizes, and put on board at the price of twenty shillings per thousand. About two millions and a half are sold annually to England, Norway, Canada, and the West Indies."

An interesting account of the island in early days is given in the *Mining Journal* of February 1864, by the late Mr. John White, who for many years was manager of the quarries. To it I am indebted for much of the information contained in this article. Speaking of the early days of quarry engineering in Easdale, he goes on to say:—"As different quarries were opened, more powerful and complicated pumping machines were constructed: the first of these was a Newcomen's atmospheric engine, which quite eclipsed the fly-wheel previously in use, and was looked upon by the simple islanders as a perfect wonder. Some parties who witnessed the performance state, however, that it wrought unsatisfactorily, which might have been expected, considering the fact that its boiler was a square box of cast iron one inch thick and its piston packed with leather! The next pumping machine was a gin which was put in operation in 1807, and the horse that worked it was the first employed on the island. The gin was found to do well, and others were constructed. Additional horses were required, and this led to the introduction of carts instead of wheel-barrows." About the same time a windmill was erected to raise water, which it continued to do until 1826, when the quarries having attained a depth of eighty feet, more powerful machinery in the form of a steam-engine was introduced. At one time the removal from the quarry of the "rubbish" and dressed slates was effected by manual labour, a zig-zag road being left on the side of the quarry for the purpose; or the dressed material alone was removed, the rubbish being banked behind the workmen as they cut into the rock. In 1836, however, the proprietor of the quarries, the second Marquis of Breadalbane, got Mr. White to plan and construct a railway incline worked by



Remains of Kilbrandon Church and McMarquis' Chin.

By A. Scott Rankin.



Kilbride.

By A. Scott Rankin.

horse power. A few years afterwards the horses were dispensed with, the railway machinery being connected with the steam-engine. Perpendicular hoists and aerial tramways have since been introduced, but so simple, safe, and effective was the system of incline then devised, that where possible it is still used.

The quarries until 1841 were in the possession of a private company of which the proprietor was a shareholder, but in that year the Marquis of Breadalbane took over the entire charge of the works. Previously the workmen had been paid wages once a year, and then only for slates actually sold; they were now paid more frequently, and for work actually done. The Marquis died in 1862, and shortly afterwards the works were again let to, and have since been worked by, companies who have met with very varying success.

The output of slates, which was two and a half millions in 1772, rose to five millions in 1794, when over three hundred men were employed. From 1842 until 1862 about one hundred and forty millions of slate of all sizes were made, representing a value of nearly half a million pounds.

In the making of slate the rock is quarried by blasting, gunpowder being the explosive most in use; nitro-compounds are too severe in their action, and shatter much valuable rock. The large blocks thus dislodged are split in the quarry into convenient size, of about one inch in thickness. These are raised to the surface and sent to the "banks," or tips, where they are taken in hand by the



Slate-splitting and Dressing.

By A. Scott Rankin.

"splitter," who splits the thick slabs into the required thickness; his neighbour, the "dresser," cutting the piece to the size and shape of the slate desired. The sizes usually made are known by the names of "undersize," "sizable," "countess," and "duchess," varying from fifty square inches "undersize" measurement to 300 inches for "duchess." The men work in gangs or "crews" of six or seven, and when the rock is of good quality two or three men quarrying keep four splitting and dressing: a good pair of banks-men can make over a thousand slates daily.

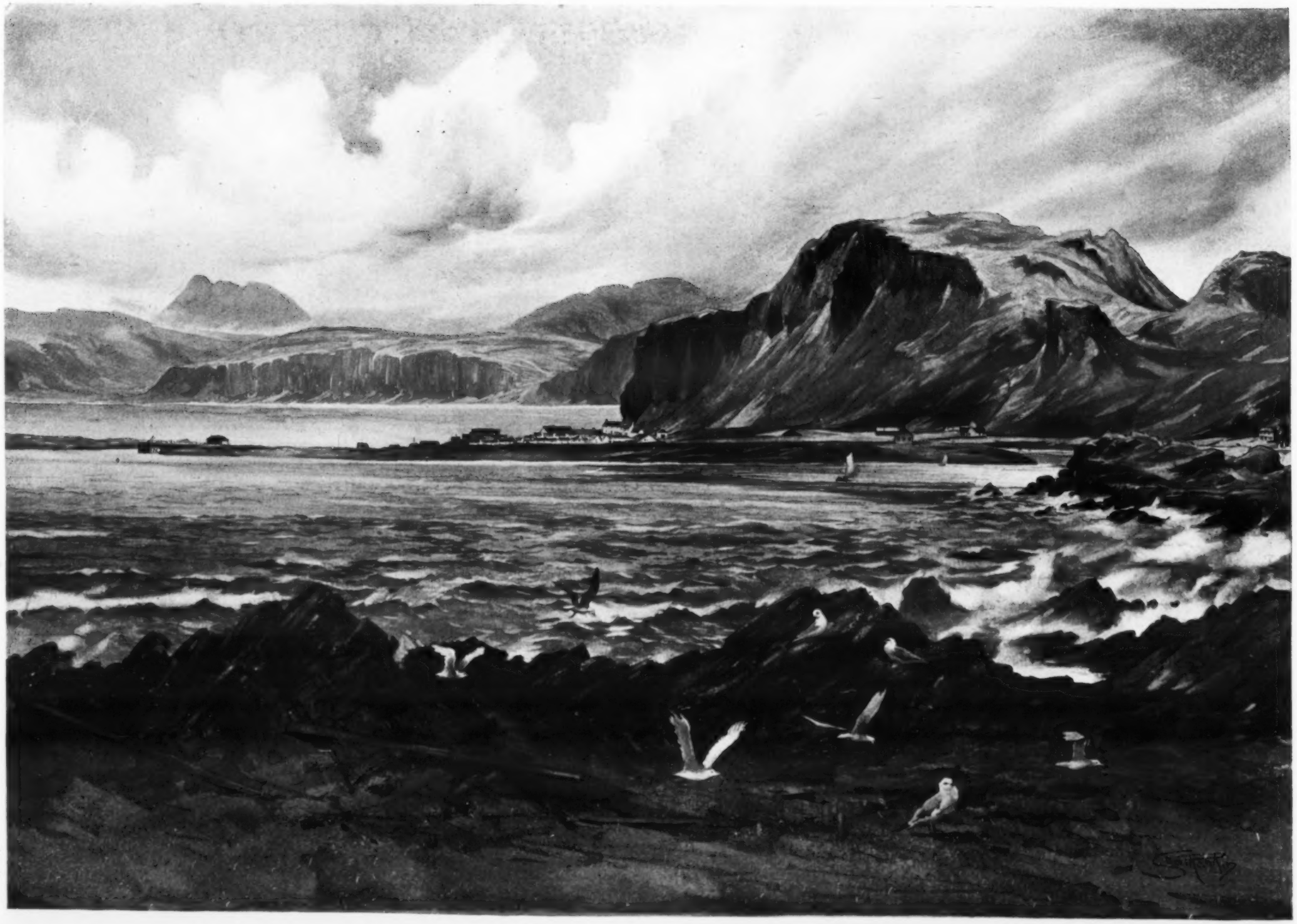
The island of Easdale is separated from the neighbouring large island of Seil by a channel about 150 yards broad. In olden times the centre of the channel was occupied by the small island of Eilean-a-beithich (the island of birches). This island, which was about two acres in extent, has long ago disappeared, not by submergence, but by being excavated into a huge quarry, the rocky shell alone being left. The rubbish and slate refuse were tipped into and filled up the small channel which separated the island from Seil. This quarry was probably the richest ever worked in the district, from 7,000,000 to 9,000,000 slates of the best roofing quality having been manufactured annually for many years.

The working of this quarry came to a sudden and disastrous end. In the early morning of the 22nd November, 1881, after a very severe gale of south-west wind followed by an exceptionally high tide, a large rocky buttress which supported a sea wall gave way under the excessive pressure of water, and at daybreak the quarry, which had been wrought to a depth of two hundred and fifty feet below tide level, was found flooded, and two hundred and forty men and boys were thrown out of employment. Since then Easdale had not been prosperous. Lately, however, some of the old workings, abandoned about a century ago on account of the then inadequate machinery, have been reopened, and with sufficient capital and cautious management it is to be hoped that a long period of prosperity may ensue.

Partly upon the made ground filling up the old channel and partly upon a raised beach of slate rock bordering the basaltic precipices of the north-west corner of the island of Seil, we find the little village of Eilean-a-beithich. The importance of the island of Easdale, however, has so completely eclipsed that of the neighbouring district, that to the stranger the combined villages particularly and the whole district generally is known as Easdale. In the ordnance and other maps the village is called by its old name of Caolas (Gaelic, a narrow channel or strait) a name reminiscent of the obliterated channel, and still applied by old people.

A very fine view of Easdale is obtained from the coast of Seil near the mouth of Cuan Sound. Looking northward across an expanded foreground of water we see midway the peculiar outline of Easdale—a pyramidal hill, the remains of a broad dyke of basalt flanked by sloping sides of débris, the subjacent slate jutting out in a broad, flat selvage of rock upon which the island village has been built. To the right we see the narrow channel of Easdale Harbour, then the village of Eilean-a-beithich nestling below the terraced escarpments and grassy declivities of Dunmore. In the background another and broader expanse of the Firth of Lorne, and then seven miles away the eye scans the long precipitous coastline of Mull, stretching from Duart and Crogan on the east, past the bluff headland of Lochbuie, the picturesque indented shores of Carsaig, famous for its arches and oolite fossil-beds, on to Ardalanish point, beyond which, in the far west, as a streak of grey on the horizon of waters, the outline of the Ross is seen receding and diminishing in perspective: while dominating the whole, the domes and spires of the Morbheanna (great hills) of Mull—Dun-da-ghaoithe (the hill of the two winds), Sgurdearg (the red Scaur), Beinn Taladh (the mountain of alluring), An Creachan (The Scallop), Beinn Buidhe (the yellow mountain), and the mighty Beinn Mhor, tower majestically to the skies.

About a mile from Easdale, in a small sequestered amphitheatre of rounded grassy hills, is the township of Kilbride. It has many interesting associations. The lands were originally church property, but at the Reformation were given to a Patrick MacLachlan, from whom the Mac Lachlans of Kilbride and Kilchoan, in the same parish of Kilbrandon, were descended. This family was closely associated with the mediæval Catholic church in the Highlands; one member, Farquhar, was penultimate pre-Reformation Bishop of the Isles, while so many had acted as vicars of the church in the parish, that at the confiscation of church property, the lands were given as from a prescriptive right to Patrick, the representative of the family at that time, who had of course embraced Reformation principles. In 1591 we find a grant of the same lands of "Kilbride-beg in Seall" to Neil, son of the deceased Patrick, entered in the Register of Privy Seal. In 1629 John MacLachlan, a son of Neil, became minister of Kilbrandon; he died in 1660. His son John became minister of the neighbouring parish of Kilninver in 1650, who, at the Restoration it is not to be wondered at, conformed to Episcopacy, which during the reigns of Charles II. and James II. was the established form of church government in Scotland. His son, who succeeded him in the same charge in 1685, suffered (1697) as a non-jurant the penalty of "deprivation" under the Acts of 1689 which practically disestablished Prelacy. The family thereafter, for nearly a hundred years, appears to have devoted one of its members to the service of the Episcopal Church in the parish, the last minister of the persuasion in these days being Mr. John MacLachlan, affectionately known as "Maighster Shon," a man beloved and revered in the district for his goodness and kindness of heart, but who during forty years of faithful ministry is said to have made but one convert to his church. He died in 1789 and is buried below the crypt of the old ruined parish church of Kilbrandon. A large flat slab of stone raised upon pillars, ornately carved with the MacLachlan coat of arms, and bearing a lengthy Latin inscription, marks the family burial place. A curiously shaped fragment of basalt, resembling a human chin, rests upon the slab. It is known as "Smig mhic Mharcuis," (the chin of MacMarquis). It is popularly believed that this stone, by some supernatural power, revolves upon its axis and points with the chin to a new-made grave, remaining in the same position until a fresh interment takes place. It is also said that should the "chin" be removed from its place on the stone it will always return. Certainly on more than one occasion the stone has been



Eilean-a-beithich.

By A. Scott Rankin.



House of Yate.

By A. Scott Rankin.

stolen, but sooner or later was found resting in its old position.

The old mansion-house of Kilbride has long since crumbled to ruins; but the garden remains, enclosed by a low turf wall and willow hedge, and paved a foot or so below the surface with large slabs of slate. Many old gardens are so paved, the idea being to prevent the descent of the tap-root of the apple and other fruit trees into the barren subsoil. An ancient pear tree still sends forth a few green twigs, but the garden is long out of cultivation. In later days the house of Yate, near Kilbride, became the residence of the family, but it too is fast becoming ruinous.

One of the most valuable and voluminous collections of ancient Gaelic manuscripts in existence was for generations in the possession of this family. It is believed that the majority of the older MSS. formed originally part of the library of Iona. But the MacLachlans were a scholarly race, and lovers of the language and literature of the Highlands, so that it is likely the collection was the fruit of centuries of intelligent research. These manuscripts, known as the "Kilbride MSS.," are now in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, having been placed there for safe keeping, about the beginning of last century, by Major MacLachlan, of the 55th Foot, who was then proprietor of Kilbride.

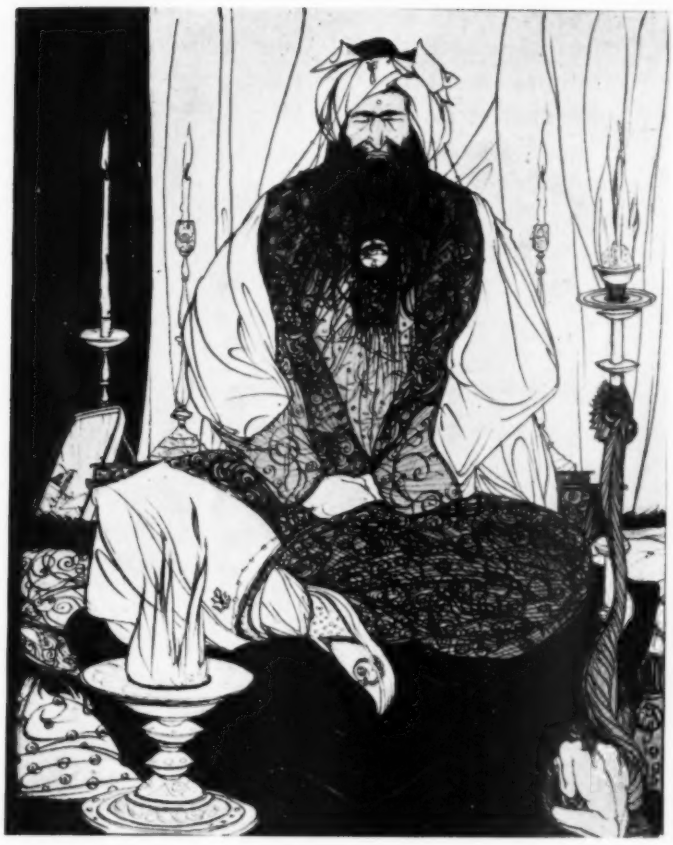
Austin O. Spare.

By R. E. D. Sketchley.

THERE must be few people in London interested in art who do not know the name of Austin Osman Spare. The recent exhibition of his drawings made a sudden reputation for him, and the few who before the bringing together of his work had knowledge of his extraordinary talent are part now of a considerable public. This, at all events, is certain: nobody who saw the drawings in the Bruton Gallery can have been indifferent to them. They may have stirred repulsion, or an ugly form of curiosity, only here and there rebuked by some pure beauty in the work, but no one can have seen them dully and forgotten what they are like. The drawing on the catalogue-cover had power enough to turn people away from the exhibition, or to allure them to it, not only because power is interesting, but because of the kind of jeering, loose-lipped image of life suggested. It is a hateful image of evil sight, the coarse-fleshed face of the eighteenth century Satan-type, but expressive of no idea of energy even in destruction or accusation.

In the power shown in producing convincing form the drawing on the catalogue is a real introduction to the art of Austin Spare, and it is partly true, too, in its suggestion of a rout of foul shapes thronging into sight. But it is not completely true as an indication of the actual contents of this copious and forcible art, and I believe it to be no true introduction to what Mr. Spare has the power to create, if his art from being the almost involuntary utterance of all that seethes in his mind becomes a reasoned expression of the essential.

At present, it seems to me, the form of Mr. Spare's art



Book Plate: Through the Mystic Door.
By Austin O. Spare.

is a process, not a conclusion. He is still very young, and much of the work shown at the Bruton Galleries was done some years ago; at any time since he was fourteen. It is an extraordinary out-put for a boy, especially when one considers that what was shown is only a small part of what he has done. But this copious discharge of imagery is, I think, rather the preparation for creative art than the declaration of it. The passing from the stage when an idea possesses the mind to the stage when the mind possesses the idea, is held, in a true sequence of the seven ages, to mark the passing from youth to manhood. Though on the technical side Austin Spare has developed through discipline a considerable strength of self-criticism, he has been occupied with reproducing the forms of his imagination almost without question or reason. The present result of this unquestioning reproduction of the forms that rise before his inward eye is to fill his art with monstrous and morbid shapes. Yet it is not really paradoxical to assert the very violence and distortion in proof of the essential healthiness and naturalness of his imaginative faculties. It is not paradoxical. But it needs explanation, since the reconciliation of the fantastical with the normal is in the personality of the artist, and that needs to be realised before his art can be appraised.

There is so much intelligence, and so little imagination, in modern art that the interpretation put on fantasies such as those of Mr. Spare is that they are the result of deliberate invention or imitation. There is an undoubted strain of likeness in much of his black-and-white work to that of Beardsley, and a similarity of mood in dealing with certain aspects of life. These qualities make it certain to the casual observer that the source of formal inspiration is the art of Beardsley, and that, having seen distorted ideas of good and evil enformed with beauty in the designs of the illustrator of 'Salome,' Mr. Spare proceeded to an artificial intensification of 'fact,' which should be more stimulating than the reality. More learned critics have assigned a great deal else in Austin Spare's work to the influence of other potent fantasists—to Goya, to Rops, to Hokusai, and to Greiner of Munich. As a matter of fact, Mr. Spare only made acquaintance with the art of Beardsley after he had done some of his most Beardsley-like designs, and with other of these "influences" he has not yet come into contact. When he does, if his work shows the effect, it will be—as in the case of 'The Magician' and other designs that reflect the qualities of Japanese colour-prints—because he finds his own language used by a master who can teach him farther secrets of rhythm and contrast and phraseology.

The source of his art is himself, the deepest, not yet fully known or controlled self, from which, by thought, proceeds creative power of every kind. In his case the sense of inward sight is extraordinarily vivid. The drawing of himself removing the curtain from the mirror, and calling attention to what is to be seen therein, is as near as possible to a precise image of his feeling about his work. Technically, of course, he identifies himself with it. If it is good, he feels he has striven to make it so; if it is bad, he must seek to remedy the failure. If with all effort it fails to be expressive of the effortless vision, he is the critic that destroys. But on "good" or "bad" qualities in his design other than æsthetic he has no self-criticism to bestow, though he is as ready as though another hand had drawn them, to dislike certain of the more violent and repulsive of them.

Austin Spare's attitude is the normal and healthy



The Dwellers on the Threshold.
By Austin O. Spare.



A Book-plate: Portrait of the Artist.
By Austin O. Spare.

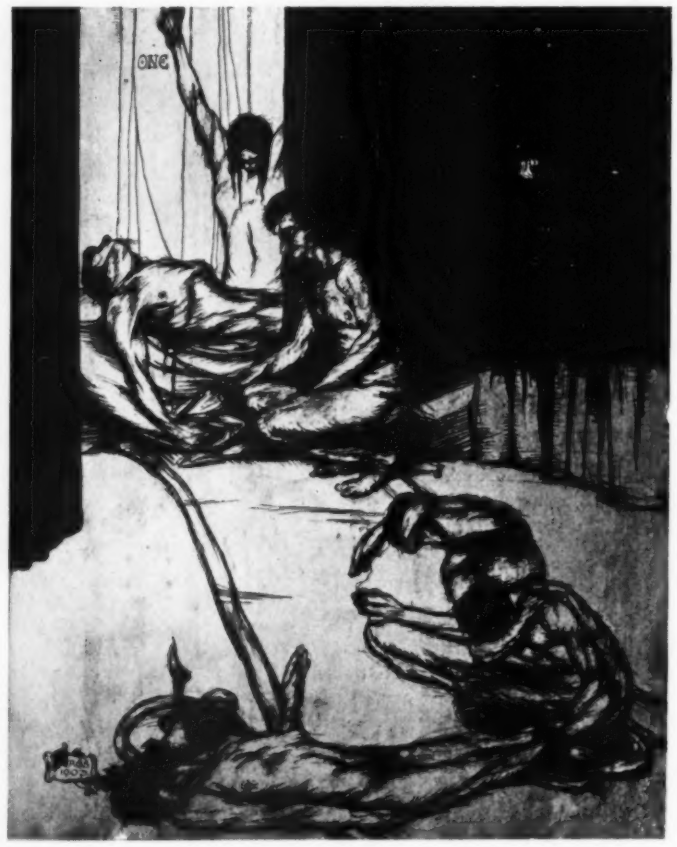
attitude of the artist, but we are, most of us, so beset with self-consciousness that it is improbable he will ever be generally dissociated from what is morbid or extravagant in his art, or not be held to show immoral tendencies if his art expresses no moral judgments. But I think that he himself, in steadier and more complete realisations of true vision, will dissociate himself from the characterisation of the foul and horrible.

The unimaginative reason which assigns the appearances of things to categories of good and evil is a law of prudence, not of creation, and therefore inoperative in art. Mr. Spare was wise about that at sixteen years old. In the *Earth Inferno* he wrote of "The Chaos of the Normal," and that chaos is the apparent divided into opposites by the unimaginative reason. But, in the same remarkable book, he wrote "Revere the Kia," and the "Kia" in the nomenclature that he, like Blake, has invented for some of his needs of expression, is the indivisible point, the spiritual reason in man, and, in the greater creation, the boundless power of which it is the reflection. That single and pure reason, the harmony that is born of peace and strife and of the union of all other opposites, is not the inspiration of art that elaborates the horrible and morbid. When—it may be now—Mr. Spare has realised his power to control and purify his imagination, it must be that the forms of his art will image no more a "chaos of the abnormal," but a Cosmos, an ordering of beauty in the image of the perfect beauty.

That is no mere hope generated by the desire that so strong and penetrative an imagination, and a technique already remarkable in expressive draughtsmansh.p and imaginative colour, should fulfil a fine achievement. The art of Mr. Spare, as it now is, is not the true reflection of what is essential in his vision of life. The output of a phase of morbid imagination in an artist of twenty is not to be taken as significant of what he will do later, even if it agrees with the whole personality. But already Austin Spare is reaching towards greater simplicity of idea, and, at the same time, towards a fuller technical accomplishment, more assured draughtsmanship and composition, the use of colour in oil and tempera as well as water-colour. The imaginative and æsthetic issue must be a matter of deep interest to all who know his work and realise the sources of it.

John Sell Cotman.

MR. F. DERWENT WOOD is the fortunate possessor of two lovely landscapes, by John Sell Cotman, recently seen in an admirable exhibition brought together by Mr. George Thompson at Bedford College, Baker Street. Mrs. Wood, the sculptor's mother, had lessons from Cotman, who gave her these drawings, kept almost ever since in a portfolio. Mrs. Wood remembers that for them Cotman mixed his colours with ordinary paste, made from flour. The object of this is to retard the process of drying, so that the artist may have more time to image himself in the work. Cotman certainly triumphed. Some of the freshness of these exquisite landscapes may, too, be due to the use of the paste.



The Temple of Despair.
By Austin O. Spare.

British Pottery.

By John A. Service.

OF all the artistic manufactures of our day, perhaps there is none that claims so large a share of public attention and criticism as pottery, due in great measure to the important part the industry takes in the embellishment of our homes and institutions, and in the infinite uses to be found for it in our domestic requirements.

Infinite, too, is its variety in forms, decorations and effects, and the stream of new creations seems to be never ending.

Of necessity there must be a large proportion that has no claim whatever to artistic merit, and its only quality is that of low price, without venturing upon the word cheapness. Fortunately, the stream of production carries with it its meritorious productions too, and from time to time quite exceptional efforts make their appearance and indicate that someone is moving in a forward direction.

Public criticism is a powerful element in the making or marring of these endeavours, and, as such, it is well to encourage that criticism as long as it is fair, and by it extend the general knowledge of our arts and crafts. It is not at all an uncommon cry that we are producing nothing exceptional in this country, and that we have to go abroad for our novelties; but if greater publicity were given to what we are doing, we should not hear so much of that class of criticism which lauds the wonderful pottery made at this or that place, "on the Continent" or elsewhere, and refers with contempt to our own native work, as if it all began with mechanical decorations applied to machine-made wares and ended with commonplace imitations of the special treatments of various foreign productions.

Even among artists and those who are generally interested in artistic crafts, there seems to be too little knowledge of the modern efforts of our own English potters to produce fresh and beautiful pottery and porcelain.

Appreciation of the achievements of potters in other countries in the past and in the present should not prevent



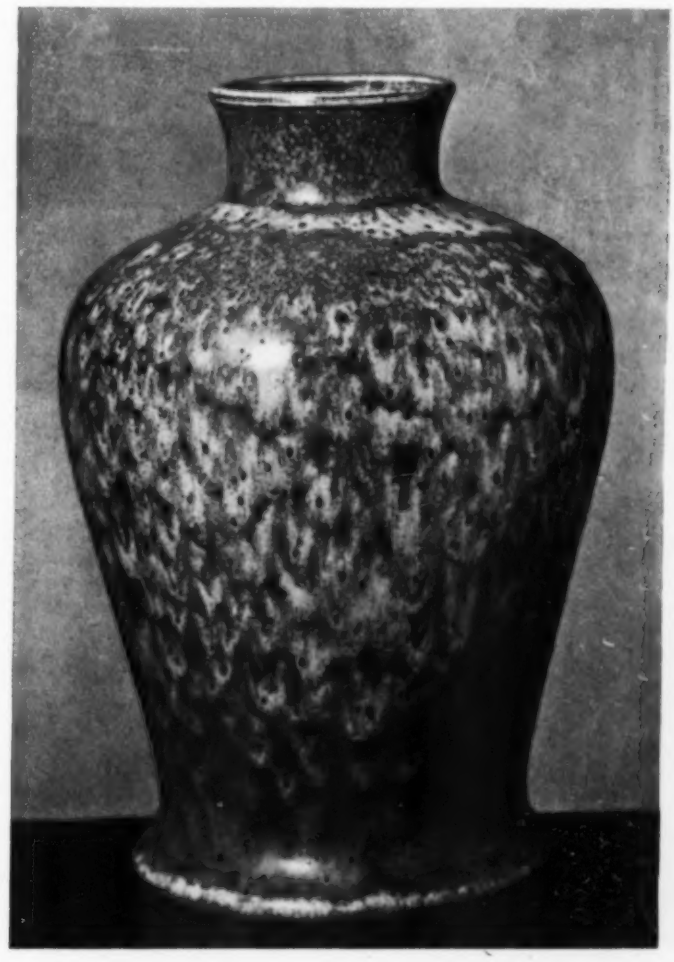
Lancastrian Lustre Plaque.

Designed and painted by G. M. Forsyth.
Made by Pilkington's, Ltd.



Plate.

Made by the Royal Crown Derby Porcelain Co.



Ruskin Ware.

By W. Howson Taylor.



Lancastrian Lustre Vase.

Designed by Walter Crane, R.I.
Painted by W. Mycock.
Made by Pilkington's, Ltd.



recognition of meritorious efforts on the part of the English potter of the present day, whether they be made by the old-established firms like Worcester, Derby, Minton, Doulton, and others whose names have long been "household words" with us, or the newer potters, like Bernard Moore, Pilkington's, Macintyres, the Brothers Martin or the Taylors of Smethwick.

The great firms whose energies must be of necessity principally devoted to the provision of the wares of commerce—for which they mainly exist, and without which foundation we may never have heard of many of the experiments and side issues which have developed into important staple industries—yet find time and opportunity not only to continue to reproduce the glorious decorative features—with all their true characteristics faithfully preserved—which in the past have helped to create and maintain their positions in the ceramic industry, but from time to time to present the world with choice wares which could only have been produced under conditions where traditional knowledge and highly skilled labour were present and available to co-operate in the production.

This co-operation between the manufacturer and the artist is as desirable as it is essential, and has given us wares that neither could have produced alone, wares stamped with refinement, taste and individuality, and successes from every point of view. It is almost impossible to imagine, for instance, that the beautiful pâte-sur-pâte work of Mr. Solon, or the incised stonewares which Miss Hannah Barlow made at Doulton's, could have been made by those artists working alone.

Occasionally too we find artists trained in other pursuits



Two Vases.

Designed by W. Moorcroft.
Made by James Macintyre & Co.



Tea Service.

By Cauldon, Ltd.

abandoning their first love to join the ranks of the ceramic student, and here the co-operation of the manufacturer with the artist is an absolute necessity; and it is fortunate there are manufacturers broad-minded enough to lend encouragement to such enterprise. With laudable ambition and full of enthusiasm the artist sets forth to teach the English potters how to apply fresh beauties to their ordinary manufactures; but though they have succeeded in producing a certain amount of exceedingly interesting experimental wares, in some instances quite out of the ordinary lines, their ventures never seemed to take a firm hold, and comparatively little real impression has been made by the effort, though the aims of the artist have had all the technical support the manufacturer could give them.



Ruskin Ware.

By W. Howson Taylor.

The scant recognition accorded to these productions by the general public is probably accounted for by the limited circle to which they appealed, connoisseurs whose tastes are quite out of the ordinary, expecting much, and not to be easily satisfied. There is cause for regret when any effort in such a direction is checked in its progress by a lack of appreciation and support, the sacrifices made by both manufacturer and artist being worthy of a better reward.

Approaching the problem of pottery production and development from quite another direction, we come in contact with those who may be called the free-lances of the profession, artists turned potters, or practical potters striving to advance themselves in their art. Unhampered either by traditional knowledge or by the exigencies of business, they set to work in their own way, following their own inclinations in whatever direction they may lead, always experimenting, often uncertain of even their own intentions, trusting largely to chance, and with results almost invariably a lottery, with the blanks and prizes most erratically distributed. Their business must be a continuous round of mild excitement and curiosity, ever expectant of some freak of the fire introducing them to effects either very rare or entirely different to what has hitherto been known to them; their only anxiety being in regard to another lottery they are taking risks in, that of finding a profitable and sufficient market for their wares.

There are potters, too, who are artists as well, who may



Ornamental Vases.

Designed by E. Beresford Hopkins, George White, S. Wilson, G. Buttle, and E. Raby. Made by Doulton & Co., Burslem.

be numbered among the free lances from the fact of their efforts being continuously directed towards the production of new and unique effects, untrammelled by any necessity to make two pieces alike. It is here the possibilities arise of leaving the beaten track and wandering into the realms of the unknown in ceramic art.

As, however, commercial considerations dominate more or less the movements and regulations in the majority of pottery establishments, be they large or small, individual tastes and inclinations often have to be put aside, so that an exacting but not always soundly judging public may be satisfied. It may be a sad confession to make, but most artists realise that to ensure a safe return for their skilled investments they must be prepared to go a certain way, at all events, with the ideas and prejudices of their time, or be prepared to take the consequences.

(*To be continued.*)



Lancastrian Lustre Beaker.

Designed and painted by G. M. Forsyth.
Made by Pilkington's, Ltd.

Royal Academy Election.

IN connection with the election on November 6 of an A.R.A. to fill the vacancy of Mr. David Farquharson, who died on July 12, the names of five painters appeared for the first time on the list of those nominated for Associateship of the Royal Academy. Three of the new nominees had been recipients of Chantrey honours recently: Messrs. F. Cadogan Cowper, F. Craig, and L. Campbell Taylor. The others were Mr. T. A. F. Graham, Mr. George Harcourt, of the Arbroath School, and Mrs. Swynnerton, whose powerful picture, 'Oreads,' seen at the 1907 Academy, belongs to Mr. Sargent. Whereas there were ninety-four painters from whom to select, the sculptors numbered seventeen only, the architects twenty-nine, including Mr. E. W. Mountford and Mr. A. B. Pite, added since January last, when Mr. George Henry won his spurs.

As was the case last January, one of the new candidates not unexpectedly headed the poll. Mr. Frank Cadogan Cowper, born in 1877, is the youngest painter who has won academical honours since 1879, when Sir Hubert von Herkomer was elected. At nineteen he entered the St. John's Wood Art School, and in 1897 became a student at Burlington House. There he remained for five years, afterwards going to Italy. He was, too, for six months an assistant to Mr. Abbey. Mr. Cowper's initial success was at the Academy of 1901, when his picture of a French aristocrat of 1793 answering the summons to execution was hung on the line and favourably noticed. In 1902, his 'Hamlet: Churchyard Scene' was bought by the Queensland Government for the Brisbane Gallery, and in 1905 the Chantrey Trustees paid £80 for the small and excellent 'St. Agnes in Prison.' It is an open secret, too, that the proposal to buy with Chantrey moneys the 'Devil and the Nuns' picture, which attracted more attention than any other at the 1907 Academy, and hardly less when it was taken on to Liverpool, was defeated by a narrow majority. There was a rumour that the railings used to keep the crowd from Wilkie's 'Chelsea Pensioners reading the Waterloo Despatch' and Frith's 'Derby Day' would have to be adopted for Mr. Cowper's inventive and entertaining work. Since February 1904, he has been an Associate of the Old Water-Colour Society, his election synchronising with those of Mr. Sargent and Mr. D. Y. Cameron.

It seems probable that the at present ridiculously long list of those nominated will be considerably curtailed. The proposal is that each candidate shall be nominated by several members, and that if he—or she—be not elected in a reasonable number of years re-nomination shall be necessary. At present there appear some names which have been "on" for three or more decades. The R.S.A. adopts the plan of having a new nomination list prepared prior to each election. One rejoices to hear, by the way, of the probability of Mr. Mark Fisher's success at the poll. He is understood to have received strong support recently. It is more than merited.

Sales.

ONE or two of the December sales were unusually interesting for the last month of the year. On the 14th Sir George Dashwood, of Kirtlington Park, Oxford, offered at auction some family portraits and other works. Reynolds' 'Lady Dashwood and Child,' painted in 1784 for 50gs., engraved by C. H. Hodges the year afterwards, and by S. W. Reynolds in 1833, fell at 2,600gs., and Lawrence's 'Anna Maria Dashwood,' in white dress with mauve sash and scarf, brought 1,400gs. A kit-kat of a lady, attributed to Hoppner, but deemed by some to be the work of Shee or Tresham, the property of an Irish gentleman, made 1,500gs. Never before had a picture by the Rev. W. Peters reached as much as 500gs. That was the value set upon his 'Hebe,' a fancy half-length of Miss Mortimer, sister of John H. Mortimer, A.R.A., familiar through the mezzotint of J. R. Smith.

On December 12, at Robinson and Fisher's, 2,900gs.

was realised for an attractive half-length by Lawrence of Mrs. Allnutt, one of six portraits exhibited by the artist at the 1798 Academy. It is of interest to recall that the sitter's husband, John Allnutt, was a collector of good pictures. He supported Constable in days of neglect and unpopularity, and was one of the chief patrons of James Ward. The Alderney cattle in Ward's huge landscape, bought for £1,500 in 1862, and now admirably hung at the Tate Gallery, belonged to Mr. Allnutt's herd, presumably at Clapham.

On December 16, at the dispersal in Paris of works belonging to the late Paul Leroi, better known as Léon Gauchez, what is described as a finished sketch by Rubens for the 'Elevation of the Cross,' in Antwerp Cathedral, fetched 175,000 francs, against the lesser sum of 3,200gs. paid for it at Christie's in 1901 at the Alfred Buckley sale; and an even more noteworthy advance during the six years was registered for John Russell's pastel of Mrs. Mark Currie, done in 1789, which fetched the unprecedented price of 80,000 francs, against 1,550gs. at Christie's in the spring of 1901. Russell's auction "record" in this country is 1,650gs., paid in 1900 for 'Miss S. W. Chambers,' dated 1798.

Apropos of Rubens, at the sale of Sir Joshua Reynolds' collection in 1795, a pair of emblematical subjects, catalogued as two complete finished studies for the Whitehall ceiling, whose beauty and richness of colour surpass description, realised £189; other sketches for the same great decoration, of the Queen of Sheba, Esther and Ahasuerus, 100 gs. at the Calonne sale the same year.

On December 13 a Bristol teapot and cover with particularly interesting associations realised 420gs. It is part of the service made by Champion and presented by himself and his wife to Edmund Burke in 1774. The whole service was dispersed in 1871, when this same teapot made £190, and the milk-jug £115.

Passing Events.

ONE of the features at the Winter Exhibition of the Academy is the series of eighteen pictures by James Clarke Hook, who retired from active R.A.-ship in January, 1907, and died three months later. As a centre there is Millais' fine portrait of him, painted in 1882 in exchange for one of the artist's sterling coast pieces. Visitors to the Academy may like to be reminded that at the Guildhall are a couple of characteristic Hooks. 'The Bonxie, Shetland' was exhibited in 1873, with a quotation from Bewick, "They who are about to rob their nests hold a knife or other sharp instruments over their heads, upon which the enraged bird precipitates and transfixes itself." As the inscription on the sturdy, picturesque boat makes clear, 'Deep Sea Fishing' is one of many vigorous reminiscences of life on the Cornish coast. Until he retired a year ago, Mr. Hook was the Father of the Academy, inasmuch as he had been one of the "Faultless Forty" since 1860, nine years longer than Mr. Sant, sixteen than Mr. Leslie. He was unanimously voted to the fauteuil of James Ward, the animal painter, no doubt largely in consequence of his 'Luff, Boy,' 1859, hailed by Ruskin as "A glorious picture—most glorious. Infinite thanks, Mr. Hook, for this." Born in London in 1819, he entered the Academy Schools in 1836, winning the gold medal and travelling scholarship respectively in 1845 and 1846. Since 1839 he had contributed 191 pictures and one etching to the summer shows. His 'The Stream' was bought in 1885 by the Chantrey Trustees for £1,100, and at least two of his wholesome, ably-painted coast pieces have brought 1,700 gs. each at auction. Mr. Hook's paternal grandfather composed "Within a mile of Edinbro' Town," and his maternal grandfather was Dr. Adam Clarke, the Bible commentator. It is worthy of note that 'Gathering Limpets' (R.A. No. 190) was in 1886 substituted for his original diploma picture, 'A Narrow Lane.'

NEW London owes Mr. Norman Shaw untold things. He is the designer, for instance, of the massive and dignified block of buildings used by the police authorities in Scotland Yard, and of the great Quadrant at the south end of Regent Street; his, too, is the sketch on which is based the design of the new Gaiety Theatre. This last he gave to London without any fee, simply because he loves the metropolis and desires to see it "a better and more beautiful place." "Money is a good thing," Mr. Norman Shaw says, "but it is not the only thing in this world." His latest gift is a design for the offices of the Government of Victoria and the other buildings to be set up at the other end of the Strand crescent from the Gaiety Theatre. Thus nobly is Mr. Norman Shaw serving London.

REYNOLDS' full-length portrait of Anne, Viscountess Townshend, recently exhibited at Messrs. Agnew's, reminds us that in 1904, when the Townshend heirlooms were dispersed at Christie's, the Marquis of Townshend's solicitors offered a reward of £100 for information concerning "an oil painting of Anne Montgomery, Marchioness of Townshend" and another picture by Sir Joshua. They were said to have been seen at Ball's Park twenty years earlier, and the hope was expressed that some servant of the family might help to clear up the mystery of their then whereabouts. Shortly afterwards a writer in *The Athenæum* said he had excellent authority for affirming that the portrait of Anne, Viscountess Townshend passed after the sitter's death into the possession of a member of her own family, and that it remained in the keeping of a descendant. The portrait seen at Messrs. Agnew's seems to be the same, for, like that advertised for, it is the one engraved by Valentine Green in 1780.

THOUGH there are many important pictures in the Public Gallery at Dundee, no official catalogue has yet been compiled. One of the most recent acquisitions is Sir W. Q. Orchardson's finished sketch for his masterly 'Voltaire.' It was purchased with part of the interest of a Fund bequeathed by John Morris, a schoolmaster, who died in 1896. The trustees visited Orchardson's studio and



(By permission of the Corporation of the City of London.)

Deep Sea Fishing.
By J. C. Hook, R.A.

were so delighted with the Voltaire sketch—the masterly picture is in the Hamburg gallery—that they at once commissioned him to finish it. Apropos of the Scottish portraitist, the rather flat and dull state of his 'Lady Gilbey' at the S.P.P. was soon re-animated under the influence of a mixture of megilp, some poppy oil and turpentine, with which his son treated the canvas on press day. The 'Lady Gilbey' was first seen at the 1891 Academy with the companion portrait of Sir Walter.

DEARTH of catalogues reminds us that for long none was obtainable of the large and important collection of pictures at the Victoria and Albert Museum. One has recently been prepared, however, the first part including paintings by British artists and by foreigners working in Great Britain. Students will find it of value.

THE International Society, in addition to its ordinary exhibition, which this year includes work by non-members, intends to hold a second this spring. The title 'Fair Women' is the same as that of a fascinating show at the Grafton Galleries in 1894. It will be composed of pictures painted by members during the last four decades.

SELDOM has an artist scored so immediate a success as the young naturalised Frenchman, Mr. Edmund Dulac, most of whose remarkably clever illustrations to the Arabian Nights were bought within a week of the opening of the exhibition in the Leicester Galleries. Save once or twice at the Sketch Clubs, he had never before shown in London.

MISS JESSIE M. KING, several of whose delicately wrought drawings on vellum were reproduced in the 1907 Volume, has sent some of her work to Calcutta. If imaginative design and colouring count for anything, a cordial reception is assured.

THE will of the late Mr. Alexander Young, whose splendid collection of Barbizon and Dutch pictures changed hands for a huge sum in 1906, provides that his daughter, Linda Ruth, shall not exercise any appointment of her share in the residuary estate until she shall have renounced the principles of Christian Science. It may be added that the founder of Christian Science, Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, has been appointed by the French Government an Officier de l'Académie Française.

MR. FREDERIC STACPOOLE, who died on December 19 at the advanced age of 94, had, since 1891, been on the retired list of A.R.A.'s. He was an exhibitor at the Academy for over half-a-century. Trained initially as a painter, in the forties and fifties he was represented exclusively in this kind, and again in the nineties he took up his brush. In 1880, when Mr. Stacpoole was 67, and after he had been an exhibitor for thirty-eight years, he was elected an Associate-Engraver. He was, indeed, one of the last engravers of the old school, that is to say, in the mixed method—partly engraving, partly etching. His plates after Reynolds' 'Strawberry Girl,' Holman Hunt's 'Shadow of the Cross,' Briton Riviere's 'Circe,' Lady Butler's 'Roll Call,' and many others, are well-known and popular. Mr. Stacpoole painted a little picture in 1901, which approximates to Sidney Cooper's achievements as a veteran of the brush.

FOR many years Mr. John C. L. Sparkes, who died in mid-December, was one of the most prominent art teachers in this country. His first master, in Guernsey, was Paul Naftel, and he subsequently studied at Leigh's and at the Royal Academy. It was Leigh who recommended him to take up teaching, and in 1853 he began, in the then newly founded Art Masters' Training Class at Marlborough House. He directed the art classes formed a year later by the present Dean of St. Paul's at the schools of St. Mary-the-Less, Lambeth, from which developed the very successful Lambeth School. At Lambeth, Mr. Sparkes had under him many now-prominent artists, and there he became a friend of the late Sir Henry Doulton, the designs of whose celebrated ware owe much to him. After a couple of decades in South-East London, Mr. Sparkes in 1875 became head of the teaching staff at South Kensington, an influential post which he held till the age-limit was reached in 1898. Pupils of his whose talent has been recognised by the Academy include Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Frampton, and Mr. Ouless; while others of distinction, such as Mr. Charles Shannon and Mr. Nelson Dawson, also own their indebtedness to him. Two or three years ago Mr. Sparkes made an arrangement with the Royal Academy with a view to founding scholarships and annuities in memory of his wife. The proceeds of an estate in Surrey, on the expiry of certain life interests, will be used for a fund, to be administered by the President and Council of the Academy. It is believed that benefits will be confined to women artists and students.

ANOTHER fund for the conduct of which the Academy will be responsible is that of the late Mr. Harrison Weir. Subject to the life interests of his wife and son, Mr. Weir's estate goes for the purchase of pictures "to be placed in their (Academy) collection for the benefit of the nation in the same way as the Chantrey Bequest."

GENERAL regret is expressed at the retirement of Mr. John Lavery from the Vice-Presidentship of the International Society. Nominated in the first instance by Whistler, the International owes much to his energy during its decade of existence. Initially, Whistler was Chairman, with Mr. Lavery and others on the Committee. But before the 1899 exhibition the founder became President, Mr. Lavery Vice-President. Some time ago he bought a villa in Morocco, and there he will spend, in sunshine instead of fog, the winter months. Mr. William Strang, who succeeds Mr. Lavery, is another prominent member of the Scottish school.

IT is satisfactory to note that the 195 artists whose works were exhibited at the United Arts Club have suffered nothing save temporary inconvenience and anxiety. By the help of sympathisers and the forbearance of the superior landlords, the pictures, etc., have been returned to the owners free of expense. Moreover, the club has secured excellent premises at Rumpelmayer's in St. James' Street. The name evokes memories of the sunny South, for on the

Mediterranean seaboard all the world--that counts—sips tea and partakes of delicacies at Rumpelmayer's.

HERTFORD HOUSE is closed against the public only on such occasions as crowned heads are expected. Anyone short of a monarch does not count. When the Kaiser visited Hertford House on December the 10th he showed his customary acumen. For instance, he advanced reasons for discrediting the story that the treaty of the Peace of Tilsit was in 1807 signed upon the table which had belonged to Catherine II. of Russia.

LATER, the German Emperor paid visits to two studios in St. John's Wood : those of Sir L. Alma-Tadema and the Commendatore Edouardo de Martino, who was Marine Painter in Ordinary to Queen Victoria. This reminds us that for many years the Italian-born artist has made a close study of Nelson, as Admiral and Naval tactician. Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy suggests that De Martino's series of ten pictures, recording as many noteworthy incidents in the Battle of Trafalgar, should be secured for the nation at a cost of £20,000. The artist was educated at the Naval College, Naples, and till 1867 served in the Italian navy. He knows, then, what marine warfare means.

GREAT things in the direction of intelligent re-arrangement of the vast and valuable collection are anticipated when, in the near future, the new Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington is opened. The building designed by Sir Aston Webb will allow sufficient space for the proper exhibition of all the treasure. This will be the great opportunity for the South Kensington authorities, and it is to be hoped that they will rise to it. By the way, the projected National Museum at Munich is, as at present planned, to cover an area of no less than 400,000 square feet. In the matter of content, however, we are ahead of Germany.

IT appears that the condition of some of the most important pictures by Adolf von Menzel is causing grave concern. In consequence of Menzel having used inferior colours, the paint is in many cases peeling off, it is said. The 'Round Table of Frederick II.', 1850, the 'Flute Concert,' 1852, and 'Frederick the Great on a Journey,' 1854, are of the works that have suffered.

IT is just about sixty years since Robert Vernon signed with a cross—an attack of gout prevented him from writing his signature--the deed of gift to the nation of 157 pictures. The collection was first housed at Marlborough House, afterwards removed to South Kensington, and in 1876 to the National Gallery. Robert Vernon, born in 1774, was of humble origin, and through his own exertions as a job master, posting contractor, and horse dealer to the British army during the Napoleonic wars, amassed a large fortune. He is said to have bought his pictures almost exclusively on his own judgment. Among them is a landscape by Wilkie, an inscription on the back of which recently put Mr. MacColl on the track of an interesting discovery.



The Bonxie, Shetland.
By J. C. Hook, R.A.

THE resolve of the Earl of Pembroke to lend no more of the famous Wilton House pictures for exhibition emphasises the difficulty alluded to by Sir Edward Poynter in his biennial address to students as to winter shows at Burlington House. Lord Pembroke's decision rests on his disinclination to expose his art treasures to risks by fire, changes of temperature, packing, and so forth, incident to exhibition. Again, Wilton House is open to the public one day a week, and students from a distance have frequently been disappointed not to find special objects of quest. As to fire, the record of destruction in private residences is a long and lamentable one, and every care is nowadays taken with regard to transit. However, a good deal is to be said from each standpoint. In Wilton House is the group by Van Dyck of the 'Pembroke Family' which, could the coverings of "white wax" and "Wall's finest copal varnish" added by Richard Brompton in 1773, be removed, would stand out as one of the greatest of his achievements. Perhaps some day that will be done.



Model for the Wellington Memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral.
By Alfred Stevens.

A BULKY, closely printed volume of 1,600 double-column pages, some time ago issued by the American Library Association, should stimulate our public authorities to follow suit. It is an Index of the portraits published in various books and periodicals to be found in the Library of Congress at Washington. Over 6,000 volumes have been thus indexed, yielding about 120,000 portraits of over 45,000 persons, living and dead. What years of useless labour would be saved were a trustworthy work on similar lines to be undertaken at the British Museum. But the task is a rather daunting one.

THOSE elected to associateship of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers in December included Mr. Martin Hardie, who is doing good work as Assistant Keeper at the Victoria and Albert Museum. He started etching two or three years ago, in part to gain a first-hand knowledge of technique, which is of such value in forming estimates of the work of others. Mr. Hardie is engaged upon a critical monograph on John Pettie, his uncle, which he is anxious to make as complete as may be. He will welcome details of pictures, especially of those painted prior to 1870, which are difficult to trace. An authentic "Life" of Pettie is certainly needed.

THE Institute of Painters in Water-Colours recently added to its membership roll the names of Mr. Stephen de la Bere, Mr. R. Talbot Kelly, Mr. W. Ayerst Ingram, Mr. F. Spenlove-Spenlove, and Mr. G. H. Swinstead.

HARDLY had the Chelsea Art School, started in 1904 by Mr. Augustus John and Mr. William Orpen, closed its doors, when another was established at Leighton House. Mr. Arthur Reginald Smith, late travelling scholar of the Royal College of Art, whose exhibition of Italian water-colours attracted much notice in Piccadilly last spring, has been appointed Master of the School by the Committee.

ONE of the most successful restorations of recent times is that of Reynolds' 'Holy Family,' which, after for years having been regarded as a wreck, now hangs opposite the martial 'Heathfield,' in the National Gallery. It was painted about 1788 for Macklin, the printseller, to illustrate his famous Bible, and by him handed to Lord Gwydir, at whose sale, in 1829, it brought 1,900 gs. Charles Lamb wrote scathingly of the charming picture as a representation of the Holy Family. "For a Madonna," he affirmed, "Sir Joshua substituted a sleepy, insensible, unmotherly girl—one so little worthy to have been selected as the mother of the Saviour, that she seems to have neither heart nor feeling to entitle her to become a mother at all." All that, however, does not affect the beauty of the colouring.

IT is announced that Mr. Roger E. Fry, who has done such excellent work as Curator of Pictures at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, has now become the first occupant of a new post, that of European Adviser to the Museum. This office will not involve prolonged residence in New York. Dr. William Valentiner, of Berlin, an able lieutenant of Dr. Bode, has been made Curator of Decorative Arts in New York. No doubt this will have important results.

MR. C. J. HOLMES has been re-elected Slade Professor at Oxford for a period of three years. Wisely and disinterestedly, he is averse from making the appointment for life.

SINCE 1903, when was placed on the top of the unfinished Wellington monument in St. Paul's Cathedral a plaster model of the equestrian statue which all along Stevens intended should dominate it, Mr. John Tweed has carried the work farther in the direction of finish and has made certain modifications, based as far as may be on the indicated intentions of the original sculptor. The revised model, painted to imitate bronze, is for some weeks, as it were, at the bar for the judgment of experts and of the public prior to being cast in bronze. Our illustration is of the sketch-model at South Kensington. After experimentally placing the statue as in the South Kensington sketch, the recumbent and the mounted figure now both face eastward.



The Elevation of the Cross.
By Van Dyck.

A Stolen Picture.

VAN DYCK'S famous altarpiece, 'The Elevation of the Cross,' cut from its frame and taken from the church of Notre Dame at Courtrai on December 7, had not, as has been stated, remained *in situ* ever since painted in 1631. It was at the Van Dyck tercentenary exhibition held at Antwerp in 1899, though, of course, it did not come on to the show held later at Burlington House. Van Dyck received the commission from Roger Braye, one of the Canons, and in the archives of the church is the painter's receipt for 600 florins which, with twelve wafer cakes, a speciality of Courtrai, he received for the work. For long a story was credited to the effect that the ecclesiastical authorities condemned the picture and resolved that it should not be put in position; moreover, that the workmen, sympathising with Van Dyck's mortification, tried to cheer him by suggesting that it was a fine, large piece of canvas and would make famous window blinds. Unfortunately for the trustworthiness of the legend, there exists a letter in which Van Dyck expresses his pleasure at the satisfaction of the Dean and Canons, and promises Roger Braye the original sketch.

Had the altarpiece been cut into window blinds, the incident would not be unique. Crome's beautiful 'Mousehold Heath' in the National Gallery, rolled up as a "sundry lot," was bought by Joseph Stannard at J. B. Crome's sale in 1831 for a sovereign. It was painted on two pieces of canvas, badly joined, which came apart, and they were used by Stannard to shade windows in his studio.

A Remarkable Dictionary of Artists.

THE first volume of a *Universal Dictionary of Artists*, edited by Ulrich Thieme and Felix Becker, has been issued from the house of Wilhelm Englemann, Leipsig. Among the workers in England are Mrs. Strong, Mr. Laurence Binyon, and Mr. C. Ricketts. This colossal work of reference will be completed in twenty volumes at 32*s*. each. The size is large 8vo, and every part is to consist of 600 pages. It is estimated that the lives of over 150,000 artists (architects, painters, sculptors, engravers and other workers) will be mentioned, and, wisely, the publishers have appended to each biography the sources from which the facts have been gleaned. Such a recent publication as Mr. Graves' R.A. Dictionary has been drawn upon. The ingredients of art being arranged thus, with Bibliographies, the ambitious student who understands the German language may proceed to absorb the art-history of the world and then to draw his own conclusions on the subject. In volume I., (Aa—An), among names unknown to all but great students of art, are references to Mr. Abbey, the Adam family, G. Aikman, Prof. G. Aitchison, Mr. Cecil Aldin, Mr. Edwin Alexander, Mr. W. D. Almond, the Alma-Tadema family, and, of course, many other artists practising in England. It will be seen therefore that the scheme of the work is comprehensive. There are no illustrations.

Books.

One of the most substantial monographs of recent years is **Vittorio Carpaccio**, by **Pompeo Molmenti** and the late **Gustav Ludwig**, translated by **Robert H. Hobart Cust** (Murray, £2 12*s.* 6*d.*). The distinguished artist, whose works have shown to posterity so much of the life and the architectural beauty of old Venice, deserved the critical attention given to his life, and to his artistic antecedents, by the authors of this admirable volume. The numerous illustrations, some in photogravure, are well reproduced and printed.

A valuable addition to the "Library of the Applied Arts" is **Sheffield Plate**, by **Bertie Wyllie** (Newnes, 7*s.* 6*d.*). The illustrations are remarkable, and Mr. Wyllie shows great knowledge of his subject. Messrs. Newnes have added to their "Great Etchers" series **Rembrandt**, by **A. M. Hind** (7*s.* 6*d.*), and to their "Art Library" series **Sir H. Raeburn, R.A.**, by **R. S. Clouston**, both fully illustrated.

The House Beautiful and Useful, by **J. H. Elder-Duncan** (Cassell, 5*s.*) is built up from the William Morris motto on the title-page, "Have nothing in your houses that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful." It contains reproductions from the stocks of trading firms, and prices are generally given.

The Arts and Crafts of Older Spain, by **Leonard Williams** (Foulis, Edinburgh, 3 vols., 15*s.*), contains articles on gold, silver, and jewel work, iron work, bronzes, arms, furniture, ivories, pottery, glass, silk, cloths and woollens, embroidery, tapestry, lace. The author has searched diligently and observed well, and his three volumes are written in the entertaining style of his other works on Spanish history. Many illustrations of decorative objects.

From the Sociedad Española comes **La Pintura en Madrid**, by **Narciso Sentenach** (20 pesetas), with many well-printed reproductions.

A topographical and historical book, a little beyond the scope of some readers, perhaps, but of absorbing interest to scholars, especially those to whom East Anglia is known, is **Corolla Sancti Eadmundi**, the Garland of Saint Edmund, King and Martyr, edited with a preface by **Lord Francis Hervey** (Murray, 10*s.* 6*d.*).

The Keramic Gallery, by **William Chaffers**: a new edition, revised and edited by **H. M. Cundall**, I.S.O., F.S.A. (Gibbings, 35*s.*). This work was first issued by Mr. Chaffers thirty-six years ago as a picture supplement to his book *Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain*. It was rather a clumsy publication, in two volumes, owing to the illustrations being produced by the Woodbury photographic process, which required the prints to be pasted on separate mounts. Thanks to the half-tone process the illustrations have now been conveniently inserted with the text, and it has been found possible to issue the new edition in one volume. Numerous additional reproductions of pottery and porcelain have been inserted, with five plates in colour, and there are now nearly six hundred illustrations of all kinds of pottery. The text has been thoroughly revised and brought up to date. The book forms a fitting companion to the *Marks and Monograms*, and will be of great service to collectors of pottery and porcelain in assisting them to identify the various pieces in their collections.

Transfer Printing on enamels, porcelain, and pottery, by **William Turner** (Chapman & Hall, 25*s.*), does not profess to cover the great field of transfer printing, but is restricted to an enquiry into the origin of the craft, with notes on its development. Fully illustrated.

Another work on pottery, illustrated with twenty-four coloured plates and other reproductions, is **Italian Majolica**, by **M. L. Solon**, with a preface by **William Burton** (Cassell, 42*s.*). This book becomes a standard work of reference in its first edition, for Mr. Solon's experience gives him uncommon qualifications for producing a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject.

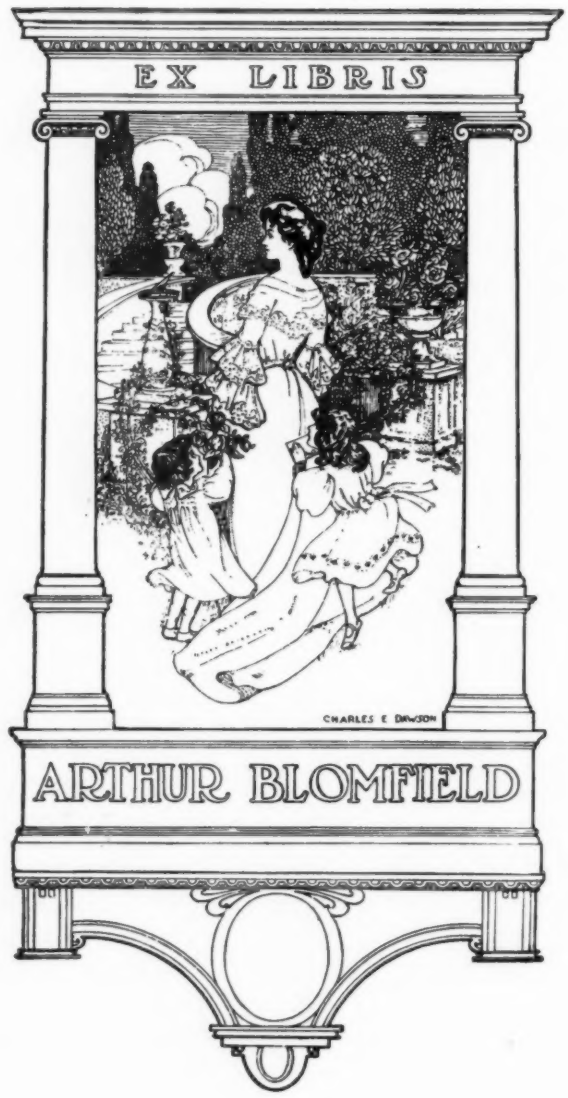
A laudable attempt to decorate the printed page is made in **The Collector's Manual**, by **N. Hudson Moore** (Chapman & Hall, 25*s.*). Each page has its border by **Amy Richards**, and the series is attractive and well designed. We prefer type alone, but the effect of the borders is novel, and it will surely please some people. The book is of American origin, and is a good example of handsome bookmaking.

An account of the development and practice of the art of **Enamelling**, from the pen of **Lewis F. Day** (Batsford, 7*s.* 6*d.*), is sure of a cordial reception. Mr. Day's text-books now run to quite a respectable number, and they are to be found not only on the shelves of the craftsman, but in the libraries of the general reader; for they are eminently readable, and the sound knowledge revealed is but a part of the attraction of the series.

Heraldry as an Art (Batsford, 12*s.* 6*d.*) is the latest essay by **G. W. Eve**, whose researches and practice qualify him to prepare such a book. It is an important subject, and it has entered into the work of painters and sculptors more than is generally supposed. The ancient origin of the craft and its modern significance is explained by Mr. Eve with the help of many illustrations.

The pamphlet on **The Chapel of the Ascension** (in the Bayswater Road, London), by **Frederic Shields**, the artist, is now in its seventh edition (Elliot Stock).

Some of the artist's best decorative work is to be found in **Charles E. Dawson, His Book of Bookplates**, a collection of 24 designs (Schultze, Edinburgh, 5*s.*).



Book-plate.
By Charles E. Dawson.

London Exhibitions.

By Frank Rinder.

Royal Academy . . .	Old Masters.
New Gallery . . .	International Society.
R.W.S.	Landscape Exhibition.
R.I.	Women's International Art Club.
R.B.A.	Society of Women Artists.
Leicester Gallery . .	Henry George Moon.
„ „ . .	Arthur Rackham.
„ „ . .	Wynne Apperley.
Messrs. Obach's . . .	Society of Twelve.
Doré Gallery. . . .	Sir Noël Paton.
Fine Art Society. . .	George S. Elgood, R.I.
„ „ „ . . .	James Paterson, A.R.W.S.
Modern Gallery . . .	Royal Society of Miniature Painters.
Goupil Gallery . . .	Hanslip Fletcher.
„ „ . . .	The Camsix Art Club.
Baillie Gallery . . .	Stephen Simpson, Pamela Colman Smith.
Gutekunst Gallery . .	Engravings by Nanteuil and Vaillant.
Messrs. Tooth's . . .	David Farquharson, A.R.A.

Burlington House.—The thirty-ninth Winter Exhibition is bewilderingly varied alike as to the period, temper and quality of its contents. Scholarly the selection is not, but, to a certain extent, to-day it is a question of obtaining what you can rather than what you would. Art has been called a language of brotherhood. The earliest expression of that language in the present show is by Gerard David (*c.* 1450–1523), the latest by J. C. Hook, R.A. (1819–1907), and between the two are the utterances of artists as dissimilar as Sustermans and John Crome, Wouvermans and Reynolds, Hogarth and Fragonard, Aart van der Neer and Zoffany. Gallery I., clamant in the summer, but now a glow of colour, contains a remarkably fine Holbeinesque portrait given to William Stretes (*fl.* 1545–56), of whom, though during the reign of Edward VI. he became the most esteemed and best paid painter in England, little is known; parts of a triptych (6 & 7), indubitably by Gerard David, from the great Kann collection; two enchanting little panels (9 & 12), assigned to David, but certainly not his; a triptych (13), "Flemish, 15th century," attributed at the Dusseldorf Exhibition to Isenbrant, with depths of colour imaginatively used (p. 68); a triptych (19), in comparison superficially accomplished only, by Herri Met de Bles; an exclamatory but richly rendered 'Adoration of the Magi' (25), by Quentin Matsys, another Kann treasure; a small 'Pièta' (27), of rather exotic charm, by Filippino Lippi; Mr. Fairfax Murray's tondo of the Botticelli school (32), from Lord Grimthorpe's collection; and other works of the Italian Renaissance. In Gallery II. are the two celebrated Wouvermans (55 & 59) from Apsley House; a superb moonlit landscape (47), by Van der Neer, wrought with a sense of mystery, of calm, of veiled romance—here is no stereotyped impulse; the interior of a Dutch Protestant church (48), by Emanuel de Witte, its plain white walls and pillars serenely submitted to the sunlight; the dramatic 'Soldiers Quarrelling' (51), given to the Le Nain brothers, but possibly Dutch; Ruysdael's 'Environs of Haarlem' (42), a little masterpiece from the Kann Gallery; admirable examples by Adrian van Ostade, Gonzales Coques, Hercules Seghers, and several more. Justus Sustermans (1597–1681), a pupil of Willem de Vos at Antwerp, is unrepresented in our National Gallery. The two triumphant portraits (121 & 128) by him in Gallery III., that of the man legitimate in its swagger, suggest the virility and command of technique of this artist, whose portrait was etched by his great admirer, Van Dyck. Noteworthy among the ten Reynoldses is the intimate and lovely 'Misses Paine' (147), strangely akin to Gainsborough's group of his two daughters, also at the harpsichord, exhibited by the same owner in 1906—it will be observed that our illustration, from an engraving of the subject, includes, where now is landscape and cloud, a portrait of Mrs. Paine (p. 66). Then there are 'Master Bunbury' (155), an authentic image of childhood; 'Lady Sarah Bunbury' (153), about which Mrs. Thrale exclaimed, "she



(R.A. By permission of W. H. Lever, Esq., M.P.)

Miss Rodbard.

By George Romney.

never *did* sacrifice to the Graces; she used to play cricket and eat beefsteaks on the Steyne at Brighton"; and the subtle 'Miss Orby Hunter' (148), painted four years before her youngest sister eloped with Lord Pembroke. Fragonard's 'Chardin' (136), from the Kann Gallery, shows with what spontaneous surety a certain moment can be uplifted, clarified, intensified to interpret two personalities. There are also in this room two good Claudes (129 & 131), Gainsborough's 'William Pitt' (141), from Orwell Park; Murillo's 'Assumption' (119); Romney's elegant 'Mrs. Whatman' (142), and his full-length 'Miss Rodbard' (139), in sheeny satin (p. 65); and a remarkably capable 'Vienna' (123) by the Italianised Dutchman, Wittel or Vitel. In Gallery IV. are two master-works by the great John Crome. The 'Poringland Oak' (170), painted in 1818, had the figures of the boys bathing—three of them sons of Crome, the fourth a son of Aldous, the mail-cart driver—not very congruously added by Michael Sharp (p. 67). Of what "plain, heroic magnitude" is the oak, veritably a poem vibrating with life, how superb is the pool, shadowed a little and haunted by a golden reflection from the bank, and mark how radiant is the landscape wearing its robe of sunlight. As perfect in its kind is the 'View of Norwich from St. Augustine's Gates' (177), probably dating from 1812, the earth mostly in luminous shadow, with the spire of the cathedral rising clear against one of the most exquisite evening skies in British art. To Daniel Gardner rather than to Hoppner experts ascribe the child-group of the Hon. Caroline Lucy and the Hon. Sholto Scott Douglas (156). Cosway's share in the attractive 'Lady Harriet Stanhope' (162), signed by Beechey and dated 1798, is problematical; and perhaps the sterling 'Aubrey de Vere' (161) may turn out not to be by Samuel Cooper, the gifted miniaturist. The eighteen Hooks which, with Millais' fine portrait of his friend as centre, are in Gallery V., vary in date from 1852 to 1894, and give a fair idea of his scope and ability. Like many other painters, Mr. Hook found difficulty in relating figures to their landscape setting. The collection of Hogarths in the water-colour room is the most important brought together for years, though not all of the twenty-nine which appear under his name will bear investigation. 'The Graham Family' (105), exhibited here in 1882, blithe and happy even in its acceptance of obvious demerits; the slight yet vital sketch of 'The Stay-maker' (100); the refined, almost, we may say, rapturous, beauty of passages in 'The Green Room' (79) and the 'Music-Piece' (89), declare the range and the quality, the flexibility, the resourcefulness of Hogarth's genius as a painter. 'Southwark Fair' (87), lent by the Duke of Newcastle, faithfully represents a carnival suppressed in 1762 to which "persons of all distinctions of both sexes" were wont to resort when Hogarth painted and engraved the subject in 1733 (p. 66). The engraving, it may be noted, though dated 1733, was not printed and issued till June 1735. Zoffany's 'Dr. T. Hanson' (95), grave and authoritative, in a landscape setting probably by another artist, and George Knapton's 'Miss Ebberton' (107), come



Mrs., Miss, and Miss Polly Paine.
By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

(R.A. By permission of Charles J. Wertheimer, Esq. From the engraving by R. Josey: by permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.)



Southwark Fair.

From the engraving by William Hogarth.

(R.A. By permission of His Grace the Duke of Newcastle. From "William Hogarth," by Austin Dobson, p. 74.)



(R.A. By permission of the Rev. C. J. Steward and of the Autotype Co, 74, New Oxford Street, London.)

Poringland Oak.

By John ("Old") Crome: the figures by Michael Sharp



The Nativity, the Adoration of the Kings, the Presentation in the Temple.

By a Flemish fifteenth century painter (? Isenbrant).

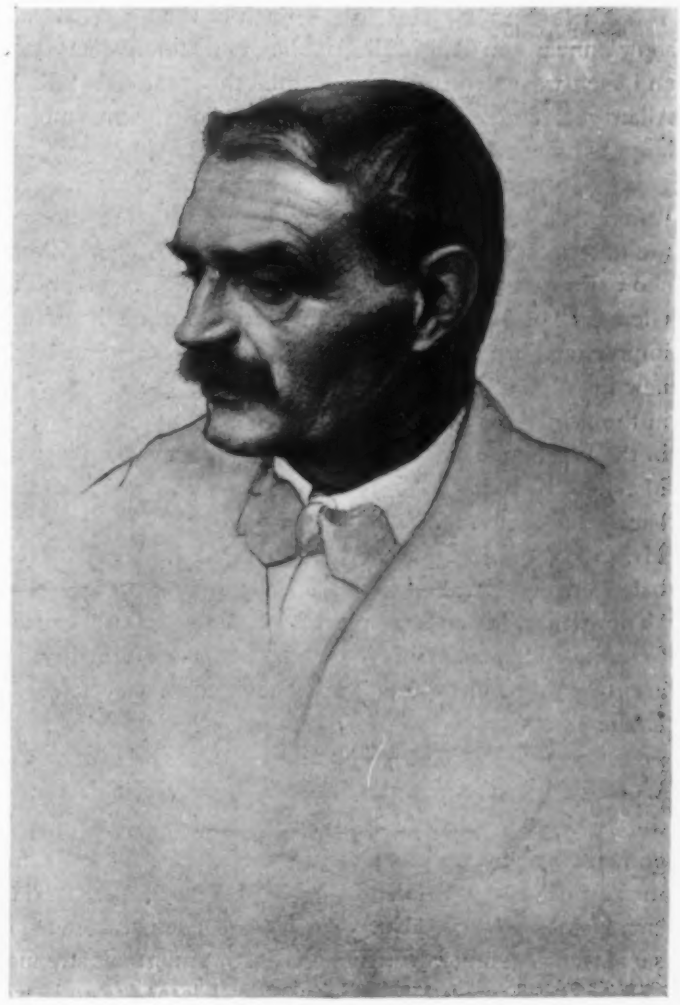
(R.A. By permission of C. Fairfax Murray, Esq.)

as a surprise to many. In the black-and-white room are several fine Early English water-colours by Turner, Girtin, Colman, De Wint, William Hunt, and others.

The International.—Apart from some of the sculpture and certain "modern classics" among the pictures, the 8th exhibition disappoints. The promise of "an unusual show of the most advanced foreign work" is hardly fulfilled. Many of the modernists seem afraid of "injuring their personality" by learning to draw, as years ago were some pupils of Legros. The wise Dürer held, on the contrary, that art is firmly fixed in nature, and that "they only possess her who can rend her forth thence." The entrance hall is dominated by Rodin's colossal 'L'homme qui marche,' a rude, headless figure striding forward irresistibly as though resolved on conquest. A group of twenty works by Jules Dalou, one of them 'Bacchanale' (p. 73) from South Kensington, where, as master, he kindled enthusiasm among many now prominent sculptors, represent his sensitive, cultured art. 'Le Baiser,' of intricate rhythm, with symmetry of form and mass, may be contrasted with Rodin's great interpretation of the subject in the Luxembourg. The gracious surfaces of three medallion portraits by Mr. Havard Thomas provide a magic meeting-place for light and shade. Mr. John Tweed has two able busts, Mr. Ricketts a group of small bronzes, Mr. Shannon a 'Repose,' and Professor Legros a female torso of classic purity. Chief among the retrospective pictures are Renoir's 'Madame M(aitre),' 1871,—which might almost be a large-scaled Alfred Stevens—frank, attractive and able, but neither strong in design, nor in colour a vibrant unity; Claude Monet's quiet, poetical 'Printemps,' 1875, and his consistent and finely congruous 'Fruits'; forcible still-life pieces by Paul Cézanne, a boy-friend of Zola at Aix; Anquetin's golden memory of a sunset on the coast; one of Degas' masterly race-horse scenes, and a subjectively realised 'Woman at a window;' an elusive pencil study of a child by Matthew Maris. Apart from these, however, the show contains several pictures of signal merit. In portraiture there are M. Blanche's inventive and perspicuous 'Signor Zuloaga' (p. 69); Mr. Walton's 'Lady Thorburn' (p. 71), at once genial and incisive; Signor Mancini's sparkling 'Lady Glyn' (p. 71), against a glowing wine-coloured curtain; M. Cottet's forceful 'Lucien Simon,' dull in the flesh painting, and the sitter's strong and persuasive 'Old Lady;' the entertaining group by Mr. Orpen, of conflicting purposes; a naïve and amusing child group and a cool and beautiful 'Little Baron' by Mr. Nicholson, whose 'Costumiers,' spacious and resourceful as a composition, has lovely colour in the rose and tempered green of the hanging draperies. The landscapes include a grave and luminous Peppercorn, genuinely expressive of a mood of sight, the masterly little 'Heybridge' of Mr. Frank Mura, a decorative Walton, akin to the picture bought by the Scottish Modern Arts Association, Mr. Oliver Hall's finely wrought 'Bardsea Forest' and his admirably disciplined

view of old house-fronts and the river at Albi, the rigidly sincere 'Harbour' of Mr. Sydney Lee (p. 70), the skiey 'Yorkshire' of Mr. W. W. Russell, Mr. J. W. Morrice's 'Montreal' during the reign of Our Lady of the Snows (p. 71). M. Forain's 'Workman and his Family,' moving through a squalid suburb, incisively interprets an existence whose beginning and end is toil; the vast 'Théâtre de Belleville' of the late Eugène Carrière, is life seen through a tragic veil; the still life studies of M. Storm van 's Gravesande are sound and attractive; Mr. Lambert's 'Swineherd' is interesting in design; and among the welcome "outsiders" is Miss Clare Atwood. Mr. Strang, the new Vice-President, gets a certain Venetian glow of colour into pictures which otherwise lack the pulse of life. Notable exhibits in the small south room include Sir Charles Holroyd's coloured drawing of Mr. Strang (p. 69), several beautiful wood engravings by Mr. Henry Wolf, an unexpected 'Crucifixion' by Mr. Hartrick, four new etchings by Mr. Pennell, a simplified portrait of whom by Mr. George Sauter is in the large gallery, and four landscapes by the late Mr. Herbert Goodall.

The Society of Twelve.—This exhibition would be of great importance were it only for Mr. Muirhead Bone's vast pencil drawing of the British Museum Reading Room as it was in May, 1907, when cleaning and painting operations were in progress. It is of the very substance of fact gathered at the risk of every possible contradiction, investigated, essentialised, made enduringly beautiful by the magic influence of light, of the mystery of shadow. Transmuting light streams through the high windows of the domed reading room and plays, interwoven, about the lofty gantry, the planks, the cordage, the ladders, the sheets, about each intricacy of this seeming chaos amid which men work. The room becomes a temple dedicate to light and labour. Truth in art is sincerity. Mr. Bone in this great achievement is unerringly sincere. The drawing is a noble testimony of his power to win from transient actuality, may we not say an immortal somewhat. By the same artist are several able dry-points including the 'Demolition of St. James' Hall, exterior.' Mr. Cameron's 'Little Devil of Florence,' isolate, implacable, has finely disciplined force, and his landscapes in water-colour reveal that quest for the spirit of beauty which is the very life of art. Mr. J. Havard Thomas exhibits for the first time some of his closely-searched drawings, and a second new member, Mr. Francis Dodd, sends good portrait drawings and prints. The superb landscapes of Professor Legros, the delightfully inventive drawings of Mr. Nicholson, the original poster for 'The Persians' by Mr. Ricketts, the imaginative lithographs of Mr. Shannon, and characteristic work by Messrs. George Clausen, Gordon Craig, A. E. John, and Sturge Moore contributed to an excellent ensemble.



(International.) William Strang, A.R.A. By Sir Charles Holroyd, R.E.



(International.) Signor Ignacio Zuloaga. By J. E. Blanche.

Landscape Exhibition.—Each of the six artists who show annually in Pall Mall East has a distinctive message, and each was adequately represented this year. Mr. R. W. Allan gets far more character, far more vigour, into his large 'Home and shelter' than into the Japanese subjects. Japan does not seem to suit his virile temper. Mr. Aumonier's 'Distant View of Skiddaw,' with the moor in the foreground, and the elaborated 'Under the Beech Trees' show two aspects of his remarkable ability. The 'Low-Tide Gleaners' of Mr. Austen Brown proves to what hauntingly impressive purpose he can see and paint when moved by a new impulse. This picture of figures on the shore, vague in the misted moonlight, is no mere memory of others, but in the true sense original. The admirable flower pieces of Mr. J. S. Hill would be greatly improved were the dark backgrounds more intimately related to the main subject. Mr. Allan's objectivity at the one end of the gallery is balanced by Mr. Peppercorn's subjectivity at the other. 'The Estuary' is an example of Mr. Peppercorn's capacity to unite his mood with a mood of nature. Finally there are the calm, clear landscapes and coast pieces of Mr. Leslie Thomson.

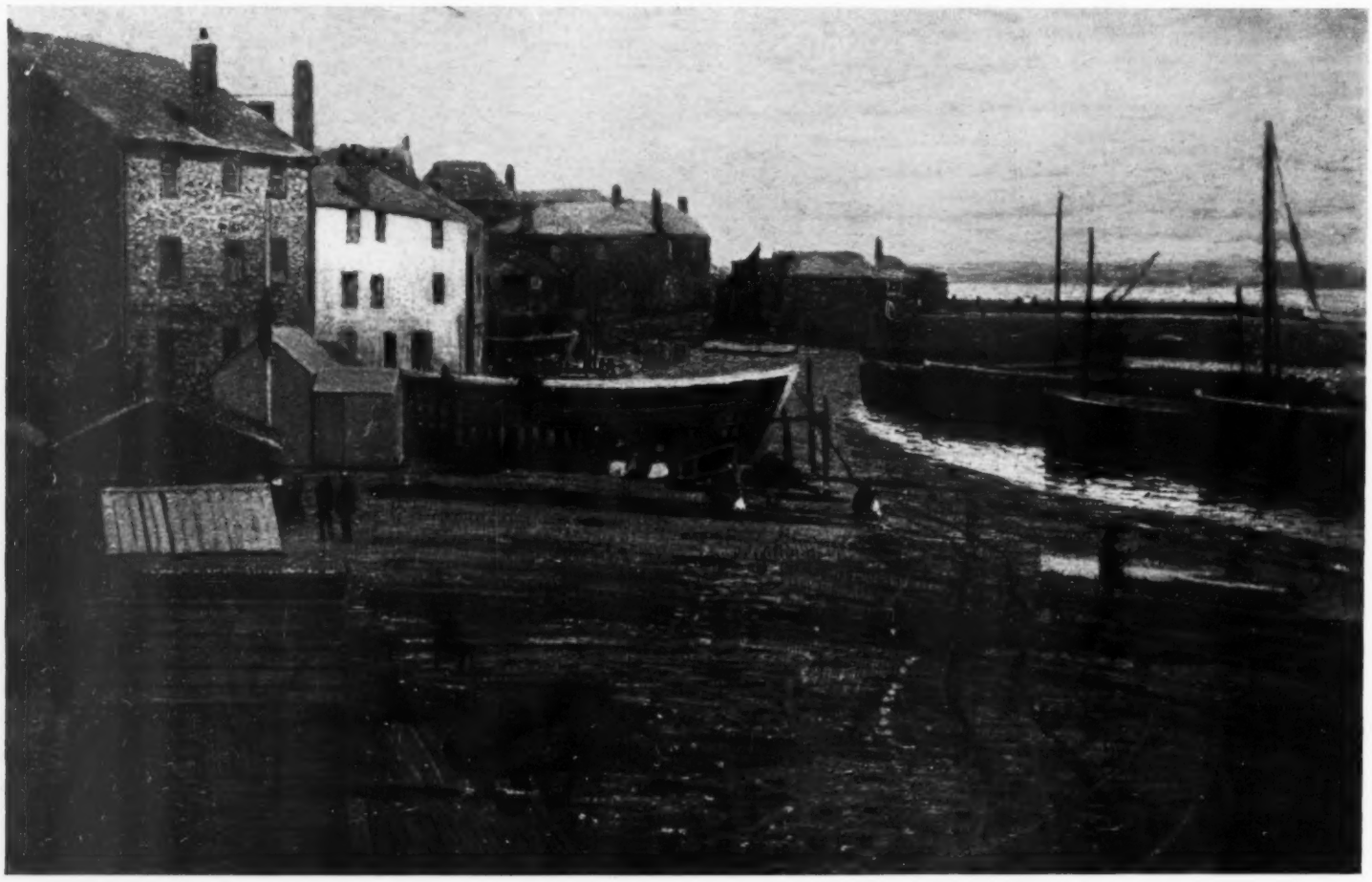


Miss Caroline Herford.

(International.)

By Havard Thomas.

Women Artists.—The ninth annual exhibition of the Women's International Art Club, held for the first time at the Institute instead of the Grafton Galleries, contained a good many accomplished pictures. There may be named in particular the delicately handled figure subjects on a small scale by Mrs. McEvoy, who has been influenced by seventeenth century Dutchmen, Mrs. Swynnerton's strenuous 'Hebe,' 'A French Market' by Miss Clare Atwood, well-planned and persuasively coloured, the naïve nursery subjects of Mlle. Stettler, who looks Manet-wards, the spacious landscapes by Miss Beatrice Bland, and a pleasant little picture by Mrs. Knight. The level of executive merit at the fifty-third exhibition of the Society of Women Artists was less satisfactory, but here were two spirited sketches by



(International.)

The Harbour, St. Ives.

By Sydney Lee.



(International.)

Winter, Montreal.
By J. W. Morrice.



(International.)

Lady Thorburn.
By E. A. Walton.



(International.)

Lady Glyn.
By A. Mancini.



(International.)

Francis and Christopher, sons of T. W. Bacon, Esq.
By William Nicholson.

Lady Butler, flower paintings by Miss Katherine Turner and Miss Jessie Algie, Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch's 'Song without Words,' which was almost in the same position at the R.B.A., Mrs. Raphael's life-size 'Eve,' a dramatically conceived 'Wise and Foolish Virgins' by Miss Dawson, Miss Pocock's capital 'Aylesbury Ducks,' forceful landscapes by Miss Rowley Leggett, and one of Mrs. Jardine's transcripts of the snow-clad earth.

St. Martin's in the Fields.

An Original Etching by Malcolm Osborne, A.R.E.

THOUGH constituted a parish in the middle of the 14th century, the inhabitants of St. Martin's in the Fields had for nearly 100 years "no parish church, but did resort to the parish church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and were thereby found to bring their bodies by the Courtgate of Whitehall, which the said Henry (VIII), then misliking, caused the church in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields to be erected." That edifice, to which a chancel was added in 1607, proved to be inadequate, and the present church, begun in 1721, was finished in 1726 at a cost of £36,891. The building of this master-work of James Gibbs is commemorated in the lines of Savage :

> O Gibbs! whose art the solemn fane can raise,
> Where God delights to dwell and man to praise.

The Grecian portico, approached by a broad flight of steps, is one of the few fine examples of its kind in London ; yet in 1877 the Metropolitan Board of Works, in order to give uniformity to a new street, seriously contemplated the destruction of the well-graded basement, on which the portico depends for its proportion. Fortunately Parliament interfered. The subject of the etching is peculiarly appropriate for this Journal, inasmuch as St. Martin's has been justly called the artists' church. Here are buried Nicholas Hilliard (d. 1619), the famous miniaturist, who had a house in the parish and left 20*s.* to the poor; Paul van Somer (d. 1621), who several times painted James I. ; Nicholas Laniere (d. 1646), who as painter, musician, engraver, connoisseur, won favour with Charles I. and helped him to form the royal collection; William Dobson (d. 1646), the most talented British follower of Van Dyck, under whose name go many of his portraits; Nicholas Stone (d. 1647), the sculptor; Louis Laguerre (d. 1721), who repaired Mantegna's cartoons in Hampton Court, painted 'The Labours of Hercules,' and was first chosen unanimously to decorate the cupola of St. Paul's; and Roubilliac (d. 1762), the sculptor—friend of Hogarth. Reynolds as well as Hogarth followed the body of Roubilliac to the grave near that of Nell Gwynne. Then, too, Thomas Stothard was baptized in St. Martin's on September 7th, 1775.

In 1680 St. Martin's was "the greatest cure in England," with a population of 40,000 persons, "more than could come into the church." The labyrinthine alleys near the church, swept away in the formation of Trafalgar Square, were known as "the Bermudas." Hence Ben Jonson's reference :

> Pirates here at land
> Have their Bermudas and their Streights in the Strand.

In the 18th century, barristers who had not been at church for years used to go to St. Martin's, on being appointed K.C.'s, pay their guinea, and bring away a certificate of having partaken of the Sacrament. Often of late years the church has been painted and etched, among other artists by Mr. W. Logsdail, in his Chantrey picture of 1888. Mr. Malcolm Osborne, whose plate we give, was elected an Associate of the Royal Painter-Etchers in 1905, and several interesting examples of his work were at the Baillie Gallery in January.

Royal Academy Election.

ON January 23 a general assembly was held at Burlington House to elect an Associate in place of Mr. Wyllie, raised to full membership in March, 1907, an Academician to the fauteuil of Mr. G. F. Bodley, who died in October, and two Honorary Foreign Members, of whom there were four only since the death in August of the talented American sculptor, Saint-Gaudens. The list of those nominated for Associateship comprised 89 painters, seven of them women—albeit none, apart from two foundation members, has ever been chosen—24 sculptors, 29 architects. Presumably in order to reduce the number of painters, a recent rule makes it necessary that five electors shall make new nominations. Hence there were two fresh names only : those of Mr. Arthur Rackham and Mr. W. B. Wollen. Several artists, on the other hand, among them Mr. Tom Lloyd and Mr. Caton Woodville, had withdrawn since November. The regulation does not apply to sculptors, of whom eight had been nominated during the preceding two months : Messrs. Benjamin Clemens, Basil Gotto, C. L. Hartwell, David McGill, Harold Parker, Henry Poole, A. G. Walker, and Oliver Wheatley. The new architects were Mr. E. W. Mountford and Mr. A. B. Pite. It is said that the successful candidate, Mr. Charles Sims, tied in the final ballot with Mr. Ernest George



(Plaster Relief sent from the Victoria and Albert Museum to the Exhibition of the International Society.)

Bacchanale.

By Jules Dalou.

—the architect, whose etchings won praise from Ruskin—in which case the President gives a casting vote. Mr. Sims, born at Islington in 1873, after three years' office work, began to study art at South Kensington, 1890, later went to Paris under Constant and Lefebvre, and in 1893 entered the R.A. Schools. He has exhibited at the Academy since 1893, his pictures including 'Childhood,' 1897, which obtained a medal at the Salon and in 1900 was bought for the Luxembourg, a 'Washing Day,' such as the late Mr. George McCulloch acquired, the breezy 'Flying the Kite,' 'The Land of Nod,' 1906, and the large, remarkable 'Island Festival,' 1907. Mr. Sims is recognised as among the most talented of our younger painters. He is an able student of technique, he uses his medium expressively, and is inventive, adventurous, if his imagination be not authoritative. In 1896 he married a daughter of Mr. MacWhirter.

Since Mr. Short and Mr. Strang were elected Associate-Engravers in 1906 there has been much discussion as to whether their privileges are identical with those of other A.R.A.'s. The fact that neither was nominated for R.A.-ship points to an official distinction. The success of Mr. George Clausen at the poll is matter for cordial congratulation. Born in London, 1852, of Danish parents, R. A. M. Stevenson pointed out that "he is only a Dane who has arrived more lately than most of us." In the early seventies Mr. Clausen held a South Kensington scholarship, then he was in the studio of Edwin Long, later studied under Bouguereau in Paris. Like Mr. East, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Shannon, Mr. Stott, Mr. Tuke, he was an original member

of the New English Art Club, and in 1886 joined with Mr. Holman Hunt and Mr. Walter Crane in the crusade against the Academy. The R.A., however, has a way of absorbing its able opponents, and in 1890 Mr. Clausen's 'Girl at the gate,' was bought by the Chantrey Trustees from the Grosvenor Gallery for £400. The picture suggests why he has been called the Bastien Lepage of England. In 1895, nineteen years after he first sent to the Academy, he was elected Associate, and from 1903 to 1906 was Professor of Painting, in which capacity he delivered a number of comradely, well-considered lectures which inspired students and in book form interested a large section of the art-loving public. Starting as a "realist," Mr. Clausen, dipping his brush so to say in light and air, has become one of our most temperamental, genuinely poetical artists. We need name only 'Willow trees at Sunset,' 'Gleaners coming home,' 'Building the rick,' as representative of his beautiful sight of actual scenes under the magic influence of light.

The nomination list for Honorary Foreign Members remained the same as in 1906, save for the addition of M. Edouard Détaille, whose huge equestrian portrait of the King is in the dining-room at Windsor, opposite Constant's of Queen Victoria, M. Jean Paul Laurens, responsible for decorations in several public buildings in Paris, and M. Claude Monet, the triumphant Impressionist, of whom Gustave Geoffrey exclaimed "surement cet homme a vécu, et le démon de l'art habite en lui." The successful candidates were M. Dagnan-Bouveret and M. Antonin Mercié. M. Dagnan-Bouveret, a Parisian pupil of Gérome, has turned from realism to rich-coloured allegory, such as the 'Consolatrix Afflictorum' seen in London a few years ago, and to portraiture, a good many of his sitters, among them Mr. and Mrs. George McCulloch, being on this side of the Channel. M. Antonin Mercié, born at Toulouse in 1845, is a pupil of Geoffroy and Falguière. His 'Gloria Victis,' celebrating the Franco-Prussian War, the 'Génie des Arts' of the Louvre, and the 'David' of the Luxembourg are among his well-known works. M. Rodin remained on the nomination list, but does not appear to have been strongly supported.

Art in Dublin.

MR. HUGH P. LANE is most cordially to be congratulated on the triumphant issue of his labours in connection with the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art, Dublin. But for his untiring energy, his generosity, there would be no such collection as that formally opened by the Lord Mayor of Dublin on January 20. Mr. D. S. MacColl characterised it as "the first real attempt at a representative collection of modern art to be found in the British Isles," and Sir Walter Armstrong asserted without fear of contradiction that "there is no gallery in Europe in which there is a collection of modern pictures of so much taste, so much flair, so much power." Provided the permanent gallery be erected within the next few years, Mr. Lane's valuable group of Impressionist pictures now on loan will be presented to Dublin. Meantime the Corporation has voted £500 a year to the maintenance of the Gallery in Harcourt Street. The catalogue contains reproductions of a number of important works.

Books.

Those who possess the Life of **William Hogarth,** by **Austin Dobson,** will refer to it, doubtless, after seeing the Hogarth pictures in the present Royal Academy Exhibition; and those who have not yet secured a copy of this fine work may like to be reminded that the latest edition of the Memoir was issued in the autumn of 1907 at the remarkably low price of 6*s.* (Heinemann.) The illustrations are complete and well produced.

Mother Earth, a proposal for the permanent reconstruction of our county life, by **Montague Fordham,** with a preface by **J. A. Hobson** (Simpkin, Marshall, 5*s.*), contains much good food for thought. It will be read by all who have the welfare of the country at heart. Especially interesting to us are Mr. Fordham's notes on the revival and management of the local crafts, which are part of a happy rural England.

The Year's Art, 1908 (Hutchinson, 3*s.* 6*d.*), is produced as usual by **A. C. R. Carter,** with the help of **W. H. Andrews.** The book contains all the information needed to prompt the memory and to answer questions. Mr. Carter devotes special care and knowledge to the Records of Sales, and the Kann dispersal provides him with the illustrations of the year. It is an indispensable book of reference.

Penrose's Pictorial Annual is a bulky and entertaining review of the present state of the graphic art. Apart from the illustrations there are articles of technical interest.

The current **Press Guide** (Willing, 1*s.*) is the thirty-fifth annual issue, and it contains the usual information concerning newspapers and magazines.

Every subscriber of one guinea to the Art Union of London is entitled this year to an impression on India paper of **Royal Windsor,** an etching, excellently produced from the plate by **C. O. Murray, R.E.,** after the fine picture by **Niels M. Lund.**

An interesting book of a popular character is **Women of Florence,** by **Isidoro del Lungo** (Chatto & Windus, 7*s.* 6*d.*). The translation is by **Mary C. Steegmann,** and there is a laudatory preface by **Guido Biagi.** The frontispiece portrait is in colours, and there are many other illustrations of the famous women whom the author notices on his way through history.

Messrs. Newnes have added to their "Drawings of the Great Masters" series **Michelangelo,** by **E. Borough Johnson, R.I.** (7*s.* 6*d.*); and to their "Art Library" series, **Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.,** by **R. S. Clouston** (3*s.* 6*d.*).

The A B C of collecting **Old English China,** by **J. F. Blacker,** is published by the London Opinion Curio Club (1*s.*). With its illustrations the book should prove useful to amateurs.

Pompeii as an Art City, by **E. v. Mayer,** is the most recent addition to the "Langham" series of pocket monographs (Siegle, 1*s.* 6*d.*).



Caisteal Muici.

By A. Scott Rankin.

Netherlorn and Its Neighbourhood.*

By Patrick H. Gillies, M.B., F.S.A. Scot.

"And a record of commotion
Which a thousand ridges yield;
Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean
Gleaming like a silver shield."
Wordsworth, *Poems of the Imagination.*

BELOW the ruined hill-fort known as "An Tigh mor" (Temora), about a quarter of a mile from Kilbride smithy, there is a large tumulus of stones. It is told that, during the reign of King William, a succession of cold tempestuous years had utterly destroyed the harvests; grain and fodder blackened in the fields; ultimately the ground was left untilled, and three years of famine, "the black years of King William," followed. Shell-fish and seaware became the principal articles of diet, and the starving people had the shores parcelled out by lot amongst them. To add horror to their misery a plague arose; great numbers perished. The apathetic survivors threw the bodies of the dead into a huge pit, over which this "cairn of remembrance" was erected. The hardship of these distant years is alluded to in the Gaelic proverb still current in the district, *'S cruaidh an t-earrach, 's an cunntar na faochagan* (It is a hard spring in which we have to count the whelks).

The western shore of the island of Seil, notably the part fringing the lands of Kilbride, presents an excellent example of "raised beach." It is striking on account of its extent and uniformity, and the battlemented character of the precipices, which, two hundred yards and more from the present shore-line, rise abruptly from it. Scattered over it we find numerous "pot-holes," polished dykes and boulders, left as they were when the slow elevation of the land had placed them beyond the reach of breaker action. These precipices show natural sections of the strata, and no better place can be found for the study of the geology of slate.

The strata of rock vary in thickness from an inch or less to many feet. The native workmen call the smaller seams "bands," the larger "stones." It requires a considerable amount of practice to detect the line of division between the various strata, and this line must not be confounded with the cleavage planes; the latter are often quite apparent, and pass across large tracts of rock quite irrespective of the foldings and contortions which the strata may undergo. The cleavage planes, having been superinduced long after the deposition of the clay, which ultimately hardened into slate, have no connection with the bedding. The strike of these planes is exactly parallel to the characteristic indentations of the coast-line, and

* Chapter III. "The Slate Islands. Seil." Continued from p. 50.



The Tides at the Mouth of Cuan Sound.

By A. Scott Rankin.

probably the titanic forces which squeezed or thrust the strata into folds produced a rearrangement of the axes of the particles of the slate at right angles or tangential to the direction of the force.

The strata are seen to be folded in an inverted manner, the arches (anticlines) being bent towards the north-west. To the different parts of these folds the quarrymen have given characteristic names: thus the middle limb, which has a more or less perpendicular but overhanging dip, is called the "beul" (mouth); as the fold turns at the bottom of the trough (syncline) it is called "bonn" (sole); while the ascending limb, which generally approaches the horizontal, is called a "sgreab" (crust).

The inversion of these anticlines explains the peculiar outline of the Slate Islands as viewed from the south-west. The series of parallel ridges which traverse the islands, with steep western sides and sloping declivities to the east, are the remains of the folds, the perpendicular parts of the arches, owing to the cleavage planes and the dip approximating, presenting much greater resistance to the powers of erosion than the horizontal folds with intersecting cleavage.

Reference has already been made to the numerous trap dykes which intrude here and there among the slate. One series runs between the seams, and it might appear that these sheets of igneous rock were contemporaneous with the slate formation, at any rate they do not affect the quality of the adjacent rock very much; but when these dykes cross the beds they render the rock unworkable for many feet on each side, not only from what one may call a contact metamorphism, but from mechanical disruption of the strata. These latter dykes are the bane of slate-quarrying, and have on many occasions caused the abandonment of what otherwise would have been valuable workings.

Interposed occasionally between the strata are seams of dark limestone banded with quartz or calcite. A vein of this material may be seen on the shores of Cuan Sound; it is folded into three large arches; these have been denuded of overlying rock and make a pretty picture.

A large detached tower of rock, capped with the remains of a prehistoric fort, rises from the old beach near its southern termination. It is known as "Caisteal Muici." Dr. Christison, in his work upon the "Early Fortifications in Scotland," describes this hill-fort fully, and the description is aided by very striking drawings. The rock is about sixty feet high, quite unapproachable on three sides, with a narrow steep slope of débris on the fourth by which access was obtained to the fort. The walls, still in parts about eight feet high, are built on the edge of the steep sides, while a lower work protects the approach.

There are about fifty forts of a similar nature in Lorn, and of that number sixteen are in Netherlorn. They are variously called hill-forts, Danish forts, or duns. Sometimes, on account of the circular or oval forms in which they are invariably built, they are called "curvilinear forts." The popular belief is that they were watch-towers guarding the coast and announcing by fire signals the approach of an

invader; but more than likely they were the abode of predatory chiefs, each with his crew of piratical followers. The sites usually selected were, a rocky eminence precipitous on three sides, a promontory jutting into the sea, or the rounded top or pinnacle of a hill. Their defensive strength was entirely due to the nature of the site, as the buildings generally were of a miserable description. The use of flanking towers, bastions, or outworks was evidently unknown; indeed, few of the later Highland castles possess these, and active defence would be almost as dangerous as the attack. At the most they gave the inmates protection against a sudden assault.



Cottage near Kilbride.
By A. Scott Rankin.

Another of these ancient fortalices is situated at the extreme north end of the "raised beach"; it is known as Dun Aorain. It was a building of much greater strength and magnitude than Caisteal Muici. It is built upon a bottle-shaped peninsula, and the neck of land was strongly fortified. It guarded the mouth of the Caolas at Easdale, a channel which in olden times would usually have been selected for smaller boats, journeying north and south, to avoid the heavy seas which are seldom absent off Easdale.

The north-west or "back" of Seil presents a magnificent series of sheer precipices and deep cavernous gullies, the resting-place of the raven and the abode of numerous flights of wild pigeon. These precipices flank the huge mass of trap rock which constitutes Dunmore Hill, the highest part of the island. This cap of trap covers the slate, which, disappearing below it at Easdale, reappears at Ardencaple on the north. On the little patches of beach left here and there embaying the land along this rugged shore are to be found outliers of red sandstone, dipping north-west, the last vestiges of that rock on the island.



Creag Ginlain.
By A. Scott Rankin.



Cottages at Cuan Ferry.

By A. Scott Rankin.

Curious pinnacles and stacs present themselves; one of these, the "Bishop of Lorn," has, when viewed from the sea, a remarkable resemblance to a bishop, habited in his vestments, in the attitude of prayer.

From Ardencaple Point, known in Gaelic as Rudha na Garbhairde (the promontory of the rough heights), a good view of the "Toad of Lorn" (Losgann Lathurnach) may be had. Surveyed from a distance, this curious rock feature appears like a huge frog in a state of watchful repose. It requires little imagination to detect the protuberant eyes and elongated mouth of the "toad ugly and venomous."

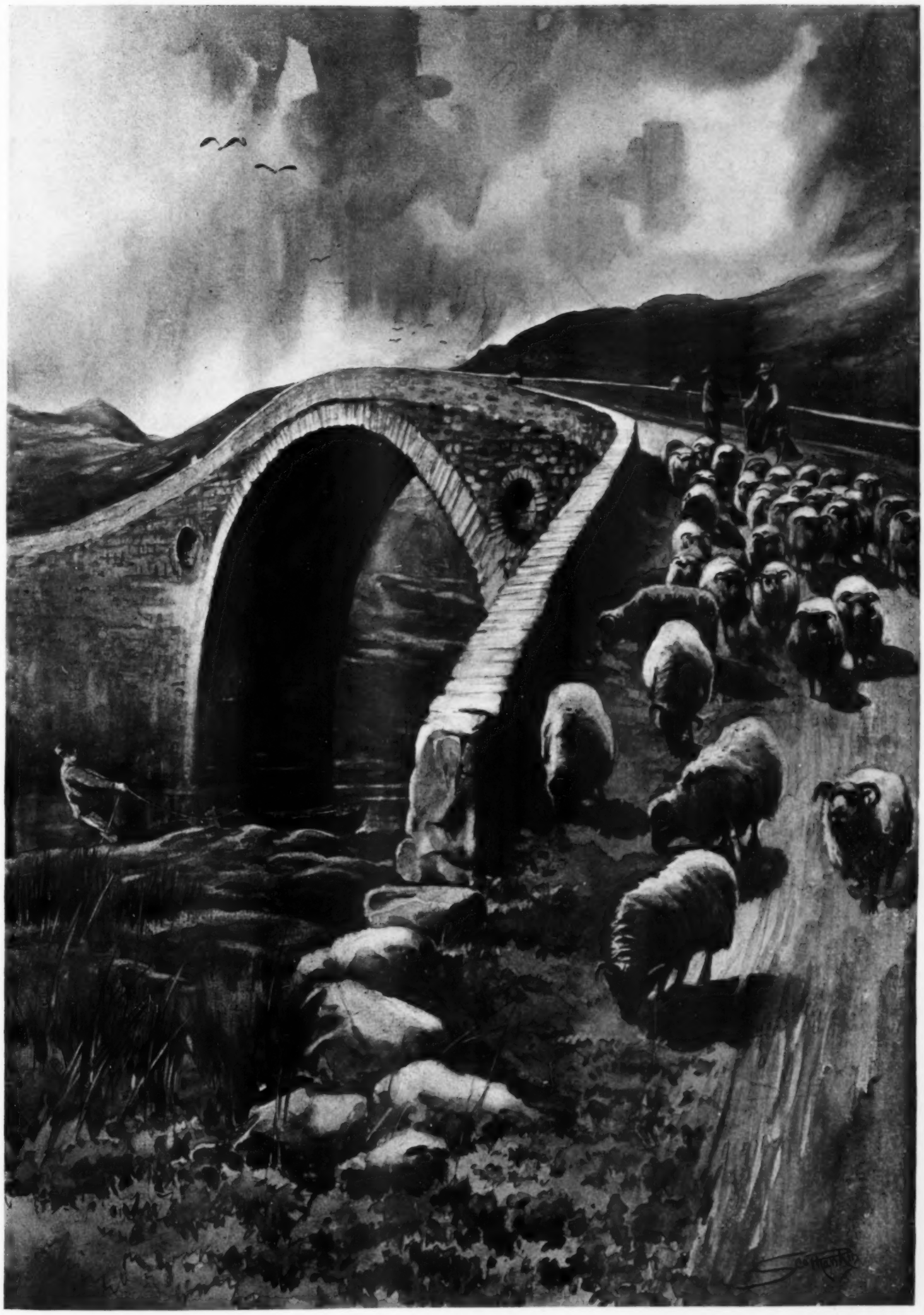
The island of Seil is separated from the mainland by Clachan Sound, which to the south widens into a broader expanse of water known as Ardmadie Loch; while the narrow passage of Cuan (Gaelic *cumhan*, narrow) divides it from the islands of Luing and Torsa.

A true idea of these ocean channels can only be got by boating upon them. At every bend of their sinuous course entertaining and unexpected views are disclosed. Entering Clachan Sound from the north with ebb tide, we are astonished to find a rapid current bearing us along between banks green to the water's edge, and delightfully wooded with ash and birch. High precipices close us in on each side, and were it not for the presence of the long streaming tangle (*Laminaria*) below, we might consider ourselves far from the open sea, borne along by the current of a great river. To aid in the deception we suddenly discover in front of us a large gracefully arched bridge, through which we get a glimpse of a broad lake—Ardmadie Loch—embosomed in diversified shores; wooded cliffs surmounted by heath-covered rolling uplands on the one side, and the green fertile shores of Seil on the other.

Clachan Bridge is a single arch of masonry, with a span of seventy feet, and forty feet above the bed of the channel. It was completed in 1792, from plans by the famous Telford. Vessels of forty tons burthen may pass through this channel with high tides.

For about a mile south of the bridge the channel remains tortuous. Just at that point where it broadens into the loch there is a narrow deep bay or cul-de-sac. Here, in 1835, a huge whale (probably *Balæna australis*) was killed. The animal having failed to force a passage through the sound, in attempting to turn, ran into the creek. The whale measured 78 feet from snout to tail, the lower jaw was 21 feet long, while the flukes measured 18 feet from tip to tip. In August 1837 a school of 192 Pilot whales (*Globiscephalus melas*) was captured about the same spot; the largest was 26 feet long.

Between many of the islands the channel is very narrow, indeed, it would seem as if some mighty convulsion of nature had thrown what was a long promontory of land into a number of disjointed fragments. Through these straits rush currents of enormous volume and great velocity, on whose surface large bossy ebullitions and deep whirlpools alternate, speeding past as they are borne along by the main stream; while powerful eddies on each side permit the



Clachan Bridge.

By A. Scott Rankin.

passage at all states of the tide. The boatmen take advantage of these lateral currents to gain a vantage ground whereby they can traverse the main current safely.

The stream which flows through the Sound of Cuan attains a maximum velocity of nine miles an hour with spring tides. As it emerges from the gut and encounters the resistance of the body of waters outside a great heaving and rippling is caused, which is further accentuated by the presence of a long submerged reef or spit extending the greater part of the distance across the mouth. With a strong gale of wind against tide the commotion is very great. At such times, the bleak coast, the fiercely turbulent sea with its huge breakers tossed hither and thither shedding spray and spindrift afar, the whistling of the wind up the narrows, and the sullen roar of the stream as it forces its way persistently to the sea, combine to make the scene vividly impressive.

> "Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,
> All various, each a perfect whole,
> From living Nature, fit for every mood
> And change of my still soul.
>
> One show'd an iron coast and angry waves,
> You seem'd to hear them climb and fall
> And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves,
> Beneath the windy wall."
>
> (Tennyson, *The Palace of Art.*)

Arts and Crafts.

THE history of English furniture, like that of the English people, has been one of successive conquests of its conquerors. Foreign styles of design, coming into vogue with our foreign courts or commerce, have been again and again converted to native usage. They were adapted with such fine perception of what fitted with our tastes and habits that a new and true style was the result. If we wish to point to a period when the art of furniture-making was not founded in an art of translating foreign modes into English usage we must, to be truthful, select the earlier Victorian. All models of form were then sent to the lumber room, and craft-tradition, except that of sound and solid execution, was lost. The recovery from that stolidity to the influences of beauty and convenience has been a difficult one. Phases of it have been mere reaction, a going as far as possible in the opposite direction. The stodginess of the past is responsible for a great deal of contortion in the present shapes and patterns of things. "Saddle-back suite" upholstery has urged a bald and rude simplicity on the innovators.

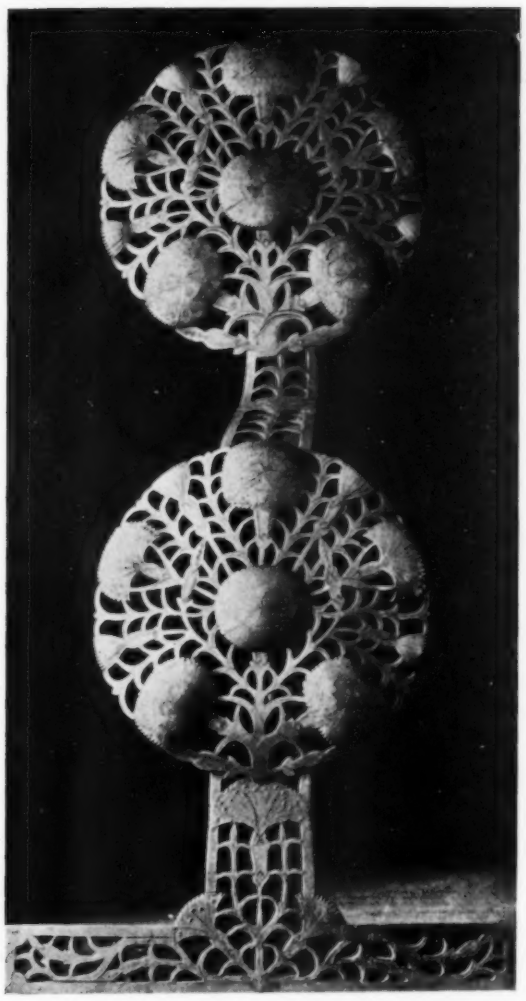
Fortunately there are not wanting proofs that the force of mere reaction is spending itself. Furniture is being made that is simple because simplicity is convenient and pleasant, and mere clumsiness and poverty of form are ceasing to be approved. In decoration, too, the tendency is towards the true regard of the beautiful possibilities of the grain and surface and colour of fine woods, their harmonious relation to each other, and the effect to be obtained by judicious panelling. All these are æsthetic qualities that are strictly in keeping with considerations of convenience specially imposed on designers of modern furniture. The nineteenth century has been summed up as that of the Villa; the twentieth as that of the Flat. Furniture designers, if, fortunately, they need not entirely submit to Flat conditions, must yet, to design usefully, regard more than formerly necessities of little space, portability, accommodation to various settings, and a dirty atmosphere. Bulky furniture with protruding decoration is impracticable for twentieth century use.



Sideboard in English Walnut. Glove and Handkerchief Box, and a pair of Five-light Branched Candlesticks in Wrought Iron.

By Ernest W. Gimson.

The furniture designed by Mr. Ernest W. Gimson respects the past and the present. As the illustration on page 81 shows, it fits pleasantly into a room of



Firedogs in brigh steel,
pierced and chased.

By Ernest W. Gimson.





Various Pieces of Furniture.

By Ernest W. Gimson.



Cup in Repoussé Silver.
By Ernest Sichel.

spacious and fine proportions. Yet in a little modern room it would be thoroughly convenient. In a fine old room it is not an intrusion, although its character is no copy of work of the period when the room was designed and the ceiling decorated. Mr. Gimson works on the sound lines of learning from the past and applying old methods and effects to present uses. In a full recognition of conditions greatly changed from those of Stuart and Georgian centuries, the designer of talent finds his opportunity for developing new forms out of the old. The raised panelling on the sideboard, the drop-handles on the secretary are obvious repetitions of traditional ornamental features. Yet to use these and other suitable devices in just proportions and effect in the design is to develop, not to imitate.

In reproduction, both the writing cabinet and the sideboard lose much of their effect, since they lose the colour and much of the patterning of the wood. The writing cabinet especially, with its ruddy colouring and the beautiful knot-patterns of burr oak, must be seen in the wood to be appreciated. The corner-cupboard is admirably designed to be a pleasant feature in the room, while yet the simplicity of the inlay is not in competition with the china on the shelves. Mr. Gimson's furniture is only a part of his activity as a designer of craft-work. Besides designs for plaster-work, the dogs in wrought iron, the candlesticks, as well as the metal fittings which are an essential part of the effect of the furniture, are other characteristic forms of his art.

Mr. Henry Holiday is so prominent a figure in the modern history of stained glass that it is superfluous to call attention to the merits of his work. The memorial window to a mother and daughter recently put up in Essex Church is a good example of his practised art. Always Mr. Holiday designs with resource, not only of æsthetic, but also of illustrative material, and the planning of the window is not more a unity in colour and form than it is in idea. The figures of Phœbe and Dorcas to either side of the central lower portion of the long central light, where Charity is portrayed, are chosen as the types of virtues of which the examples in the life of Christ are represented above. Healing, teaching, and blessing, as aspects of the Divine mind working for humanity, are the subjects of the upper portions of the three lights of the window. Figures of child-angels playing on pipe and string suggest the joy and beauty wrought by the spirit of love and tenderness in the offices of life.

Mr. Sichel's silver-work is well shown in the covered cup



Writing-Cabinet in English burr oak.
By Ernest W. Gimson.



Window in Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill, London.

By Henry Holiday.



Walnut Corner Cupboard.

By Ernest W. Gimson.

and in the state snuff-box which belongs to the Bradford Corporation (p. 84). It has delicacy, and a touch of fantasy, that finds expression in the choice of that half-fabulous looking little monster of the sea, the sea-horse, for the handles of the cup, and in the treatment of the sea, in low bas-relief on the surface of the cup, in crested, foaming waves around the romantic ship of Sir Walter Raleigh. In both objects contrasts of surface are well used. The smooth, yet not mechanically smooth surface of the casket, with the un-ornamented pilasters, give value to the curling waves, the bravery of sail and rigging and flag of the delightful little ship. Happily treated, both as part of the whole and as a living figure, is the figure of the boy who trims his toy vessel, and the pleasant proportions and lines of the cup, the well-combined contrasts of effect, are other qualities to note.

Mr. Gimson's work has been shown recently in the galleries of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, and Mr. Sichel's cup (p. 82) formed part of an Exhibition at the Goupil Gallery.

British Pictures in Berlin.

ONE of the noteworthy results of the visit of the German Emperor to this country was the wonderful exhibition of pictures by British masters which he opened in Berlin on January 25th, a couple of days before the Kaiser entered his 50th year. The collection, a useful illustrated catalogue of which has reached us, surpassed in size, importance and value that brought together in the English Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition in 1900. The insurance, amounting to nearly three-quarters of a million sterling, is said to be the largest ever issued in a single policy for a consignment of works of art to an exhibition. Nothing short of a royal request would probably have induced the Duke of Westminster to send Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy' across the Channel, the Duke of Devonshire to lend Reynolds' famous 'Duchess of Devonshire and her child,' Mr. Pierpont Morgan to part with Sir Joshua's 'Lady Betty Delmé and Children' or Lawrence's 'Eliza Farren.' This last is said to have been the German Emperor's favourite picture of the 56 master-works sent from this country. It appeared in the Academy catalogue of 1790 as 'The Portrait of an Actress.' Lawrence at once wrote to the sitter expressing his regret at the blunder of the compiler, assuring her that he had written 'Portrait of a Lady,' "as well from the wish that he had that it should be known to be her from the likeness alone, unaided by professional character," as that he had painted her as a private individual. From the first Lord Derby intended to buy the picture, initially priced at 60 gs., but he delayed a couple of years, and then Lawrence demanded 100 gs.



Silver Snuff-Box, presented to the Bradford Corporation by J. A. Godwin, Esq.

By Ernest Sichel.



(By permission of the Corporation of the City of London.)

The Churchyard at Bettws-y-Coed.
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

Evergreens in the Woodlands.*

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

THE prevailing colour of wooded scenery in summer is green—green truly of many tints and tones, but green. Such a scene as Birket Foster's 'Dell in Devonshire' (p. 90), with the hillsides clothed in rounded masses of trees is essentially a green landscape. Summer leaves are actually green on the majority of our woodland trees; they may reflect the sky and take on a sheen of blue or grey, they may glow golden in the horizontal rays of the new-risen sun, as the early-rising kestrel is beginning to search the ground for his breakfast, or they may assume a purple hue in the deep shadows as that most useful of birds of prey is returning home after a long day's hunting and hovering over the open fields, but the colour of the individual leaf is green.

Hence the sudden chancing on a purple beech in a mass of trees strikes a jarring note as of something false and extraneous. Even the flowers of our trees are nearly all green and inconspicuous, so that a tree like the horse-chestnut with its beautiful spikes of white or red blossom seen in our woodlands looks out of place. Some of our smaller trees, which have conspicuous flowers, such as the crab and the hawthorn, seen on the outskirts of a wood or in the hedgerow, belong to the landscape because of their size and of the fact that their blossom is in irregular-shaped masses mixed with the foliage in varied quantities; while the horse-chestnut, so often compared to a Christmas tree decked with candles, is a large tree among large trees, and is covered at more or less regular intervals with single vertical cones of flowers. It might be suggested that the false notes struck by the purple beech and the horse-chestnut are due to both trees being foreigners, and therefore not in accord with a truly British scene, but that something of the same feeling is produced by our own native holly, whose shiny leaves and often pyramidal form of dense foliage contrast so strongly with the lighter, more delicately hung greenery around as to hardly appear to belong to our native woods. It may be said that all evergreens cause a feeling of surprise when found casually in a wood in winter when the deciduous trees have lost their leaves, and there are many evergreens fairly common in our woodlands.

Apart from the conifers perhaps the commonest is the Holly (*Ilex aquifolium*). It is a small tree, though it sometimes attains a height of forty or fifty feet, and is most abundant on a sandy soil, growing well under the veterans of our forests, and sometimes is found at an altitude of 1,000 feet. Its stem and branches are covered with a beautiful smooth grey bark, and its leaves, which are thick

* Nature-Study Series; continued from p. 38.

and highly polished, have a firm wavy margin which runs out into spines—that is to say, those leaves within reach of cattle, for the leaf of the upper portion of the tree where there is not the same need of protection, is more nearly oval and has no spines except the single one at its apex. The holly flowers at any time between May and August and often later, and is sub-dicœcious, the male and female flowers being sometimes, but not always, on separate trees; it is often a matter of disappointment to find that a tree that has borne a quantity of flowers in the summer shows no berries forming in the autumn, thus showing it to be a male tree.

The holly is so well known and loved as a Christmas decoration, its bright berries and highly glazed leaves are so ubiquitous at that season, showing like coral set in jade, in church and home and hostelry, that large quantities are cut in the woods and copses towards the end of the year, and having been sent to market make a brave show in the greengrocers' shops. There are, too, other despoilers of the tree; though, from its bitter flavour, the glowing fruit forms a last reserve of food for the birds, yet when other food is scarce thrushes and blackbirds and other birds descend upon the feast, and will often strip a well-laden tree in a day. The hard shells of the four little nuts each berry contains prevent injury to the seeds, and, as a consequence, where holly grows the ground is thickly studded with seedlings. Amid the bare trunks of the wood the holly is a dark mass, yet it is always resilient with light, the wavy surface of each varnished leaf shows glistening points, and the tree seems to hold the light notwithstanding the rich dark green of its actual colour.

This is not the case with the Yew, another of our indigenous evergreens frequently met with. The yew (*Taxus baccata*) is a tree of very slow growth, though eventually reaching a height of some fifty feet; it is said to be the longest lived of all our trees, and there are many very ancient specimens to be found on our hillsides and, like those in Mr. Leader's picture, 'The Churchyard at Bettws-y-Coed' (p. 85), in our churchyards. Some of the latter standing alone in our fields and in our hedgerows are pointed out as marking spots where our early ancestors are buried, with their knees up and their faces towards the rising sun; whether this be so or not, there is no doubt of the great antiquity of some of these specimens. The yew favours the uplands and lower hills. It has a bole suggesting the clustered columns of Gothic architecture. It is dicœcious, the male tree showing in March and April clusters of golden-dusted flowers on the undersides of



Scots Pine (Pinus sylvestris).

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

the branches, the female in October sparkling with red fruits or with yellow, for, like the holly, some individuals bear yellow fruit only. Unlike the holly, the berries of which are poisonous, the yew fruit is merely insipid, while its leaves are poisonous. The leaves grow in rows down each side of the branches, forming flat sprays which are sometimes pendent at their outer ends. The yew tells as a dull dark mass among the brighter foliage of the deciduous trees, and under a grey wintry sky among the naked timber of the wood its darkness is gloomy indeed.

The Box tree (*Buxus sempervireus*) is not so heavy in mass and colour, being of a yellower green. In its uncut state its branches form graceful sprays of tiny, thick leaves, and often have numbers of thin twigs, suggestive of the spray of the birch; it has a general growth and appearance that come quite as a surprise to those who only know it in its trim garden form. Its flowers are very small, growing in bunches, the end flowers being female surrounded by a group of males. The wood is very hard and of a beautiful yellow, and was formerly greatly valued for wood engraving, but since the introduction of process reproduction the demand for it has greatly diminished. The Box is best seen on Box Hill, where it grows to great perfection, and where with the yew it helps to make a natural evergreen wood.

Our indigenous conifers, if the yew, which is generally given an order to itself, be excluded, number only two, the Scots Pine and the Juniper. The Scots Pine (*Pinus sylvestris*) is one of the best known and most often painted trees of the country; its rugged red stems and twisted branches, its dark masses of foliage generally high up the tree, make it one of the most picturesque features of our woodlands. It is the typical pine of Northern Europe, having a wide area and rivalling the birch in growing at a high altitude. At the edge of a hillside wood, its form silhouetted against a lowland landscape, it offers a strong contrast to the fuller richer forms of the trees of the valley. The Juniper (*Juniperus communis*) is but a small tree, or rather a conical bush; it is dicœcious, the female tree bearing beautiful, blue-black berries.

Though our native conifers are so limited in number there are many kinds to be found in our woodlands; none are more common than the Spruce and the Larch. The Spruce (*Picea excelsa*) is reckoned as an introduced tree, but its remains have been found by geologists in situations



Kestrel or Wind-hover (Cerchneis tinnunculus).

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



Box trees (Buxus sempervireus).

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

conclusively proving that it was ages ago a British forest tree. If given elbow-room it preserves its conical form, a form well known to children when decked with toys and candles at Christmas time. The Larch (*Larix europæa*) is not an evergreen; it is noticeable for the downward growth of its lower branches near the stem and its pendent twigs carrying small cones.

Perhaps the most beautiful conifers met with in this country—mostly in parks rather than the open country—are the cedars. The Cedar of Lebanon (*Cedrus libani*) varies very much in form; in a wood it loses its lower branches and grows straight timber, but when standing apart it is a flat-topped tree with horizontal strata of dark green foliage and covers a large space of ground. The Himalayan Cedar or Deodar (*Cedrus deodara*) is conical in form and its terminal twigs droop. The giant Pine of California (*Sequoia gigantea*) and the Chili Pine or Monkey Puzzle (*Araucaria imbricata*) are seldom planted but as specimen trees in parks and gardens; it is difficult to imagine the appearance of a pure forest of the latter tree growing, as it does in Arauco, to the height of 100 feet.

Of evergreens other than conifers a commonly met one is the Holm or Holly Oak (*Quercus ilex*), which keeping its lower branches, has the appearance of an exaggerated bush rather than a tree, reaching a height of fifty feet or more. Its foliage is not easily stirred by the wind and is dark in colour, and its acorns do not ripen till the second year, so that the tree has always fruit.

The Arbutus or Strawberry Tree (*Arbutus unedo*), another evergreen, is indigenous in Ireland, where it grows to a



Hollies (Ilex aquifolium) in the wood.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



(South Kensington Museum.)

A Dell in Devonshire.
By Birket Foster.

height of ten or twelve feet. Its beautiful pendent clusters of long bells of creamy white and its bright red fruit may be found on the tree at the same time, as the berries take some fourteen months to mature; its leaves are larger than any other of our native evergreens.

The general effect of evergreens in our woods in winter, except perhaps the firs, besides creating something akin to surprise in the mind, is also somewhat gloomy. They have mostly thick foliage of dark hue, which is in heavy masses, and they lack the hope of spring and the pathos of autumn; it would take greatly from the charm of our woodlands were they entirely evergreen. Evelyn gloried in the aspect of the Box Hill woods, of yew and box with their "eternal spring and summer all the year," but were all woods of such a nature three parts of the poetry of our scenery were missing.

Passing Events.

CHARLES GREEN, who died in 1898 at the age of sixty-eight, was one of the foremost of many talented artists, much of whose best work was done to illustrate stories by Dickens. He was the first of a group of promising young students at Leigh's school in Newman Street, to come to the front, these including men of the calibre of Fred. Walker and G. J. Pinwell. Scrupulous in his renderings of costumes and accessories, he had, too, a sense of quiet, unforced humour. He went to Dickens for many of the subjects of his water-colours, exhibited mostly at the Royal Institute, of which he was made an Associate in 1864, a full member in 1868. When the "Christmas Carol" series was re-issued by Messrs. Pears in the form of annuals in the early nineties, the commission to illustrate was given to Charles Green, and, fitly enough, his last piece of work consisted of ten designs for the Gad's Hill edition of *Great Expectations*. 'Something wrong Somewhere,' in the South Kensington Museum, is a characteristic example of his skill as a pictorial narrator.

HOW much of the great ceiling of the Banquetting House at Whitehall—whose recent restoration does such credit to Messrs. Izod, of Great Portland Street, working under the chief contractors—Rubens actually painted it is impossible to decide. The design indubitably is his, but in the execution he doubtless availed himself of the assistance of Jordaens and other talented artists. The ceiling may now be examined, for the first time for more than two centuries, more or less in its original condition, freed from the overpaintings of Cipriani, Seguier, and others. The commission was originally given to Rubens in 1621, when Inigo Jones had partially finished the Palace in place of that burnt down on January 12, 1618–9. Nothing came of it, however, till the Flemish master visited England as Ambassador of Peace to Charles I. in 1629, when he undertook for £3,000 to treat 'The Apotheosis of James I.' He wrote, "With respect to the hall of the new Palace, I confess myself to be by a natural instinct better fitted to execute the work of the largest size rather than little curiosities. Everyone according to his gifts. My endowments are of such a nature that I have never wanted courage to undertake any design, however vast in size or diversified in subject." One of the sketches for the series, 'Minerva Striking Ignorance,' is in the Antwerp Museum. The nine pictures were completed and packed before August, 1634, but they were not forwarded till a year later. Rubens said he



SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE.

BY C. GREEN.

would not part with them till the money was in his hands. Gerbier, Charles' envoy in Brussels, had to put up with many gibes as to the poverty of England, and at last he wrote to the King: "Without scruple may I then relate what malitious tongues or ignorant spirits utter, seeing the great worke Sr. Peter Rubens hath made for yr. Majt's. Banquetting house lye here as if for want of money. Spaniards, French, and other nations talk of it, the more it's said the matter to reach but 3 or 4 thousand pounds." Eventually, after having been rolled up for months, so that Rubens had to re-touch the cracks, the pictures were despatched to Dunkirk by waggon, and thence shipped to London, where they arrived in October, 1635. Ultimately the payments were made by instalments, and not till the spring of 1638 was the amount completed. It is said that Rubens originally intended to put them in place, but gout prevented him.

MR. JOHN BUXTON KNIGHT, born at Sevenoaks in 1842, who died on January 3, is of those artists the value of whose work was nothing like fully recognised by the public, nor, for the matter of that, by more than a limited circle of students and connoisseurs. His was an uncorrupted talent, whose force was that of sheer sincerity. Though an R.A. student, the Academy Council passed over for Chantrey purchase in 1906 his 'Hamlet: winter sunshine,' one of the best landscapes in the exhibition, said to have been strongly recommended by the Committee of Three. Subsequently it was secured for the Melbourne Gallery. Mr. Knight had been an exhibitor at the Academy since 1861, was for some time a member of the British Artists and of the Society of Painter-Etchers, and in December 1906 was elected to the Institute of Oil-Painters. For years his name had appeared on the list of those nominated for Associateship of the Academy. The memorial exhibition of his works in oil, now on view at the Goupil Gallery, will be supplemented later on by a collcction of his water-colours at the Leicester Gallery.

MR. JOSEPH GREGO, who died towards the end of January at the age of sixty-four, was one of the most familiar figures at Christie's and Sotheby's. He made a speciality of English caricaturists such as Rowlandson and Gillray, of whom he wrote, and he also was a great collector of Cruikshanks and of Morland prints before they became a vogue. Within a strictly limited area his knowledge was considerable.

THAT secrets, and secrets of singular interest, can still be preserved for a decade or more is demonstrated in the case of Gainsborough's lovely oval portrait of Lady Mulgrave. When at the James Price sale on June 15, 1895, it was knocked down at Christie's for 10,000 gs. and paid for in bank notes, all wondered who the mysterious "Mr. Campbell" was. Not until a few months ago was he identified with M. Camille-Groult, the Parisian collector, who died on January 13 and bequeathed his large and varied assemblage to the Louvre. The Gainsborough hung in M. Groult's library, covered with a curtain, and a privileged few only were permitted to see it, among them no doubt the King, who in the spring of 1907 viewed the collection under the guidance of M. Edouard Detaille. Mr. James Price paid but 1,070 gs. for 'Lady Mulgrave' in the eighties, but when he lent it to the Old Masters in 1885 he is said to have refused an offer of 7,000 gs. The portrait ranks as one of the most exquisite from Gainsborough's brush, and, strangely enough, the full-page plate which appears in Sir Walter Armstrong's monograph mistakenly shows it to be in the National Gallery. In the mixed Groult Gallery there are, too, an admirable Hoppner, the engraved portrait of Miss Mary Benwell, bought years ago for £500, but now worth more than ten times that amount, and Bastien Lepage's portrait of the King, done when he was Prince of Wales.

ON the completion of his eighty-ninth year, Mr. W. P. Frith was invested by the King with the insignia of the Commander of the Royal Victorian Order, instituted in 1896. He is the only British-born artist who now holds it, but it was conferred on the late Sidney Cooper, and Mr. Alfred Gilbert is an ordinary member of the Order. The Chevalier de Martino, however, is another Commander of the Order, this ranking third of the five classes. Mr. Frith is one of the very few living representatives of mid-Victorian artists. He was elected R.A. in 1852 in succession to Turner, and that year he attempted his first subject of modern life. His well-known 'Derby Day' of the 1858 Academy was so popular that it had to be railed round against the crowd. Mr. Jacob Bell paid £1,500 for the picture, bequeathing it the year after to the Nation. The artist got as much for the copyright. It may also be recalled that Mr. Frith received but 350 gns. for his highly finished picture, 'Pope making love to Lady Mary Wortley Montague' (1852), which in 1873 fetched 1350 gns. at auction.

SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER'S Academy lectures contain many entertaining and instructive passages. Wisely he emphasised the large part that memorised images play in the production of a picture. The whole temperament of the man contributes to his painting of a landscape or a portrait, and that fact accounts, of course, for the diversity of impression and record. Sir Hubert's allusion to "a young girl with hair down her back" who appeared at a press view of the Academy naturally attracted a good deal of comment. The fact is that dozens of persons of all sorts and conditions gain admission to the Academy, many of them having no hand in the notices that appear. Art criticism is, of course, far less intelligent and capable than it might be, one reason for this being that editors of many provincial papers demand newsy rather than æsthetically adequate notices. Sir Hubert has a fine fund of anecdote, and many of his stories are eminently apposite.

THE Old Masters Exhibition invariably stimulates the activity of pictorial detectives, competent and incompetent. Of course there have been a good many sporting conjectures as to the group of the Pitt Family, attributed to Gainsborough, but it is difficult to understand why doubt should be expressed as to 'The Poringland Oak' (p. 67). Quite indisputably it is by John Crome, and, despite the incongruous figures put in by Michael Sharp, ranks as one of his masterpieces. The picture appears to have been at the Crome Memorial Exhibition of 1821 under



Rochester.



On tne Medway.



Ditchling, Sussex.

Three water-colour drawings by Alfred W. Rich.

the title 'Scene at Poringland,' No. 49 in the catalogue, and at the British Institution in 1824, No. 36, as 'A study from nature—Poringland.' About 1828 the noble landscape belonged to Leathes of Herringfleet, from whom between then and 1830 it was bought for £80 by Captain Steward, father of the present owner, to "fill a space" at Blundeston. A canvas ingeniously called 'The Porlington Oak' fetched 330 gns. at the Wynn Ellis sale of 1876 and went to America, where, too, is the fine 'Willow Tree' lent to the 1891 Old Masters by Mr. George Holmes, of Brook Hall, Norfolk. The Transatlantic collector is said to have paid £2,000 for it, against £100 at which it was valued on the dispersal of the Sherrington collection. The other Crome at Burlington House, lent by Mr. Eustace Gurney, is full of the artist's best qualities. It was bought direct from Crome for £10 by Mr. Samuel Gurney.

AN interesting souvenir of Reynolds was seen recently at the Ryder Gallery. It was a small full-length study in oils for or after the famous 'Duchess of Rutland' painted in 1780 and destroyed in the fire at Belvoir Castle on October 26, 1816. An inscription on the back states that this sketch was given by Sir Joshua to Hoppner, at whose sale it was bought by Owen and later presented to E. Façon Watson. A second attractive sketch was that of a child introduced in Reynolds' now happily restored 'Holy Family.' Mr. Manson, of Christie's, bought it at the sale of Sir Thomas Lawrence's effects in the thirties.

THE question as to whether or not it is desirable to admit copyists to the Wallace Collection is by no means as simple as some of those who adversely criticise the present system seem to suppose. Were certain galleries at Hertford House set apart for pictures only, the exclusion of easels would be ridiculous. But so long as valuable furniture, porcelain, etc., remain in the galleries facilities cannot wisely be extended. The question resolves itself into choice between a delightful ensemble and the sacrifice of this to the rational demands of the copyist.

MR. ALFRED W. RICH is holding this month a one-man show in the galleries of the New English Art Club, off Bond Street, and among the water-colour drawings exhibited are those reproduced on this page.

THE altarpiece by Van Dyck, to whose theft from the Church of Notre Dame at Courtrai, on December 9, we alluded on page 63, was happily recovered some fifty miles away on January 23. The circumstances were

remarkable. A peasant cart was passing through the village of Ardoye, near Bruges, early in the morning, when, owing to the frost, the horses slipped and fell. A canvas dropped out of the cart and was promptly seized by a gendarme, who discovered it to be the missing picture by Van Dyck. The thief had had the audacity, in anonymous letters dated from Roubaix, France, to offer the return of the picture for a sum of 50,000 francs; he is said even to have cut off and sent a piece of the canvas as a proof of bonâ fides. The gendarme, as he was on duty, did not receive the reward of 20,000 francs.

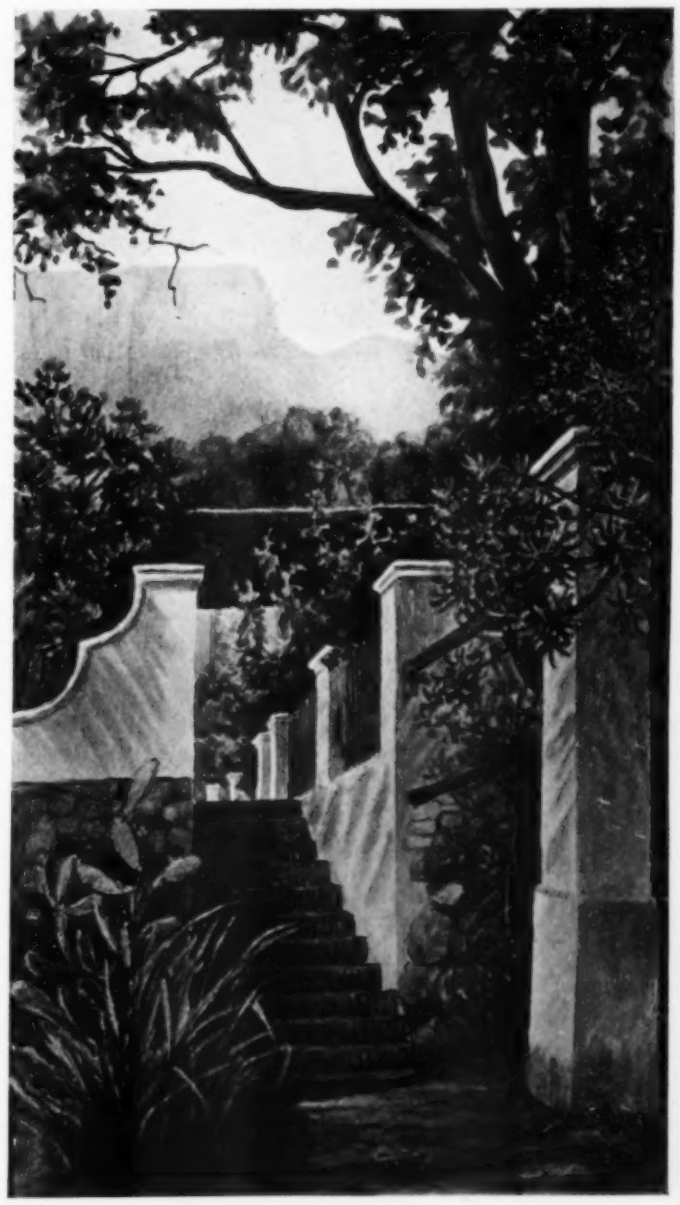
ANOTHER, less important robbery had a swifter sequel. Three miniatures, respectively of the Princess Royal, the Princess Victoria and the Queen of Norway, the property of Queen Alexandra, painted by Mr. C. Turrell, were abstracted from Mr. Carl Hentschel's studio at Norwood, on the night of Thursday, January 23. A few days afterwards they were offered for sale to an attendant in a South London public-house, who unsuspiciously bought them for £2. Reproductions of the miniatures appeared in the papers, and these enabled the unsuspecting buyer to identify them.

"STOLEN sweets are best," wrote Colley Cibber two centuries ago, but however it may be with sweets, it certainly is not so with pictures and works of art. Photography and police astuteness have cut the ground from the feet of art burglars, for instance. Neither Rodini, the Italian, who entered and carried away treasure from the house of Mr. Charles Wertheimer on February 12 last, nor those with whom he was associated, reaped any profit—save in the form of anxiety and punishment.

PROBABLY Miss Edith Struben, who at the Mount Street Galleries showed lately a number of spontaneous water-colours of glad or impressive scenes from Capetown to the Zambesi, is the first woman of South African birth to hold an exhibition in London. It was she who designed the casket presented in 1900 by citizens of Capetown to Lord Roberts.

THE Scottish Modern Arts Association continues active. It has purchased Mr. Duncan's large picture, 'Song of the Rose,' a composition of seven figures seen at the thirteenth annual exhibition of the Society of Scottish Artists, 1907, when it was catalogued at £200. Mr. Duncan's 'Lover and Lady' had a centre in the New Gallery last year, where its mystic mediævalism attracted much attention. Mr. James Cadenhead's boldly designed and strongly coloured 'Gordi Stack' was in Glasgow last autumn at the Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours. It is a fine individual bit of work, but the austere and impressive 'Dunnottar Castle' would perhaps have represented him still more adequately. From the Royal Scottish Academy there have been chosen Mr. D. Y. Cameron's 'Criffel,' a morning landscape of uplifted calm and beauty, Mr. J. H. Lorimer's 'Flight of the Swallows,' which was at the R.A. last year, and 'Meditation,' by young Mr. Graham Glen, a work of distinct promise, with a charming sense of colour.

PROMINENT pictures at the R.S.A. include Sir James Guthrie's full-length portrait of the Prime Minister, in official uniform, a presentation from 10,000 Scottish admirers, the same artist's 'Velvet Cloak,' rich and expressive in colour and design, a large subject-picture, 'Adieu,' by Mr. Robert Burns, two first-rate examples by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, 'Criffel' and a study of the south aisle of Tewkesbury Abbey, animal pictures on a large scale by Mr. William Walls, and an admirable presentation portrait, 'Sir Walter Thorburn,'—companion to the 'Lady Thorburn' (p. 71) at the International in Regent Street—by Mr. E. A. Walton. The loan pictures include the late M. Tom Graham's 'Italian Girl,' in flowered muslin frock, holding an accordion, painted in 1862, which was at the International in 1899—some years ago it was picked up at auction for £15; a large version in bronze of Mr. Sargent's 'Redemption,' part of the decoration of the Boston Public Library; Matthew Maris' delicate 'Portrait of a child' 1887, which belongs to Mr. J. M. Swan; and a couple of Orchardsons. It is worthy of note that the late Mr. David Farquharson's 'Eventide' is priced at considerably less



In an old Cape Garden.

(By permission of Messrs. Grundy & Robinson.)

By Edith Struben.



(National Gallery, Melbourne.)

The Return of Burke, Wills, and King to the deserted camp at Cooper's Creek, April 21, 1861.

By John Longstaff.

than when exhibited at the Academy in 1906, when it was not far from being bought by the Chantrey Trustees instead of his 'Birnam Wood.'

IT was fitting that the trustees of the Melbourne Art Gallery should commission an Australian artist to paint one of the most memorable events in Australia's history. Mr. John Longstaff knows his country and appreciates, as a native-born Britisher cannot, what was involved in the Burke and Wills Expedition, which set out from Melbourne in 1860 to explore Australia. Robert O'Hara Burke, an Irishman who entered the Australian army, reached Cooper's Creek on November 11th, 1860, and after waiting long for reinforcements which did not come, made a dash for the Gulf of Carpentaria, leaving the bulk of his stores in the charge of an assistant named Brahe. Though they did not actually come within sight of the sea, Burke and Wills, by reaching the tidal waters of the Flinders River, won the fame of being the first white men to cross the continent. On their return to Cooper's Creek in the spring of 1861, exhausted with hardships, they found that Brahe had quitted his post a few hours earlier, leaving only a small stock of provisions, buried. Despite the aid of friendly natives, themselves barely able to subsist in the desert, and the scanty nutriment derived from seeds of the nardoo plant, both Burke and Wills died of starvation. Mr. Longstaff represents Burke and Wills at a moment when they have realised the peril of their position. Burke, emaciated, dejected, stands to the left; Wills sits bowed under a eucalyptus tree, the inscription on which indicates where to dig for the provisions; King lies on the ground, apparently almost dead. The sombre theme is forcefully treated. Mr. Longstaff is already represented in the Melbourne Gallery by several works, including a portrait of the one-time Director, Mr. G. F. Folingsby. His, too, are the portraits of the King and Queen presented to the Sydney Art Gallery respectively by Earl Beauchamp and a group of ladies of New South Wales.

CONSIDERABLE inconvenience to the organisers of an important exhibition in Scotland was recently caused by the insolvency of a firm of agents to whom pictures had been entrusted for packing and despatch. The Official Receiver announced that the painters whose works were in the hands of the firm for transmission could obtain them only on signing a document which, it seems, warrants the trustees of the estate to claim their value if sold. This unsatisfactory state of things is likely to be investigated and altered by Parliament. As a rule the exhibition society nominates its agent in given towns, and the artist who wishes to avoid expenses in connection with transit has no option in the matter.

ONE of the largest and most important of the Hogarth pictures now at Burlington House, the wonderful group of the Graham Family, represents the children of Mr. R. R. Graham of Gartmore. In 1804–14 it belonged to "Mr. Graham of Chelsea," subsequently to Seguier and Mr. G. Watson Taylor. The Earl of Normanton, who now lends it, as he did in 1882, is said to have picked it up for

90 gs. The 'Sarah Malcolm' belonging to Sir Frederick Cook may be the portrait which Horace Walpole bought from the artist for 5 gs., it fetching 23 gs. at his sale, 50 gs. in 1859, and 14 gs. only in 1879.

COUNT PLUNKETT, Director of the Museum of Science and Art, Dublin, in order to stimulate students to make use of the art collections, offers prizes to pupils of the Metropolitan School of Art for sets of drawings from objects in the Dublin Public Galleries.

Colour Lithographs.

OUR artists have lagged conspicuously in lithography, for their private inspirations and individual expressions, as distinct from the public service of the hoardings. Only recently have they considerably employed this singularly valuable method of repeating their designs by colour-printing. A year or two ago, in its paternal wisdom, the Educational Department of the London County Council brought over to the Central School of Arts and Crafts a pretty large show of German lithographs, the work



Walls have Ears.
By S. Beatrice Pearse.



Counter Attractions.
By S. Beatrice Pearse.

of individual artists. We regarding the collection were liberally filled with a qualified admiration. At the hands of the German painters the resources of the craft seemed fairly tapped, its potentialities wonderfully exposed; a sufficient range of colour, fine subtlety and strong effects, all were seen within its scope. For this purpose of printing off a picture *ad lib.*, lithography has unrivalled assets. When, as in the case of the new quarterly, 'The Neolith,' the process is employed as any ordinary printer's press to print this wonderful script, this pure caligraphy, its *raison d'être* is questionable. At any rate, the somewhat studied archaism of the business to some appears affected; to others, merely tiresome for the eyes.

The assets of the process we can clearly see in the examples here "pulled" from some colour-lithographs by Miss S. B. Pearse, whose abilities—with her shortcomings—frankly look at us. Her sufficiencies are delightful, her deficiencies quite naïve. Her line is distinctly good in directness and intention: her sense of colour and design is pleasant. Her first artistic steps she learnt in the New Cross School of Art, learning to walk more staidly at the Royal College of Art. Miss Pearse's work is often seen in the pages of the *Sketch* and the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and in many works for children. American publishers too are awake to the quality of her work; from them she has received no small encouragement.



Springtime.

By S. Beatrice Pearse.

The Making of Carpets.—II.*

Methods of Weaving.

By Alexander Millar.

THE great variety of names by which modern carpets are designated for trade purposes is bewildering to the uninitiated, and gives the impression that the variety of fabrics is much greater than is really the case.

There are in the main seven distinct methods of weaving carpets, viz :—

I. Hand-knotting.
II. The Aubusson, or Arras tapestry method.
III. The Scotch, or Kidderminster method.
IV. The looped, or Brussels and Wilton method.
V. The chenille, or patent Axminster method.
VI. The Moquette method.
VII. The so-called "Tapestry" or printed warp method.

There are also a number of fabrics produced by the simplest forms of weaving, the pattern consisting merely of stripes or checks, and various forms of printed carpets, but to these space will not permit further reference.

Common to all the above classes, except the second, is the necessity for reducing the design to paper ruled in small squares. The rules which govern the construction of the designs will be briefly indicated hereafter.

The meaning of a few technical terms may be here explained.

The Warp means the threads which run lengthwise in the loom. The Weft is the thread or other material which is thrown to and fro across the warp. A Split is the open space between two threads of warp. A Shot means either (a) a single thread of warp thrown across, or (b) a complete row of pile, with its supporting weft threads. A Point means one of the small squares of the design on ruled paper. A Shed is the space beneath a raised row of warp threads through which the weft is passed. When the warp is upright, as in Classes I. and II., for "beneath," read "behind," and for "raised," "brought forward."

CLASS I.—*Hand-knotted fabrics.*—The weaving proper in these is of the simplest character, as will be seen in Diagram I. There are different methods of tying in the tufts of woollen yarn to form the pile; one of these being shown in the diagram. A short length of yarn is laid across two threads of warp, the ends bent downwards and inwards, and then brought up together in the middle. The two ends together form a tuft representing one "point" in the design, being squeezed into an approximately square shape by the pressure of adjacent tufts. The weaver first makes a short web of warp and weft alone, to form a hem. She then inserts a row of knots as shown, reading off from the design the number of tufts of each colour required. Then throwing the weft to and fro, she beats the whole close up to the hem with a heavy comb, and is ready for the next row.

In some cases, as in the Savonnerie carpets, made at the Gobelin factory, the woollen yarn, instead of being cut into short lengths, is in a continuous thread. After the first knot is made a rod is laid across the web, the thread is passed round this, forming a loop, another knot is tied, another loop made, and so on. When the row of loops is finished, the rod, which carries a knife at one end, is drawn out, cutting open the loops and forming a pile. There is another very primitive plan in which the loop is simply pulled up with a finger of the left hand, while the knot is made with the right. This seems slovenly and wasteful, as the loops must vary in height, and all must be cut down to the level of the smallest.

For this fabric, all that the designer has to bear in mind is that his details should be sufficiently bold to be satisfactorily represented on the requisite ruled paper. This is

* Continued from p. 25.

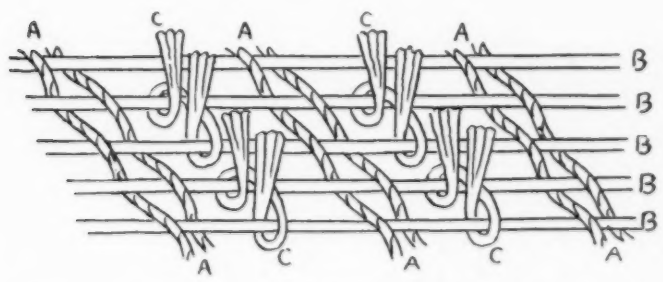
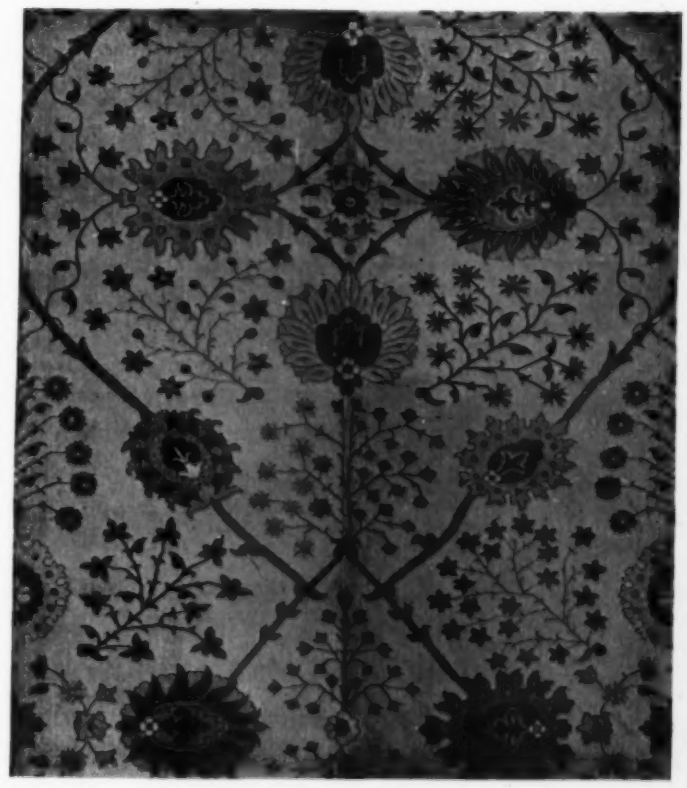
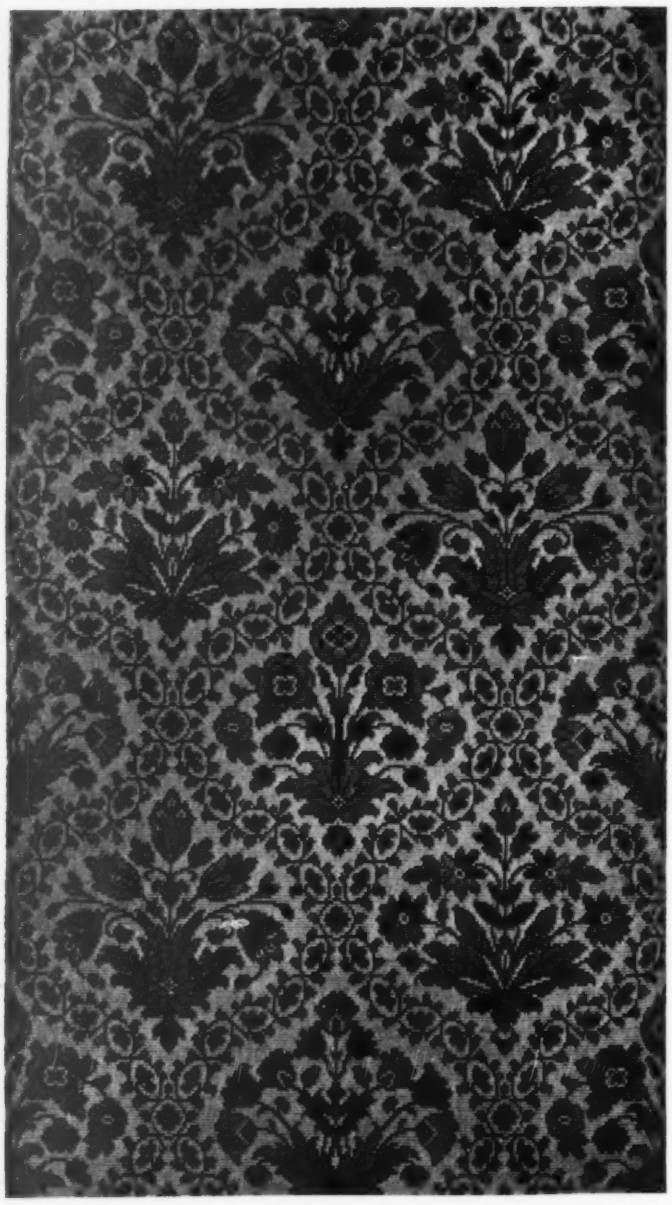


Diagram 1.—Showing one method of hand-knotting. B B are the warp threads; A A, the weft; C C, the tufts knotted round the warp.



13. By John Crossley & Sons.



14. By John Crossley & Sons.

usually rather coarse, varying from sixteen to thirty-six points to the square inch. The number of colours is unlimited, but each must be distinctly indicated. Exact repetition is not necessary, but in practice it is found to be convenient. All depends on the intelligence of the weaver. If she can be trusted to make slight variations of colour within prescribed limits, such as using any one of a selected set of shades for certain forms, the result will be more interesting. Obviously the amount of freedom given to the weaver is proportionate to the amount of artistic sense and skill she may possess.

The greater number of Oriental carpets are woven by this method. In this country the fabric has long been known as "real" Axminster, though no longer made in the town of that name. The Donegal carpets and those made in Sutherland and Caithness are of this class. The fabric is also being made, on a small scale—not always on commercial lines, but with a view to promoting peasant industry—at several places in Ireland. The fabrics produced are often excellent, but the designs and colouring are sometimes, probably through an undue striving after originality, out of touch with the taste of the cultivated portion of the buying public. These efforts are deserving of every sympathy and support, and much allowance must be made for enthusiasm and inexperience, but if

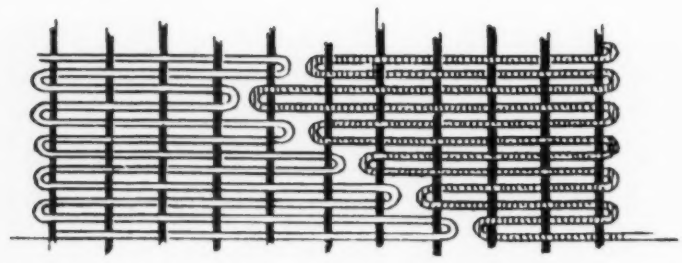


Diagram 2.—Showing the tapestry method, by which Aubusson carpets are woven.

they are to pay their way their promoters would do well to cater for the average man of means and taste, to whom they must look as a purchaser of their necessarily costly products.

Class II.—*Carpets made by the method of Arras tapestry.*—The distinctive feature of this, which is perhaps the most ancient method of producing a pattern in a woven fabric, is that the woollen weft threads, which completely hide the warp and form the design, are not carried right across the warp, but to and fro across small portions of it. It is in fact a sort of darning, and is the method by which the Gobelin and Morris tapestries are woven. Diagram II. shows the essential features of the structure, which is quite as simple as that last described, both being well within the powers of any amateur.

Aubusson carpets, which are simply tapestries laid on the floor, are the principal European representatives of this class; and of Oriental carpets, the fabric known as Kelim is woven in the same way. No carpets on this plan are made in this country, probably because the fabric, while costly, is at the same time too thin and meagre for a floor covering in our climate. It may be said here that the so-called "tapestry" carpeting described in Class VII., and a so-called Aubusson, which is merely an American name for one grade of Class VI., have no resemblance in any way to real Aubusson carpets.

Class III.—*Carpets of the make known as "Scotch" or "Kidderminster."*—This resembles the last in being a rather thin fabric, without pile, but the mode of weaving is quite different. Both warp and weft are used on the surface, a feature peculiar to this class. The pattern is produced by a highly complicated interweaving of these, the possible combinations of which are endless. Some idea of the structure of the fabric will be got from Diagram III. a longitudinal section of one of its simplest forms. It will be seen that where there is no change of colour there are two separate webs, each complete in itself and separable from the other. This peculiarity has an important influence upon the design, which must be so arranged that there shall be as much crossing and interlacing as possible, to bind the two webs into one. As a rule the best results are got by the use of closely related colours, which minimises the speckled effect arising from this interlacing. Strong contrasts of colour almost inevitably

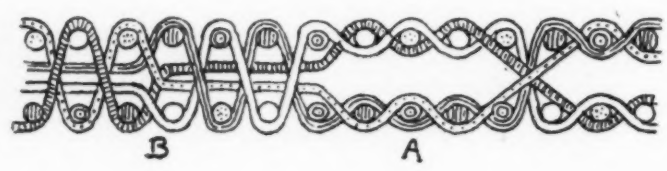
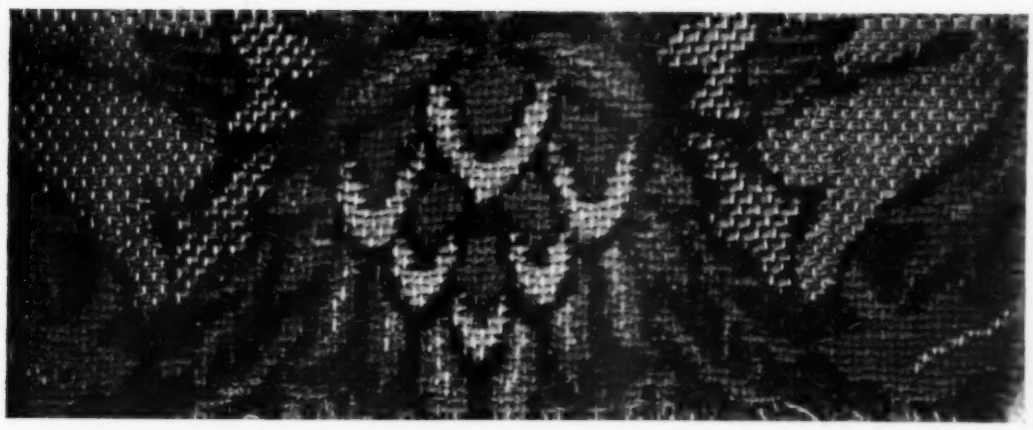


Diagram 3.—Showing the structure of a "two-ply" Kidderminster carpet in longitudinal section. At A the two webs are separate. At B they are interwoven. The small circles represent sections of the weft threads.



Interplay of Warp and Weft, by which various colour effects are obtained.

produce a scratchy effect, though in the hands of a designer who is also an expert in weaving, this can be turned to good account. This is essentially a weaver's carpet, and the ordinary designer will do well to confine himself to simple self-colour effects. The artistic possibilities of this fabric were largely developed by the late William Morris, who did much to revive its use. He preferred a variety known as three-ply, in which there are three separate webs instead of two. The reproduction, above, of a portion of this will show the interplay of warp and weft by which various colour effects are obtained.

In this class and the next the necessary raising and lowering of the warp threads is governed by the Jacquard machine, of which there is not space for a detailed description; this can be found in any work of reference, such as the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It is sufficient to say that for each "point" in the design a hole is punched in a piece of mill-board. This, in the loom, is pressed against the ends of a group of thin rods, each of which is connected with a warp thread. Where there are holes the corresponding rods pass through, and the warp threads connected with them are raised. In some forms of the machine the action is the reverse of this, but the principle is the same.

Class IV.—*Looped Surface Fabrics.*—In this important group the pattern is formed by a warp of worsted threads, which make a looped surface, as in Brussels carpeting, or a pile, formed by cutting the loops, as in Wilton. Although these two fabrics are so different in appearance, they are woven in precisely the same way. There is a framework of strong threads, the warp of which has as many "splits" as there are "points" across the design. In each of these lie, usually, five worsted threads of various colours, and the series of these across the loom forms five layers or strata of threads, called "frames," from the fact that the bobbins from which they proceed are hung in frames at the end of the loom. In each "split," any one, but only one, of the five threads can be raised in preparation for each "shot." This is done by the prearranged action of the Jacquard. One thread out of each "split," the whole set corresponding in colour to the "points" of one row of the design, is raised, forming a "shed." A wire is passed under them, they then descend, forming loops over the wire, a shot is thrown across to bind them, a fresh selection of threads is raised, and so on. Thus each row of loops is a reproduction of a row of "points" across the design.

Wilton carpeting is made in the same way, but the wire is oval, giving a deeper loop and allowing of closer packing. It has a knife at its end, which, when the wire is drawn out, cuts the loop, forming a pile. The difference in richness of colour between the looped and the cut surface, when the same worsted is used, is surprising. In the Brussels a certain amount of white light is reflected from the loop, diluting the colour, while in the Wilton the inter-reflection between the vertical threads deepens and intensifies it. Advantage can be taken of this by making a surface partly looped, partly cut, giving two colour effects, but this is not now in use for carpets.

In the foregoing description the design is supposed to contain five colours only. Additional colours can be sparingly introduced by what is called "planting." One or more of the frames is broken up into stripes, so arranged that they will lie in those parts of the fabric where patches of additional colour have been arranged for in the design. Suppose the colours of a pattern to be black and three shades of green all over, with red and yellow flowers at intervals. The fifth frame is composed of red and



15. By H. & M. Southwell.

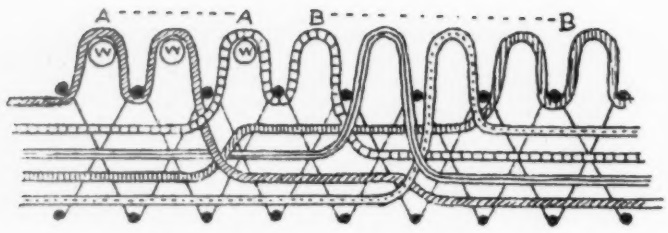


Diagram 4.—Showing in a longitudinal section of a Brussels carpet how the variously-coloured worsted threads are successively brought to the surface. At A A the wires, W W, are shown in position; at B B they have been removed.

yellow stripes, the threads of which are brought up when they are wanted, by the selective action of the Jacquard. Obviously these colours must be used sparingly, otherwise the patches will run into unintentional stripes. Carpets, from the foreshortening to which they are subjected when in use, are more liable than other fabrics to show this defect.

Diagram IV., representing a longitudinal section of a Brussels carpet, will show how the threads are successively brought to the surface as required. The illustration below represents actual threads taken from a carpet and roughly arranged above a strip of the design which they reproduce. It will be seen that where there is a gap in the looped portion of any thread it is filled by a loop or loops from one or more of the others.

Fabrics of this class have the disadvantage, in common with Class I., that a large part of the worsted used is buried in the back, and is not subjected to wear at all. When the carpet is worn threadbare the worsted is still there intact. It assists the wearing power of the carpet by forming an elastic cushion at the back, but a less costly material than dyed worsted would do this work equally well.

There are several varieties of this fabric made under different names, but they are all practically identical in structure, the difference being in the material used. "Saxony" carpeting, for instance, is made of worsted spun in such a way as to give a more granular and less lustrous surface than Wilton.

Class V.—*Chenille or "Victorian" Axminster.*—This is entirely different from any other method, and is in some respects the most complicated, as it involves two separate processes of weaving. The pile is formed by a chenille or "fur," which is made as follows:—

In a simple loom the warp is composed of threads arranged in groups with open spaces between. (See Diagram V.) The number of these groups is that of the strips of chenille required. A single row of points across the design is first dealt with. The weaver, provided with shuttles each containing one of the colours to be used, sees that the design begins

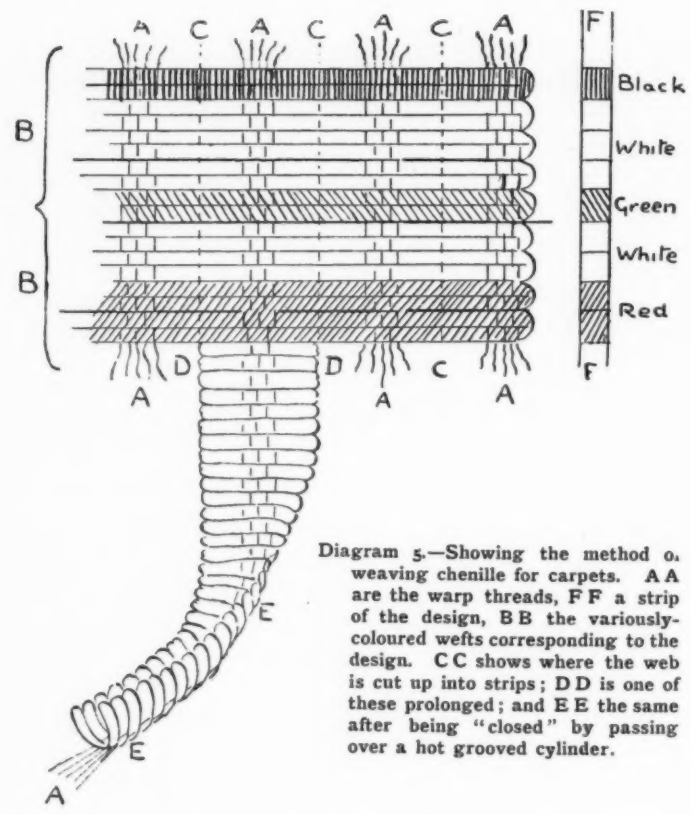
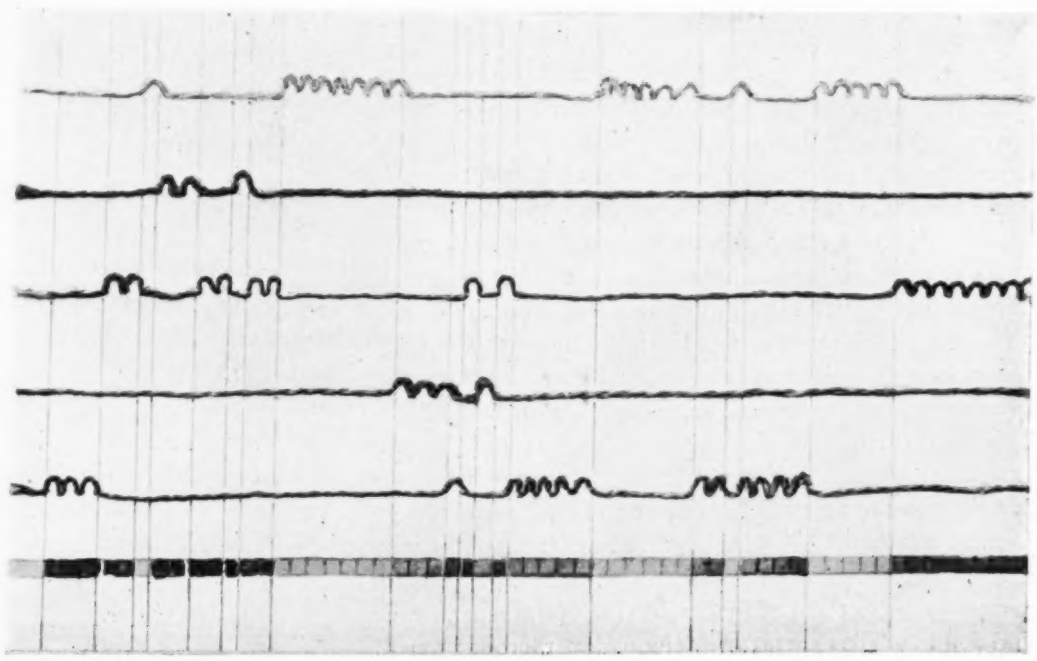


Diagram 5.—Showing the method of weaving chenille for carpets. A A are the warp threads, F F a strip of the design, B B the variously-coloured wefts corresponding to the design. C C shows where the web is cut up into strips; D D is one of these prolonged; and E E the same after being "closed" by passing over a hot grooved cylinder.

with two points of red. She takes the corresponding shuttle and weaves it to and fro until the web produced has a length equal to these two points. (Note that in the diagram four rows of weft are represented as sufficient for this, but in practice the number is usually at least twice as great.) She next takes up the shuttle containing white, and continues the web to the additional length of two points of this colour. Proceeding in this way, she builds up a web, any longitudinal section of which is a reproduction in colour of the strip of design being dealt with. This web is next cut up into strips at the dotted lines C C. These strips are at first flat, with a sort of backbone in the centre and projecting ribs as shown at D D. They are then passed over a grooved heated roller which turns the ribs upwards till



Threads taken from a Brussels carpet and roughly arranged above a strip of the design which they reproduce. It will be seen that where there is a gap in the looped portion of any thread it is filled by a loop or loops from one or more of the others.

the chenille assumes the U form shown at E E. We have now got a strip of chenille, a duplicate of the first row of the design, with its threads all turned upwards, ready to form a row of pile in the carpet. All the other strips are prepared in the same way, and when these are laid side by side they reproduce the design. This is done in the second weaving process, in which a strong backing is made, with an additional warp of fine strong threads. At each "shot" this warp is raised, the strip of chenille is placed under it, adjusted in position by hand, combed up to prevent any pile threads being caught by the warp, which is then lowered, a shot of weft is thrown across over it, and the chenille is firmly bound in position. In practice the chenille is so woven as to form a continuous strip which can be passed to and fro.

In this fabric there is no limitation to the number of colours. I have known as many as 150 shuttles to be used by one weaver, but this is an extreme case, and a very much smaller number, say from twenty to forty, is sufficient to produce the best colour effects. The grades of quality are numerous, and each requires a special ruled paper for itself, a fact which intending designers will do well to note. The fabric varies in fineness of texture from three rows to sixteen rows to the inch, and the points are seldom square, but vary according to the size of the worsted threads. This fabric has the advantage, in common with Classes I. and II., that it can be woven in one piece, without seam, of practically any size or shape. In such cases, where



17. By James Humphries & Sons.

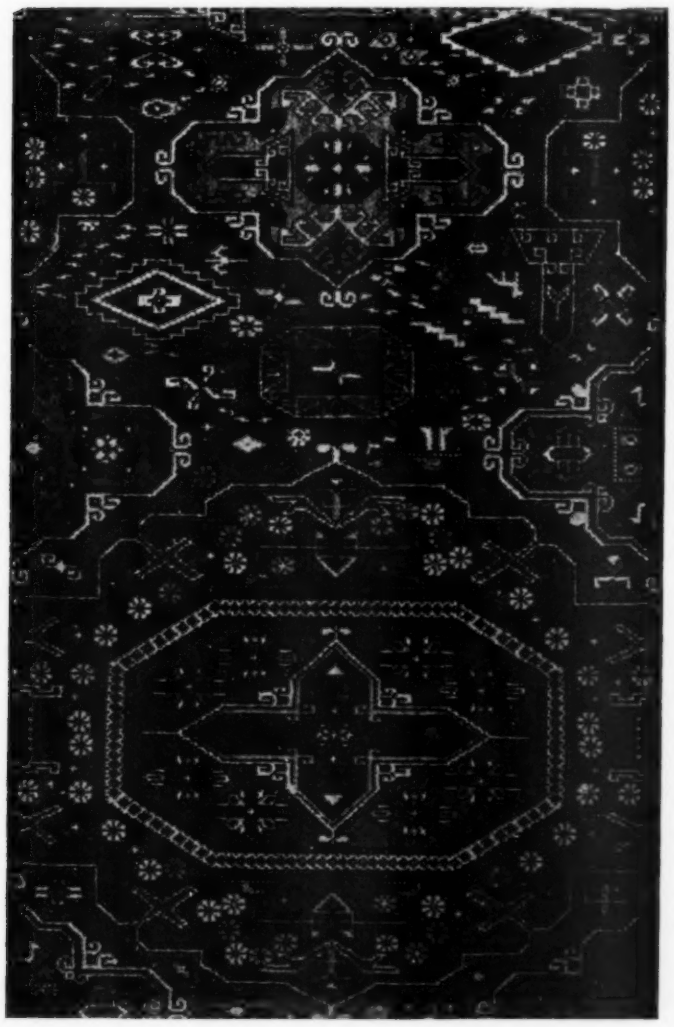
a single carpet is required, the final weaving is entirely done by hand. The so-called "Parquet" carpets are of this make, as well as nearly all the hearthrugs and mats which are made in this country.

In that usually accurate work the *Century Dictionary*, the paragraph on carpets contains a number of incorrect statements, one of which, describing this fabric, is—"the pattern is dyed in the chenille itself." The writer is apparently confusing this with the "tapestry" or printed warp method, described in Class VII. In the chenille fabric the yarns are dyed separately before the chenille is woven.

Class VI.—*The Moquette Method.*—I adopt this name as that which was originally given to the fabric in France, the country of its origin. As to the meaning of the term, Littré's Dictionary gives "origine inconnue."

Its essential feature is the insertion of rows of tufts, of a length sufficient to form a pile, in a simple framework of warp and weft. This is done as follows:—

As in Class V., a single row of "points" across the design is first dealt with. A bobbin or spool, whose length is the same as the width of the fabric, has attached to it a series of short projecting tubes, one for each "point" in the design. Woollen threads, each corresponding in colour to these points—are passed through the tubes and wound round the spool, leaving the ends projecting from the tubes. This row of tufts corresponds with the first row of "points" across the design. (See Diagram VI.) Similar spools are prepared



16. By H. & M. Southwell.



18. By Alexander Morton & Co.

for all the other rows, and these spools are then fixed in series in the loom, forming an endless chain, so arranged that each projecting row of tufts is presented in turn just above the place where a thread of weft has been thrown across the warp. The tufts are seized by a row of nippers, drawn out to the proper length, and cut off. The nippers then bend downwards and place the tufts in position, one in each "split" of the warp. A shot of weft is next thrown across, partially binding the tufts in their place. At this stage the tufts are straight, one end being in its final position, the other projecting at the back (See Diagram VII.). These ends are next, by a series of mechanical fingers, bent round the shot of warp, so that they take a U shape, and thus form a complete row of tufts of pile. Another shot binds these and the process is complete; the succeeding rows are added in the same way, a fresh spool being presented for each row of pile. Omitting some minor details and variations of this method, the foregoing describes its essential features. Though the loom in which all these movements are co-ordinated is a very complicated piece of mechanism, the fabric is exceedingly simple, and it seems to be the last word on the subject of carpet weaving. There is no waste of valuable material, as in the fabrics of Classes I. and IV., and only one weaving process as compared with Class V. Its only drawback, if it can be so described, is that, as the preparation of the bobbins is a tedious and expensive process, involving exactly the same amount of labour whether the quantity prepared for be large or small, it must, if it is to be profitable, be made in large quantities of each design and colour. This fact has its reflex action on designing for this fabric, which, to ensure a market, must usually be of a character to appeal to the multitude. It does not lend itself to the needs of the dilettanti, who want their own ideas carried out. This, indeed, is true of all makes of carpet, except Classes I. and II. Special orders, emanating from the class referred to, are the despair of manufacturers, to whom they are a serious source of loss. The case is precisely analogous to that of a printer who should be asked to set up type for a dozen copies of a book, and expected to make the price for each the same as if a large edition were printed. Those who insist on having their own ideas carried out

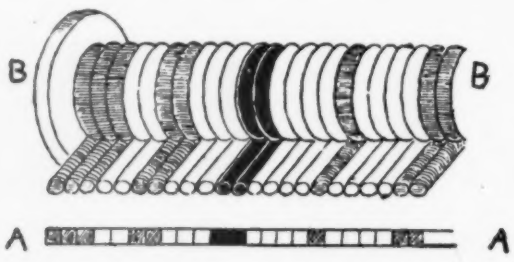


Diagram 6 shows the distinctive feature of the moquette method of weaving. A A is part of a strip of the design. B B is the "spool" round which are wound woollen threads, each of which corresponds in colour to one "point" in the design. The tubes through which the threads pass are omitted for the sake of clearness.



19. By Tomkinson & Adam.

should be prepared to pay very much more than the ordinary price. And, be it noted, this has nothing to do with the question of machine-made *v.* hand-made carpets. If all looms were, as formerly, worked by hand, the difficulty would be precisely the same. In all machine processes there is a great deal of preparation to be done by hand before the loom can get to work, and if the expense of this is not spread over a large product, the cost is greatly increased. In Class IV. there is the tying in of some 1,300 separate threads, in Class V., the weaving of a few strips of chenille when a large number could be woven at the same time and cost, and in Class VI., the preparation of a large number of spools as above described. In addition to this there is the special dyeing of a large number of colours in small quantities, and often the preparation of special working designs, as well as a much larger percentage of waste and other items of cost. If purchasers could see what the carrying out of their ideas involves, they would think twice before giving such orders; carpet dealers also cannot be absolved from blame, when they fail to explain these facts fully to their customers.

The conditions as to the possible number of colours are the same as in Class V. The ruled paper varies for different grades, seven points to the linear inch being a usual ruling.

CLASS VII.—*So-called "Tapestry" or printed warp carpeting.*—This method has no resemblance whatever to the original mode of tapestry weaving described in Class II. The fabric has a looped surface, like that of Brussels carpeting, but the pattern is produced in a totally different way. There is only one frame, the threads of which are stained in consecutive sections, so calculated that when they are gathered up into loops they occupy the same space as in the original design. This is shown in Diagram VIII. The difference between this and Brussels will be seen on comparing it with Diagram IV. As a result of this method, the colours run into one another where they join, producing the slight blurring which is characteristic of this fabric. The number of colours used is unlimited.

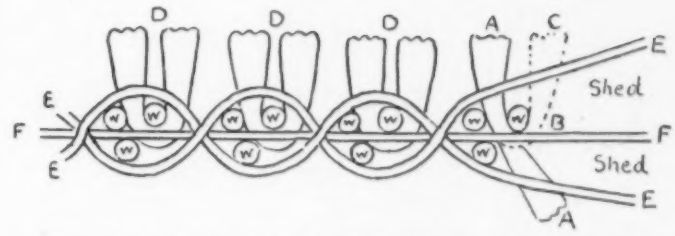
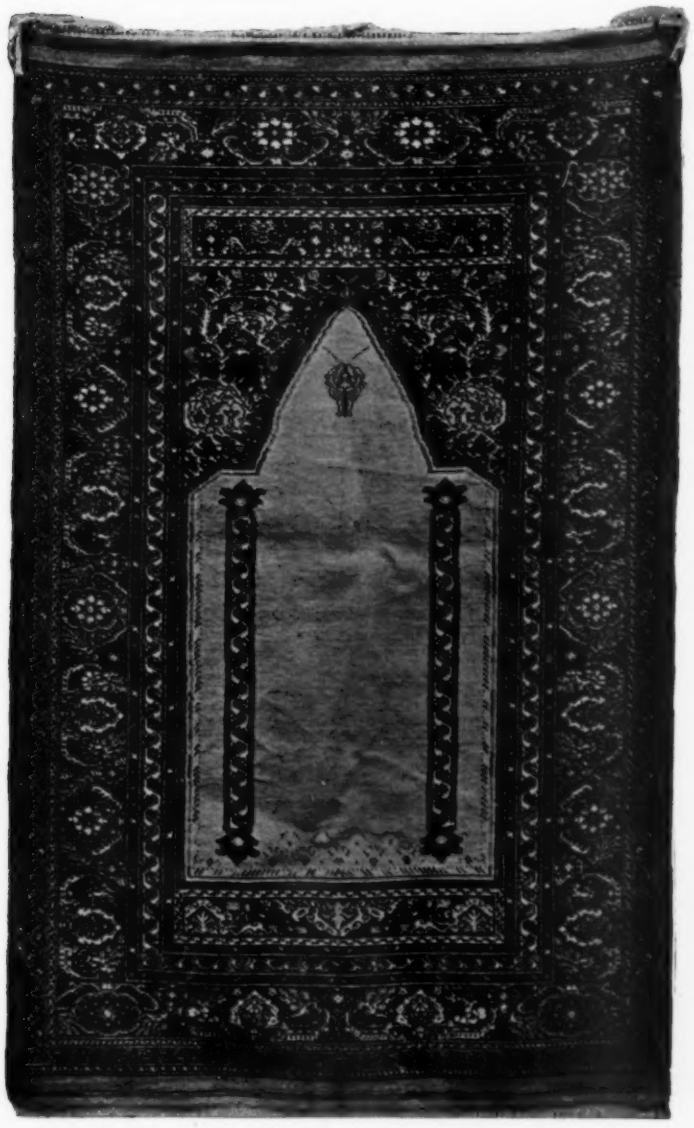


Diagram 7.—Showing in longitudinal section the structure of a moquette carpet. A A is a tuft when first inserted. A B C shows its final position. D D D are completed tufts. W W are cross-sections of the weft. E E is the "chain" warp which binds all together. F F is the "dead" warp which does not rise or sink, and which keeps the carpet from stretching.

A variety of pile carpeting is made on this plan by cutting the loops, the fabric bearing the same relation to "tapestry" that "Wilton" does to Brussels.

This fabric was originally made of very good quality, but as it lends itself to the production of showy effects at a low price, it has been cheapened by competition, so that the higher grades are not now made. This is to be regretted, as it has great possibilities both in fabric and design. It avoids the wastefulness of Class IV., indeed it originated in a desire to get rid of that feature. Its hard backing is a disadvantage in wear, but this could easily be remedied if extreme cheapness were disregarded.



20. By James Templeton & Co.

It will be noticed that the designs which illustrate this series of articles are mainly of an Oriental character, copies or rearrangements of familiar types of Eastern ornament. This is not the result of any prepossession in making the selection. It rather arises from a process of elimination, a large number of designs of great technical merit having been passed over because, whatever their good points in other respects, they were lacking in that first essential of a floor covering, flatness of treatment.

No. 13 is, in the original, a very bold, effective arrangement of the type in which the interest is derived from the contrast of large quasi-floral masses with smaller branching sprays. But this design loses much of its effect through being necessarily shown on a small scale, as, in the original, the design extends over two widths. No. 14 is a successful attempt at breaking away from the mere copying of historic forms. The ogee framework, which is not too obtrusive, is an eminently safe arrangement for a carpet, though it generally involves the drawback, as in this case, of requiring that the groups of flowers shall all point in one direction. No. 15 is an excellent reproduction of a variant of the well-known pine motive, and in No. 16 an arrangement of angular ornament, which is usually found only in small rugs,

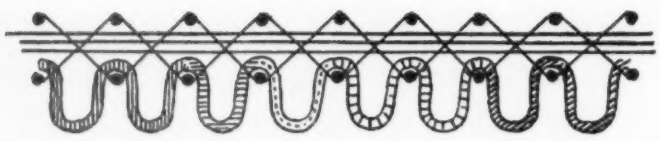


Diagram 8 represents a longitudinal section of a "tapestry" carpet, showing how one worsted thread carries all the colours, being stained in sections.

has been cleverly adapted so as to form a well-distributed repeating design. The same may be said of No. 17. In the illustration the diamond form is somewhat aggressive, but in the original the well-balanced, colour brings the whole into proper relation. No. 18 is an example of what can be done in the way of producing a carpet suitable for a room decorated in the Adam style without the use of shaded ornament, or with this element reduced to a minimum. The simplicity of the type makes this an easier matter than a similar problem in one of the earlier Renaissance styles. No. 19 is a very excellent example of the adaptation of Oriental forms to modern manufacturing requirements. Though the principal figure is so large and the repeat comparatively short, the whole is so well balanced that there is no feeling of undue repetition. The fine colour scheme of the original contributes towards this result. No. 20 is a copy of an Oriental rug, which reproduces not only the fine colour, but the unusually close texture of the original. Though frankly offered as a copy, and in no way intended to deceive, this and others of its class have more than once, even by experts, been taken for originals. To anticipate possible criticism, it may be contended that such reproductions are as legitimate in their way as copies of paintings produced by colour-printing.

Designers and others who may wish to have fuller information on technical points will find it in the *Journal of the Royal Society of Arts*, for March 29, 1895, No. 2210, vol. xliii. Also in the article on Carpets in the book entitled *Practical Designing*, published by Messrs. Bell and Son.

Thomas Creswick, R.A., and Mid-Victorian Landscape Painters.

By C. Collins Baker.

REFLECTIVE visitors might easily be excused a little wonder if in any of our public gaileries they fell to musing on the strange case of David Cox, of Constable, and Turner. Other masters, too, could ply them liberally with some such wonder: Girtin, for instance, or De Wint, Cotman, or the greatest Norwich man. But these in this particular connection are not really so remarkable, leaving behind them, as they did, some immediate mark upon their successors. The others, on the contrary, with their extraordinary revelations of Nature's size and illimitable light, her tempests, and her sunniness—what, our visitors well might ask, came of them? Well, to put this question in the fullest light for our inspection, we must turn up the dates of these masters' deaths—Constable's in 1837, Turner's in 1851, and David Cox's in 1859, and then look to the practical pre-eminence attained within the next decade by a sort of landscape that was at the extremest pole of opposition. Thus, fairly perched high in the popular esteem, we look back at Thomas Creswick, such men as E. W. Cooke, and Vicat Cole; at the budding fame of Mr. Leader, and that full blossom of Birket Foster's vogue, for the first bid for whose exhibits we hear of queues waiting until the exhibition doors were opened. And at this time we can see, looking back to that, how the great body of English taste in art was nursed, not by the extraordinary and grand tradition founded by the masters I have mentioned, but rather on the mild diet set out for it by Vicat Cole, and Creswick, Foster, and Mr. Leader. Of course one would not say that these gentlemen entirely carried English Art to its consummate pitch: obscurely, in comparison, existed after Cox's death George Mason, who fructified that charming school of North, and Walker, and George Pinwell. There were, too, those men of such high promise and ideal, Cecil Lawson and the veteran George Cole; and undoubtedly John Gilbert did his copious best to keep alive the flame of spacious and dramatic grandeur in landscape painting. But, after all, we see that they could show but, as it were, an oil-lamp glimmer within the gaslight radiance of the other school, which lit the street so pleasantly for the steps of English art and taste, and so prettily illumined English homes. Our inspection, then, of this our visitors' question will show us that, risen from the charred sticks of the old Dutch convention, the splendid burst of landscape-painting which reached its zenith with Crome and Constable, with Cox and Turner was, within a few years of its prime, replaced by a school so different, that really it is difficult to recognise it as compatriot and coæval. And we shall remember that all recent French painting—you might say, all European Art to-day—has come from the men who stepped through the doors that Bonington, John Constable, and Turner opened for them. Whereas our largely national and academic taste has sprung from the offspring of the old Dutch tradition and Pre-Raphaelism.

It were not, perhaps, out of season now, when this particular era of our art seems to suffer somewhat from the swinging pendulum of favour (at South Kensington, in fact, the gallery policeman cannot, for his pension, offhand tell if a Creswick hangs within his guardianship), to consider briefly this foundation of our taste, its antecedents and Early Victorian environment. At the birth of what I have loosely termed the child of Dutch convention and Pre-Raphaelism two pretty jaded traditions were, as we say, dying hard. The classic school of landscape which Richard Wilson so statelily had brought in with him from Rome had very nearly run its course, when for his first manner Crome



SCENE ON THE TUMMEL, PERTHSHIRE.

BY T. CRESWICK, R.A.

looked to it. It lingered painfully, indeed, even to those forties of which men talk, in the brushes of James O'Connor and the very mannered Barrett, junior. His latest phase, as a matter of fact, shows a considerable idea of naturalistic beauty, especially in skies. The leaders of this particular company—such a man, for instance, as Paul Sandby, were really exponents of a fine inspiration and austere dignity, and even for the rank and file we can say that, with all their artificiality, their effete classicism if you will, they yet attempted some high thing, throwing round their feeble art a sort of dim dignity that at least mitigated its frayed aspect. The other dying tradition was the Dutch, or rather the Anglo-Dutch, which reached so perfect an appearance in the hands of the Scotsman Nasmyth, neatly called by our delightful label, "the English Hobbema." This painter had certainly absorbed the Amsterdam master's style completely, effectually precluding any individual outlook. Now Callcott, on the other hand, at times threw off the chilling Netherland obsession, and at his best touched the high note of beautiful imagination we may call Turneresque, and reached that tranquil, solemn breadth we associate with Corot or Daubigny. At his least entertaining, however, his art seems chill and formal. Of that period one rather isolated master, who drew his inspiration, it would seem, from Rubens, calls for a word. This is James Ward, whose work now strikes us as impelled by a vast movement, by an extraordinary driving-power. In its way epic is his 'Regent's Park,' a landscape of astounding awe. Seldom has any sky so impressively interpreted the passionate omen of sunset, nor is it likely that any cattle-piece so wonderfully achieves the due subordination of mortal animals to the overwhelming might of Nature. Though Ward's landscapes at times lack the sense of plane and atmosphere, yet always they are filled with an ambitious immensity.

The landscape of Pre-Raphaelism, as influencing our ideas, played a great part and made a vogue for smallness. It has often been laid upon the critical table, and not unnaturally has been cut about. The critics who would make the utmost of it hold that we owe to those intrepid brethren our recognition of Nature's out-door light. The other party make the point that all our subsequent artistic failings lie at the door of those misguided, well-intentioned youths. Well, it seems likely that both sides have peppered their opinions with some truth and salted them with error. It is very clear that the Pre-Raphaelites never approached the out-door light and air of, say, David Cox, whereas they certainly brought in with them a sense of clear bright colour. For these things are distinct. What of clarity and brilliant hue they gained, they lost of Nature's harmony and diffused light; seeking for the insulated brightness of each leaf, they missed the sense of subduing atmosphere. Now, a painter of that time, who while he flew no violent flag, yet set his easel on the outskirts of their camp, was Mark Anthony, a follower of Madox Brown's. His view of sun-filled Nature seems to me more real than that of Holman Hunt. A good example of his work was recently exhibited in Messrs. Shepherd's gallery, painted in 1849. Of actual sunlight it would be hard to find a more convincing exposition, the sunny places in the canvas fairly glow and sparkle at us. The shadows only, as, too, we shall note in Creswick's work, fail in their conviction, being of that unillumined dull-hued tone which generally stamps the pre-Impressionist art. Honourable exceptions of course there are, notably in Cotman's wonderfully luminous painting. Germane to both these questions, the sunlight of nature achieved in English art before Pre-Raphaelism, and the melancholy brown convention of the shadows, is a picture by J. Chalon, at South Kensington, painted in 1815, named 'Village Gossips.' Herein, beneath a sky of fine ragged breadth of atmosphere, akin somewhat to Morland's splendid skies, we see a village street bathed in golden light; a carter's boy, with his horses standing on the edge of the foreground shadow-mass, tell against this glow with an extraordinary sense of refracted glare and luminosity, remarkably anticipating later revelations. But the heavy clayey shadow-mass presents us with the spectacle of this painter half-way towards the problem of Impressionism caught by the heel by tight convention.

As for the general question of our debt to Pre-Raphaelism, the answer lies in the particular school with which now we are concerned—the school that filled our Early and Mid-Victorian Art. The generation that preceded, languishing through the protracted seed-time of the old classic and Dutch styles, parlously needed a renaissance, and for us now the amazing puzzle is the strangeness of the re-birth eventually selected. There our painters were with, at their doors, the highway down which so gloriously had passed Bonington and Constable, Turner and David Cox, hurrying in whose steps were all the men of Barbizon. But our



(By permission of the Trustees of the Royal Holloway College.)

Trentside.
By T. Creswick, R.A.



(By permission of Messrs. Shepherd Bros.)

An Old Country Churchyard.

By Mark Anthony.

landscape men—our Lees and Cookes, our Creswicks, Millais, Vicat Cole, and Birket Foster—all chose the path that turned off from the vast problems of light and atmosphere and the expression of grand phenomena towards pretty bits and focussed detail. It is in that path that, at any corner, you expect to come upon the landscape photographer, whose camera is futile for the ranging heights of Constable and Turner.

Thomas Creswick seems to us a very good exponent of the English art and taste of Early and Mid-Victorian times. His work is never great, and nearly always has a pleasant charm: it expresses, in its placid way, more gentle prettiness and serene atmosphere than any of its fellows. Born in 1811, he was an Associate by 1842, a full member in 1851. He died in 1869, comparatively but middle-aged. His earlier work presents to us a complication. The 'Land's End' that hangs in the Victoria and Albert Museum was painted in 1842, and it is as conscientiously dull a seascape as any in that gallery. It is painted with extraordinary mechanical tightness from inch to inch. Its main interest lies in the accuracy of the rocky foreground, a subject of which Creswick acquired a knowledge scientific rather than artistic, and in its strange variance from 'A Summer's Afternoon' of two years later. For this striking example travelled for its inspiration back to the solemn tone and almost to the classic sentiment of Wilson or Paul Sandby, whereas the earlier work shows a hard prosaic vision that strikes us like a photograph. 'A Summer's Afternoon' has a sense of glowing light and sombre chiaroscuro that, combining, impress us with a poetic mystery and largeness. His later work, of which here examples are reproduced, for its part, reverts to the 'Land's End' rather than the other.

Some people rather "nastily" impugn the value of the Diploma Gallery, charging to our Academicians the "slimness" of fobbing off on that compulsory collection some trifle thrown off after lunch. Creswick's Diploma work is not in his best vein; it has a certain pleasant lighting, but the deadest sense of colour. The trees and the rocky foreground too well illustrate the liney quality of his method and his outlook. Comparing the clayey unlit appearance of his mechanically outlined crags with those wonderful rocks we see in David Cox's water-colours bathed in sunny atmosphere and so devoid of little cracks and edges, this point quite easily we can take home. On the other hand, his pictures in the Royal Holloway College gallery are far more cheering. There hang 'The First Glimpse of the Sea' of 1850, and 'Trentside' of some ten years later. The former, in the writer's opinion, marks his full tide, filled as it is with a high air of placid beauty and serene soft atmosphere. The middle distance, stretching far and dimly through the sunny haze, at last reaches the shining line of sea; the charming feeling everywhere of spacious height and clear-lit morning, and finally the golden sunniness that steeps the mill, throw on us a pleasant spell. For these we overlook the failings of the detail and the shadow mass. The later work, exhibited eight years before his death, has less of the charming atmosphere and golden expanse, but a more ambitious composition. This 'Trentside' has a finer sense of colour than is usual in this painter and his following. The silvery rich colour of the water is peculiarly



Painted by J. Seymour Lucas R.A.

Etched by B. Marsden Hudson ARE

Flirtation.

satisfactory. This placid stream, accomplished with a loving, conscientious care very different from the sloppy paintiness we nowadays affect, reaches altogether a higher plane than the work of that school: it is, in its way, a beautiful interpretation of the pearly liquid surface, and the still reflections. The water reflects as does water, fully yet liquidly: not with thin sharpness as does a looking-glass. Beyond the stream, bathed in a pleasant mellow light, a grassy slope extends through the peaceful golden light. The trees, and here and there small objects, bring down our soaring admiration: they are hard and spotty, laboriously worked. Indeed, on the whole, Creswick as a technician strikes us as timid; his painting has a scratchy thinness with no sort of zest in it. Such a technique is wonderfully perpetuated by Mr. Leader, whose handling of leafless twigs and foliage admirably reproduces the older painter's. Mr. Leader's understanding of the surface appearance of water is, on the contrary, inferior to Creswick's. He, at his best, threw out the brightest light of his particular school, and, as I have said, with F. R. Lee, Sidney Cooper, and E. W. Cooke lit the way for English art and popular taste. Undoubtedly these men, combining the old Dutch dryness and smallness of vision with the brighter light and colour, and similar outlook, of Pre-Raphaelism, set on its legs the sort of landscape that vastly tickled the palate of the day. The pretty clearness of it all, and its pedestrian ambition, in no way taxed the comprehension of a public which, as we know, was often puzzled by Constable or Turner. Then again, the idea our Mid-Victorian painters gave of grasses and dock leaves or sticks satisfied the taste that was shocked at Cox's want of "finish." Birket Foster ably helped on the good work, and Vicat Cole, a man of wider possibilities, assiduously lent his hand to it. Then, of course, Mr. Leader, whose first hit, more than fifty years ago, was 'Cottage Children blowing Bubbles,' has wonderfully kept up their great success.



(By permission of the Trustees of the Royal Holloway College.)

The First Glimpse of the Sea.
By T. Creswick, R.A.

'Flirtation.'

Etched by E. Marsden Wilson, A.R.E., after the Picture by J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.

MR. JOHN SEYMOUR LUCAS, born in London in December, 1849, ranks as one of the most accomplished antiquarian painters in the Academy. He is a nephew of the portrait painter, John Lucas, and, after being apprenticed to a wood-carver and sculptor, exhibited when he was sixteen, at the Society of Arts, a group of 'Wallace at the Battle of Stirling' carved out of a solid block of wood. That led to his being apprenticed to his cousin, John Templeton Lucas, the genre painter, after which, at the age of twenty-one, he entered the Academy Schools. Not a single year has passed since 1872 without his being represented at the Academy, and were a plebiscite of visitors taken, there is no doubt that a huge number would vote for this skilled pictorialiser of anecdote, and of the manners and costumes of a vanished past. The many fine pictures brought together by Sir Richard Wallace, and now, fortunately, the property of the nation, include some excellent examples of the highly-wrought art of Meissonier. In 1874, or thereabouts, Mr. Lucas fell under their spell, and no doubt emulated some of the qualities of the Frenchman. The eighteenth century subject we reproduce suggests the fact, too, that he has looked admiringly towards John Pettie. Mr. Lucas was elected to associateship in 1886; to full membership in 1898. As will be recalled, it was to him that the King gave the commission to paint the commemorative picture of the 'Reception of the Moorish Ambassadors' at St. James' Palace in the summer of 1901, and the resultant work was seen in the postage-stamp room at Burlington House the following year. Few, if any, living British artists have studied more closely the costumes of certain periods, and it is very difficult for the most expert to discover incongruities in Mr.

Lucas' pictures in this respect. In his studio he preserves for work purposes many interesting specimens of dress and of arms and armour. 'Flirtation,' presented as an etching by Mr. E. Marsden Wilson, an associate of the Painter-Etchers, is a typical example of Mr. Lucas' ability to compass a veracious and agreeable ensemble of a scene necessarily reconstructed from fragments of accumulated knowledge.

Ivy.*

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

IN the last article some mention was made of the commoner evergreens of our woodlands, but one of the commonest of all was not referred to. Ivy (*Hedera helix*) in one or other of its forms is practically ubiquitous, it is found in wood and hedgerow, on trees, on buildings and on the ground; it is at home in the open country and in the heart of London. As far as towns go, ivy has been somewhat ousted by the *Ampelopsis* which is now so generally planted and is so much advocated for its rapid growth and so much admired for its autumn tints. The ivy has, however, the advantage of being evergreen, and it protects the walls it covers, in their time of greatest need of protection, whereas the *Ampelopsis* by shedding its leaves offers little resistance to the wintry weather in its attack on brick and stone and mortar.

* Nature Study Series; continued from page 90.



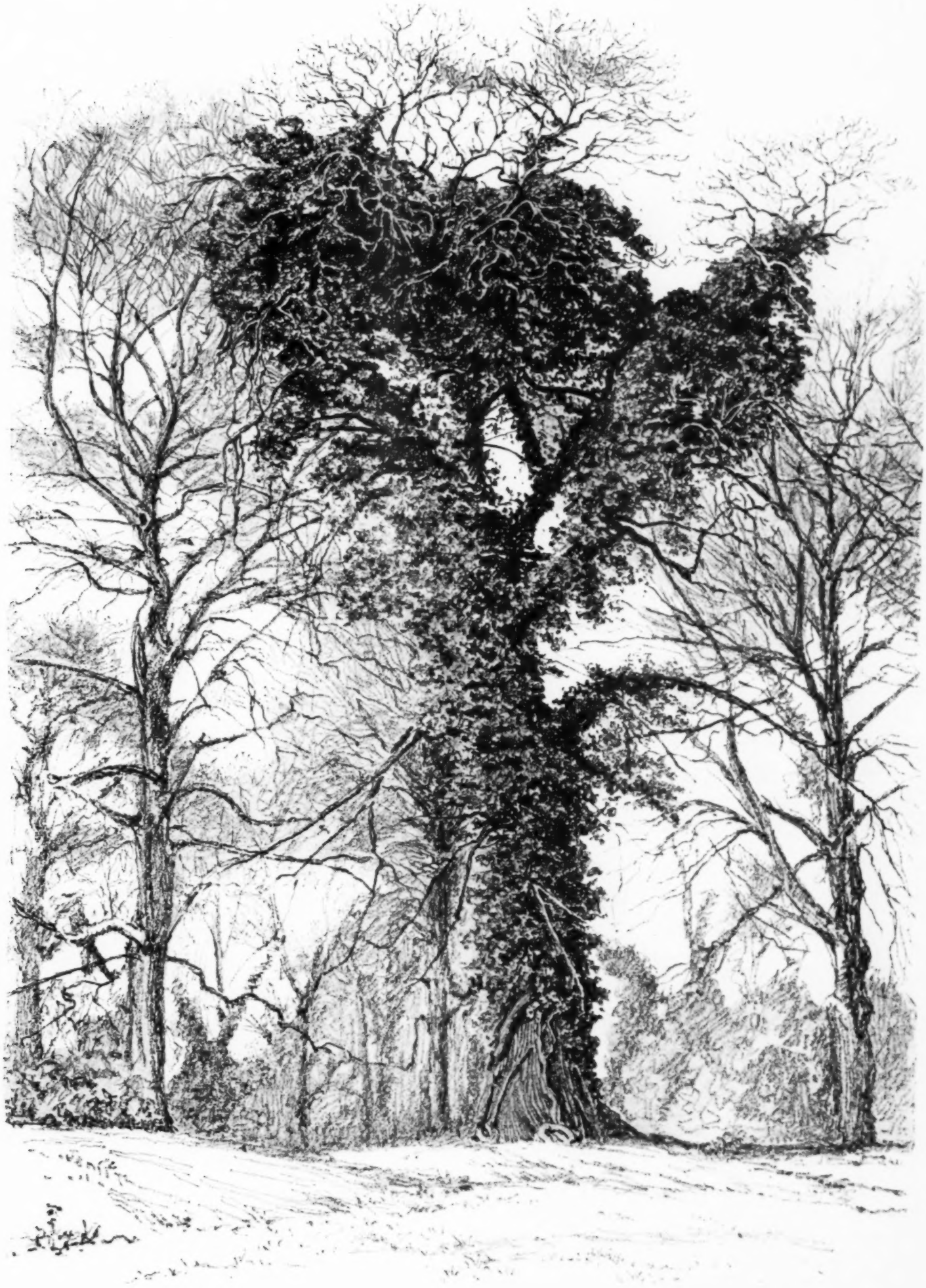
Luccombe Chine.
By H. A. Bowler.

In the country the ivy has the reputation of being injurious to trees, and without doubt the larger, more robust kind will, if left alone, eventually smother the tree that supports it; but the frequently-met-with notion that it sucks the juices of the tree by means of the innumerable little rootlets congregated on its stems is quite erroneous. Ivy is not a parasite, the little rootlets are merely a means of mechanical support, just as are the tendrils of the White Bryony or the twisting petioles of the Traveller's Joy, and it does not derive nourishment from the trees on which it grows, as do the Mistletoes and Dodders, but it draws its supplies from the ground by its own roots. As ivy grows upward in more or less straight lines, it does not encircle the tree and so cause impediment to the rise of the juices by compressing its organs; on the other hand, there is little doubt that it is a protection to the tree against lightning.

There are many varieties of ivy, each with a botanical name longer than the last, and the form of the leaf varies very greatly, not only on these different kinds, but even on a single plant. The variation that mainly concerns the painter is the difference between the leaves growing where the stem is attached to a support, and those growing on the free branches and flowering shoots. The former are ranged in overlapping ranks on the outward side of the stem only; like tiles on a roof, they are divided more or less deeply into five pointed lobes, so that each individual leaf may get its share of sunshine between the fingers of the one above, while those on the free shoots projecting out all round the stem are more able to reach the light unobscured by the higher ones, and so grow simply ovate and undivided. The tree ivy, too, growing not as a climber, but supporting itself on its own stem, has also foliage of the latter kind. The glossy leaves of the larger kinds are generally of a rich dark green, and do not vary nearly as much as those of the little ivy of the hedgerow, of which the sharp-pointed five-fingered foliage shows a large range of colour, often being of rich brown red with yellow veins, and its young, almost transparent leaves approaching to crimson.

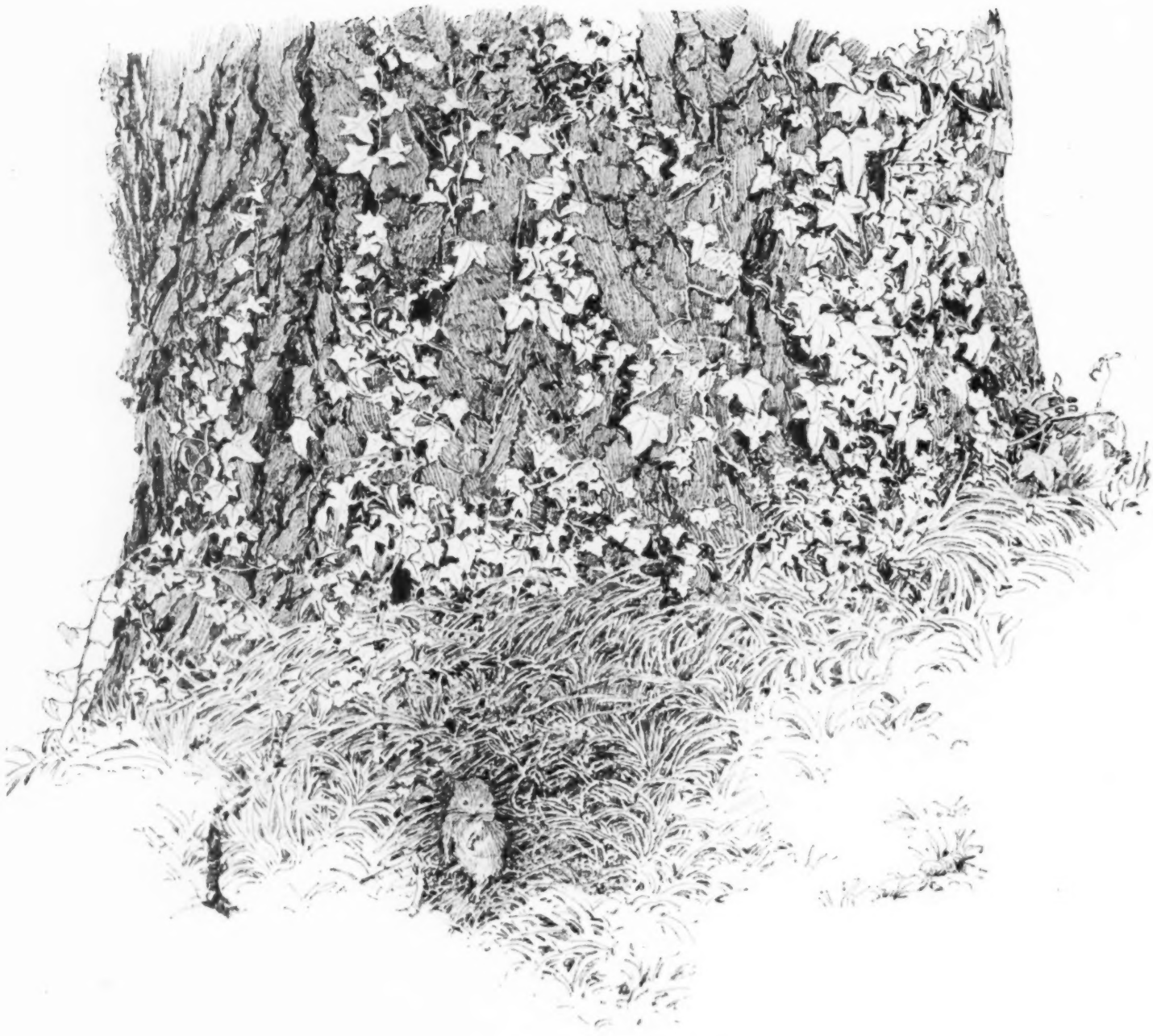
Ivy flowers from September to December, its blossoms, almost the last to open of our wild flowers, are of a yellowish green, and by their fragrance attract large numbers of insects to their rich stores of honey, many of whom become victims of their greed, and overcome by the final feast of the year fall to the ground, only to be put an end to by the cold. The fruit, which does not ripen till the Spring, is a dark-coloured berry, not quite round, but slightly flattened on the top, and it grows in globular bunches forming one of the handsomest winter ornaments we have.

It has been pointed out recently by a writer that in winter when the trees are bare, the summer estimate of their rival



Ivy on Sweet Chestnut (Castanea sativa).

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



Ivy on Elm (Ulmus campestris).

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

beauties needs some readjustment. While the oak still bears the palm as the handsomest type of rugged strength, the ash shorn of its dainty pale foliage hardly upholds its reputation for distinction of beauty except perhaps by its grey bark; the beech quite holds its own, though in its naked state it discloses those eccentric growths from its trunk one of which may be seen in the drawing of 'Hollies in a wood' given on page 89, where from a high, smooth, straight, undivided bole a knot of small branches spread out, one stretching in a long straight line right across the picture. The birch, too, keeps its graceful form after the fall of its glowing gold: but the horse-chestnut, which in summer bore beautiful spikes of flowers and leafy fans, becomes, when denuded of them, one of the least beautiful of trees, often of even clumsy appearance. The ivy seems to be ambitious of doing away with all rivalry by covering up the differences of growth and eventually allowing nothing to appear but itself. Often may be seen some old thorn so overgrown with rounded masses of dark ivy leaves as to show but little of its own foliage, and with its stem so intertwined with the almost equally thick stem of the ivy that it is hard to distinguish which is the support and which the climber. This is rendered the more difficult by the ivy, when its stem is no longer so thin as to need to cling to the tree, discarding its regiments of rootlets, and by its simulating to some degree the bark and character of the support of its early youth.

The little ivy that covers the old stumps of the hedgerow closes doors upon the nooks where the snails are hiding from the cold, and affords protection to the smaller fauna of the fields when little other shelter is left but the dried grasses; the mice run in and out among its leaves, and their arch-enemy, the weasel, finds it useful cover when alarmed. There are surely few prettier things than the branch of ivy creeping along a moss-grown stem such as may be seen in the drawing of Luccombe Chine (p. 108), with its double row of graduated leaves telling as bronze on the intenser green of the moss.

In the drawing of Ivy on an Elm bole the leaves have been left white in order to show clearly their varied form and position; in reality they are so nearly the same tone as the bark of the tree that they are only distinguishable by their colour.



Ivy on Maple (Acer campestre).

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

The ivy high up in the trees not only makes good nesting-places for the birds in spring, but gives shelter in winter, and the woodpigeon and the thrush do not disdain to feast upon its proffered berries. Ivy is a strong free-growing plant with great power of resistance to weather and disease, but it has its enemies like all other things, the larvæ of several butterflies feed upon it, notably the Holly Blue (*Polyommatus argiotus*), and it is attacked by quite a number of fungi, the *Phyllosticta hedericola* particularly disfiguring its leaves with circular brown margined spots.

Ruskin expatiated on the ivy in Holman Hunt's picture, 'The Light of the World,' and the loving care with which it was drawn. Unfortunately it is not always treated so tenderly. Ivy figures so frequently in our foregrounds, it is so often a feature in the pattern of the carpet of the woods and the covering of wall and tree, that it is well worth careful study. On the flat surface of the barn wall it will grow with straight upward-reaching stems, its alternate leaves ranged in regular sequence, diminishing in size towards the uppermost with almost mathematical precision; but the same ivy on a rough surface, like the bark of an elm, adapts itself to its support, showing here a bunch of leaves growing closely together, then losing a long internode behind a projecting lump of bark, varying the course of its branches between the excrescences as a road winds between the hills, and putting forth a large leaf or small as space and opportunity allow.



Free Shoots and Fruit of Ivy (Hedera helix).

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



Ecouen, near Paris.

By Emile Lambinet.

Occasionally, too, a long shoot will hang swaying in the wind, before its little rootlets had taken a firm hold, a squirrel in a hurry running up the tree may have dislodged it, a bird grub-hunting beneath it may have helped, and perhaps the wind did the rest; it is likely to beat to and fro till it withers and finally drops off. Ivy in its various forms is a good example of adaptability to surroundings as shown in nature, and the painter needs to reason out cause and effect, and draw on a large store of knowledge of its construction and habits when putting it into his picture in the studio if he would avoid mistakes. It occurs in landscape frequently because of its adapting itself to so many situations, and because by its being evergreen it is with us always. The Traveller's Joy (*Clematis vitalba*) makes more show in the hedgerow and the wood's edge when it is covered with white blossom in June, and again



Weasel (Putorius nivalis).
By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

in autumn when abundance of silken seed justifies its popular name of 'Old Man's Beard'; the Black Bryony (*Tamus communis*), the only British representative of the Yam family, is conspicuous on the hedges in the autumn months, when it displays its deep bronze leaves and scarlet berries; the White Bryony (*Bryonia divica*), no relation to the other, but our only representative of the gourds and cucumbers, is more graceful than its namesake, and almost as conspicuous; the pure white trumpets of the Great Bindweed (*Volvulus sepium*) is one of the most beautiful as it is one of the largest of British wild flowers, and the plant twines its way up the saplings, as may be seen in Lambinet's sketch at Ecouen (p. 113), to a considerable height; the Honeysuckle (*Lonicera periclymenium*) fills the hedgerow with fragrance and adds greatly to its adornment, while it is perhaps cruelly strangling the shoots of hazel, or its own cousin the Guelder rose, which supports it. All these climbers are of the beauties of the scene in their season, but the Ivy is there always on the ground and in the hedge—it is also above us, enveloping the trees in its dark green clouds. It has been pointed out that the Ivy does not suck the juices of trees, that it cannot well check the flow of the sap, and it never cuts into other growths like the Honeysuckle; its one crime is that, after many years of growth, it may smother its support by robbing it of light and air. On the other hand, it gives shelter to bird and beast, and the last supply of nectar to the insects and food to hungry birds when there is nothing else to be had, while to the landscape painter it is an almost always useable feature in the foreground, and often a valuable mass of foliage among the bare trees in winter.

THE 'Golden Stairs,' which, subject to the life-interest of Lady Battersea, the late Lord Battersea bequeathed to the National Gallery, was first exhibited at the Grosvenor in 1880 and again at the New Gallery in 1892-3. Burne-Jones had the subject in mind for several years, and into the picture introduced portraits of Miss Margaret Burne-Jones, now Mrs. Mackail, and Miss May Morris, who appears on the right with a violin. The 'Golden Stairs' serves to recall Burne-Jones' aim in art, as expressed in a letter to a friend. "I mean by a picture," he wrote, "a beautiful, romantic dream of something that never was, never will be, in a light better than any light that ever shone, in a land no one can define or remember, only desire, and the forms divinely beautiful—and then I wake up, with the waking of Brynhild."

ON the unveiling of Mr. J. Colin Forbes' portrait of the Prime Minister, presented to the National Liberal Club by Mr. Alexander Ritchie, Lord Carrington said it was worthy of the man, of the artist, of the Club. Mr. Colin Forbes is a member of the Canadian Academy. Another presentation, that of Holman Hunt's 'Light of the World' to St. Paul's Cathedral, was postponed, owing to the indisposition of Mr. Charles Booth, the donor.



Caisteal nan Con (The Dogs' Castle), on the Island of Torsa.

By A. Scott Rankin.

Netherlorn and Its Neighbourhood.*

By Patrick H. Gillies, M.B., F.S.A. Scot.

"It is a region as utterly unknown beyond its immediate boundaries as if it had never existed: yet I know of no tract among the Western Islands which, when properly attempted, is more easy of access and which will better repay the labours of those who make tours of mere curiosity, or who are in the pursuit of picturesque beauty. . . . But it is alike unknown and unexpected; and for the usual reason—that everyone goes where everyone has been before, and nowhere else."—Dr. MacCulloch, *Western Isles*, vol. ii. p. 107.

FROM the higher hills above Cuan Sound a characteristic view is obtained. Below, the receding tide races in its course southwards, but splitting against the shores of Torsa Island, the larger portion is seen sweeping round by the north to join the stream from Clachan Strait, while the smaller branch, passing as a brawling rapid through the narrow channel which separates Luing from Torsa, pours its waters into the main stream two miles further down.

After a placid course of four miles the stream, thus augmented, reinforces off the south end of Luing the great tidal rivers which flow through the Gulf of Coirebhreacain and the Sound of Luing, to form in their passage southwards the wide expanse of the Sound of Jura.

The speed of the currents in the lateral or tributary narrow passages varies from four to eight and a half knots an hour; and while in all there is generally an eddy flowing in the contrary direction along the shore, the devious manner and force in which the afferent waters strike the main stream, and the presence of numerous intercepting reefs, skerries and shoals, produce a perplexing maze of subsidiary currents and eddies which completely baffles the uninitiated, but which the intimate knowledge of the local boatmen makes use of to navigate these waters in safety at all states of the tide, and with comparative ease. MacCulloch, who seldom missed an opportunity of gibeing Highlanders, their customs and their manners, in speaking of the ordinary Highland boatman, says that nine times out of ten he is neither a boatman nor a seaman, but a bear in a boat, a landsman at sea; that, being naturally and essentially a farmer, he is only a boatman by chance, so that, if he drives his boat occasionally as he does his plough, it is no matter of wonder; but he goes on to say, "There are no better boatmen than the Barra men, whose trade is the sea; and I may say the same of the maritime Argyll men, to whose dexterity and courage I owe many a deep debt."

With flood-tide the process described is reversed, and the currents, flowing north, pour their waters with great violence into the Atlantic. The race and ripple on the flood is quite apparent for some miles from the point of exit.

Encompassed by these ocean rivers, a group of Netherlorn islands—Luing, Torsa, and Shuna—occupies the centre

* Chapter IV., "The Slate Islands: Luing, Torsa." Continued from page 80.



Scarba, Lunga, and smaller Islands, from Cullipool Hill.

By A. Scott Rankin.

of the view, flanked by the rugged outline of Scarba and Jura on the one side, and the varied coasts of Craignish and Knapdale on the other, with the broad waterway of the Sound of Jura in the offing.

The island of Luing, while deficient in itself of picturesque features, affords, from its comparative flatness and central position, many points of vantage from which magnificent panorama may be surveyed. Roughly, the contour of the island presents two long ridges, with a dark glen between. The glen is known as Dubh-leitir. The word "leitir" in place-names is generally found as a prefix—Letterfinlay, Letterfearn, or simply Letters: it means the "half-land," and is usually applied to a long steep face of land, the half part of a glen. The fact that these hill-sides generally merge below into flats of bog and marshy ground before the gentler acclivity on the opposite side begins has given rise to the fanciful derivation of "Leth tioram, 's leth fliuch" (A half dry and a half wet), the "leitir" being the dry side, or "leth tioram."

The glen had an uncanny reputation in bygone days; it was supposed to be the abode of evil spirits (hence the name, *daoi*, evil), and few would venture to traverse its dark side at night. About midway, a rivulet known as Easan Frogach tumbles down the steep sides, and at the foot encircles a fairy mound. The little hillock is composed of mould and spongy moss; it was the custom, until quite recently, for each passer-by to pull a thread out of his garments and lay it on the mound as a peace offering. Close by is a broad trap dyke, called Creagan a Ghlaiseric. The Ghlaiseric was the familiar demon of the glen, and until a few years ago a large boulder, with the imprint of his great clawed hand, lay upon the hillside.

Capping each end of the eastern ridge of the island are the remains of hill forts. These are very much larger than any other in the district. The north fort is oval shaped, about 110 feet long by 60 broad; the walls are sixteen feet thick at the base, and in places still about nine feet high. The south, or Leccamor fort is smaller, but in better preservation. At the northern gateway, in the hollow of the walls, the remains of a bar chamber are to be seen; the sides of the chamber were built of small flat stones of slate, so exactly fitted as to leave barely a crevice; from the one end a flight of stone steps led upwards, so that there were probably many similar rooms in the thickness of the walls: the whole enclosed an open courtyard. At the southern doorway two tall pillars of slate, with numerous cup markings, form the door-posts; behind these are deep recesses into which the bars which closed the doors were inserted. The relics of human occupation found in the fort comprised bones of the red deer, roe deer, ox, swine, and grey seal (*Halichærus gryphus*); the shells of limpets and whelks; bone pins, stone hammers, discs, and querns, and one bronze pin.

The south fort is well worth a visit, not only from its archæological interest, but also as affording from its site a series of those characteristic views which embellish the



Lochan Iliter and Prehistoric Fort, Luing.
By A. Scott Rankin.

coast. At the foot of the ridge upon which the fort is built there is a small tarn called Lochan Iliter, whose reed-covered shore is a favourite resort for flocks of mallard. Across the Sound of Luing the bold forms of Scarba and Lunga, with a medley of smaller islands in the north, arrest the gaze; to the north stretch the umber-coloured coasts of Mull, behind which the mountains appear to rise abruptly, clear-cut against the sky, with no suggestion from their insular position of land behind them, giving sublimity to the scene from their quiet majesty and apparent vastness; while the purple uplands of Lorn roll eastwards to culminate in the graceful stateliness of Cruachan.

In a small bay on the north-east of Luing there is a small island known as Sgeir Carnach. Covering its surface are large mounds of stony débris, the remains of what one might call a lake dwelling, probably another example of ancient fortification. This ancient structure is almost unique from the fact that, while like other duns it was built of dry masonry, large logs of oak were intercalated at various angles between the courses, probably to bind the loose fabric together. Only one of these logs remains, but many have been removed within the memory of living people. Dr. Christison, in his exhaustive monograph on the subject, mentions only two of this class of buildings as being known in Scotland, one at Burghead in Morayshire, the other at Forgandenny in Perth, and in the former only was timber actually found.

The old parish church of Kilchattan, fast crumbling to ruin, occupies a pleasant site amidst the cultivated fields and rolling downs of the south part of Luing. In the year 1670 John Duncanson and Alexander MacLean, two "outed" ministers, were "indulged" by the Privy Council, and allowed to preach and exercise the functions of the



At Achafolla, Luing.
By A. Scott Rankin.

ministry in the parish of Kilchattan. In 1685 Duncanson, who appears to have been the last regular minister of Kilchattan, was liberated on a bond of 500 merks from the restrictions of the Act of Council which confined the indulged ministers within the district to which they were appointed; but three days afterwards his bond was declared forfeited, and he himself "put to the horn" on a baseless charge of contempt of the King's authority. He died in prison at Campbeltown on the 29th September, 1687: he is said to have been a "good man, and useful in his day." Probably the building ceased to be used as a place of public worship shortly after the date of Duncanson's incarceration, for in that year (1685) the interior of the church appears to have been used for the first time as a burial place. The roof, however, did not fall until 1745. A considerable portion of the walls still remains, and the west gable is entire, but the building appears to have been very plain and devoid of ornament.

The ancient parochial division of Kilchattan, now joined to Kilbrandon to form a united parish, was entirely insular, and, in addition to Luing, included Torsa, Shuna, and a number of smaller uninhabited islands.

Torsa is a pleasant fertile single farm of about 250 acres. It provides excellent pasturage for cattle, and, unlike the neighbouring islands, almost its entire surface is capable of cultivation. At one time it was the abode of a crofting population of eleven families. The land was let on the old system of "run-rig," and after the lapse of 150 years the narrow plough ridges, about six feet broad, are quite visible, giving a ribbed appearance to the long slopes of green pasture.

This system of agriculture, by which the ridges of cultivated land belonged alternately to different tenants, and which obtained at one time or other in the country generally, was supposed to be necessary, in an age of war and rapine, to unite the people in the defence of their common property; and so also the houses were clustered together, the little village with the "infield" and "outfield" lands forming the "baile," or township. Each township had its tradesmen, generally a weaver and shoemaker, while an officer or "baillie," was elected to settle disputes connected with land or stock, for we may be sure that the system, while adapted for the purpose of mutual defence, was productive of constant bickering and strife within the community. After the pacification of the Highlands, "run-rig" gradually disappeared along with the necessity for its maintenance. It was a bad system, as no one would care to improve land which next year would become the property of his neighbour.

At the north end of Torsa, built upon a steep ridge of trap rock, are the ruins of a mediæval Highland fortress; it is called Caisteal nan Con (the Dogs' Castle). It is supposed to have been a hunting seat of the Lords of the Isles; but more than likely the name is derived from a sobriquet often applied by their enemies to the powerful Clan MacLean—Clann Illeathain nan Con; and although Pennant, MacCulloch, and others state that the castle belonged to the MacDonalds, tradition clearly relates that it was built by the MacLeans, who, during the sixteenth century at least, held the lands of Luing, Shuna and Torsa in feu from the Earl of Argyll. The castle displays the remains of two square towers, with a circular work at one corner. The walls are neatly fitted into the crevices of the rock upon which the castle stands, so that they form one continuous scarp, making an attack by escalade impossible.



Kilchattan Church, Luing.

By A. Scott Rankin.

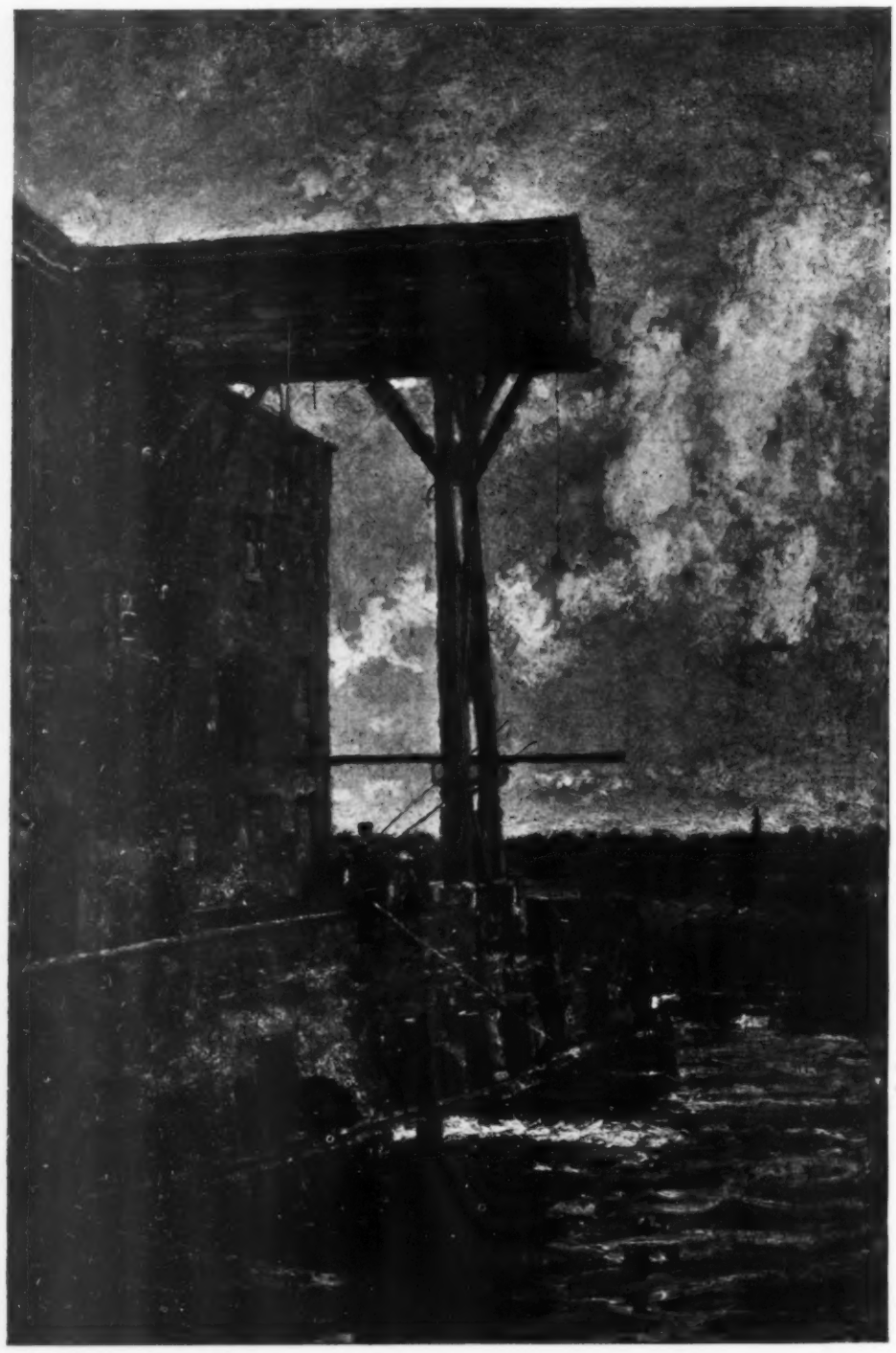


A Group of Netherlorn Islands.

By A. Scott Rankin.

London Exhibitions.

New Gallery . . .	Fair Women.
R.I.	Modern Soc. of Portrait Painters.
R.W.S.	Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.
Alpine Club	Old Dudley Art Society.
Grafton Gallery . . .	United Arts Club.
Messrs. Agnew's . .	Water-colours.
Baillie Gallery . . .	Portraits and Caricatures.
Carfax Gallery . . .	Wilfrid G. Von Glehn.
Messrs. Connell's . .	Eugene Béjot.
Fine Art Society . . .	Aristide Sartorio.
" " " . . .	H. B. Smith, Hugh Norris.
Goupil Gallery . . .	New Association of Artists.
" " . . .	J. Buxton Knight.
Leicester Gallery . .	James Aumonier, R.I.
Leicester Gallery . .	Herbert Marshall, R.W.S.
New Dudley Gallery .	Harry Quilter.
Ryder Gallery . . .	Evert Moll.
Walker Gallery . . .	Jack B. Yeats.
Artists' Society . . .	Langham Sketches.



(Goupil Gallery.)

Foster's Old Mill, Cambridge.
By J. Buxton Knight.

Fair Women.—The exhibition of "Fair Women" arranged by the International Society at the New Gallery proved of greater artistic importance than its title seemed to promise. No art-lover could regret that fair vision, fine expression, rather than the fairness of the sitter, determined the inclusion of many of the 418 exhibits. The exhibition represents little of the passionate delight in beauty which creates its image "how many days and ways," as did Romney that of his "divine Lady," or Rossetti that of the type which symbolised to him the spell and mystery of the 'Lady Beauty.' Romney is, of course, outside the scope of a collection composed of art of the last half-century, and Rossetti is represented as a painter only by 'Pomona,' not a masterpiece. Burne-Jones, his disciple in the mystical identification of Beauty with a type of beauty, painted the stiff glowing figures of Clara and Sidonia von Bork before he had the technical skill or the idea to image the wistful face that haunts his later art. Though such different artists as Mr. Lavery, M. Blanche, Mr. Augustus John and Mr. Orpen show the affinity of their art for a type of face, the exhibition as a whole renders little account of the dreams and desires which have reflection in the creation of an ideal beauty in art, and in lessening degree in its repetition as a personal or general formula of loveliness. The small South Room where, among prints and drawings that range from Ingres to Helleu, from Whistler to Madox Brown, are closely-wrought fantasies of the Pre-Raphaelite illustrators, Beardsley drawings to *Salomé* and the *Yellow Book*, Conder fans, glances at such dreams, and they have essential issue in the golden 'Fantasy' of Matthew Maris, hung in the West Room in a group with the paintings of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, of Frank Huddlestone Potter, and of Alfred Stevens, in two finished phases of his art. Such imaginings are, however, incidental in the galleries. The qualities of observation and skill which triumph in Sargent's 'Lady Elcho, Lady Tennant and Mrs. Adeane,' that brilliant and gracious rendering of life in light, are those which are shown in varied and interesting achievement. The range is great enough to satisfy and interest sight and mind. Watts' sumptuous

and imposing, if inanimate, 'Mrs. Percy Wyndham' confronts the group which centres in the Rossetti, and on the end walls of the same gallery are Mr. Wilson Steer's 'Mrs. Hammersley,' a shimmering canvas of pearl and silvery-greens, and Mancini's 'Mrs. Charles Hunter,' splendid in blazon of gold and depth of black, yet a portrait too, elusive but secure. The balance between yesterday and to-day represented by these centres is maintained in the gallery, at least in numbers. Corot's harmonious, nobly-lighted 'Woman playing the Mandoline,' Renoir's 'Madame M.,' with its plenitude of light and air, the splendid craftsmanship and security of Carolus Duran's 'Madame Fouquiér,' the group of Ricard portraits, sensitive and justly painted, if not of his finest, von Lenbach's refined sketch of 'Lady Saville,' declare the living yesterday, and try the modern pictures for a like surety of hand and sight. Of Mr. C. H. Shannon's three canvases, 'Miss Lillah Macarthy as Doña Anna' in the lovely Velazquez dress has most beauty of texture, 'Mrs. Patrick Campbell' has a romantic beauty—suggesting somehow the idea of a Lady of Shalott—and all three utter imagination as well as sight. Mr. Nicholson's group of little portraits are discreetly original; Mr. E. A. Walton adds to the modern score of sensitive painting, especially in 'Mrs. Quartermain,' with the soft white hat and gauzy dress. The attractive quality of Mr. Lavery's portraits, Mr. J. J. Shannon's easy portrayal of beauty, Mr. Orpen's deliberate full-length, Mrs. Swynnerton's hardy painting of 'Mrs. Guthrie,' the mood of reverie effectively maintained in M. Cottet's 'Mademoiselle X.' are other modern accomplishments.

Sargent's big group dominates the North Room. His 'Miss Evans,' one of his noble and sympathetic portraits, the calculated audacity of the 'Portrait (Madame G.)' are other canvases by him of supreme effect. They face a wall on which French art is the main interest, and a strong one. Bonnat's authoritative full-length of 'Madame Edouard Kann,' two finely lucid Fantin portraits, in delicate contrast one to the other, the conservatory charm of M. Besnard's 'Madame Duruy,' and, especially, the eager, keenly-poised portrait of the brilliant 'Vicomtesse de Dampierre,' by Henri Regnault, are the treasure of the wall. Here, too, are two canvases of early and recent skill by M. Blanche, and, in curious, vivid juxtaposition, Charles Furse's 'Lilac Gown,' Mr. John's wilfully distraught 'Seraphita'—fortunately he is also represented by drawings—elegancies by Chaplin and Winterhalter, smoothnesses by Leighton, and the fine living colour and youth of the 'Mrs. Frederic Myers' of Millais (p. 123). The sculpture has not been greatly altered from the last exhibition, but now includes Watts' 'Clytie,' among other additional works, and the balcony is lively with lithographs of stage beauties.

The Modern Society of Portrait Painters.—The second exhibition of the Society, like the first, was too large for its merits. Few of those who attempt to compel attention by display show the power of sight and execution that sustain Mr. G. W. Lambert. The vigorous assault on the eye, which he follows up by engaging it with skilful painting, is the chief resource of Mr. Max Bohm. The bravado of his portraits is, however, a more vital expression of intention than the incoherent canvases of Mr. Ranken, or the flashy portrait group by Mr. Da Costa. Mr. Lambert's 'Miss Biddy O'Sullivan,' though the delightful figure of the child enthroned suffers from the competition of too many accessories, his wilfully composed, but justly painted 'A pony, two boys and their mother,' and his genial 'John Procter,' are striking pictures. The unsparing downrightness of Signor Giusti's 'Mrs. Giusti and her children' lacks the fervour of Mr. Lambert's group, but ranks with it as work of strong and skilful determination, and Mr. Philip Connard's vivid, if awkward, 'Portrait of a Lady in Green,' Mr. Louis Ginnett's ingenious and intimate 'John Frederick Ginnett' on his nursery floor, were other pictures that declared some independence and enthusiasm of sight. To Mr. Fergusson's masklike rendering of women's faces belongs the quality of unhesitating accomplishment. Mr. Crealock, Mr. Oppenheimer, Mr. Gerard Chowne in his 'Hydrangea Bower,' showed to advantage, but the painter whose reticent canvases won and held attention from any swaggering design in the gallery was Mr. Gerald Festus Kelly. His fine and cultured regard for surface, tone, and modelling, the unobtrusive rendering of character, not as betrayed in sudden glance and gesture, but as a presence, gave distinction to each of his five portraits. Through study of Whistler and of Manet, he seeks the refinement and perfection of his own idea of beauty of paint, fineness of presentation. The suavity and point of 'Major Thornhill,' the clarity of 'Frank Rutter,' the discriminating and gracious rendering of white draperies and fabric in 'Mrs. Leveaux,' declare his equipment as a painter and a portraitist.

Messrs. Agnew's.—In the forty-first exhibition of water-colours were some Dutch and French drawings,



(Fine Art Society.)

Sheep on the Latin Shore.

By Aristide Sartorio.

including an able early Mauve 'Dutch Pasturage,' some delightful drawings by Harpignies, and a successful interior by L'Hermitte, but the art of the British School was as usual the main substance of the show. Again there were fine Turners of various periods of his art: the fine integrity of 'Blackfriars Bridge,' the spacious 'Malham Cove,' the rainbow-woven beauty of 'Arona,' the waters like jewels fluid in some lovely alchemy in Lake Lucerne. 'Splügen Pass,' and 'Heidelberg' were other visions of earth "apparelled in celestial light," as it was to the illuminated sight of Turner, as of Wordsworth. The 'Between Salerno and Pæstum' of J. Cozens has an elegiac beauty, as Turner's later work has the quality of lyric joy, and Girtin's finely phrased 'St. Agatha's Abbey,' the dignified and ample style of De Wint's 'Sleaford, Lincolnshire,' and 'Cookham,' were other things of grave beauty. David Cox, Bonington, Constable in a study of sea and chalk cliff, Downman, were to be well seen, and such particularists as William Hunt and J. F. Lewis were shown at the top of their bent. Among more modern drawings, which included two by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, were landscapes by Cecil Lawson, 'Stormy Sunset,' 'The Mill: Passing Storm,' and 'The Doone Valley.' The vision is tragic, impassioned by the beauty that is in desolate places, in storm-winds, in the cloud-rack and smouldering fires of sunset. Yet, especially in 'The Doone Valley,' the relation of the movements and discharge of the storm is to light and joy. The stream rushes with new volume over the rocks, the definiteness of rocky depths and surfaces is intensified, a rainbow gleams in the air.



(Messrs. Agnew's Gallery.)

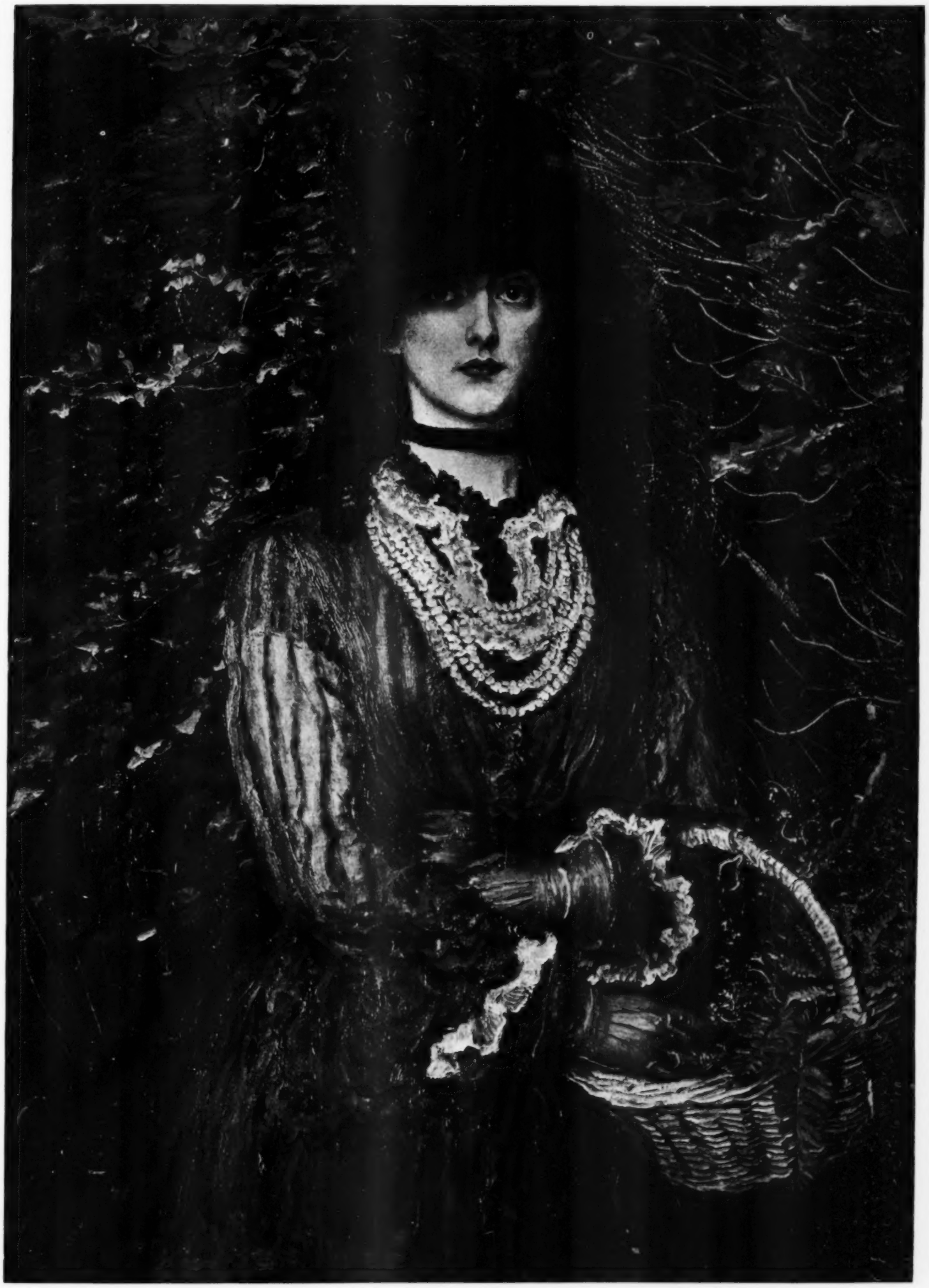
Sleaford.
By Peter de Wint.



(Messrs. Agnew's Gallery.)

The Doone Valley.
By Cecil Lawson.

Goupil Gallery.—The memorial exhibition of paintings and drawings by Mr. J. Buxton Knight showed for the first time the full power of his art. As with James Charles, the qualities of his work were detrimental to its appeal in crowded, heterogeneous exhibitions. Even those who did honour to the canvases with which Buxton Knight was represented at Burlington House must have found that seeing them again at the Goupil Gallery they saw them afresh, and with fuller appreciation. The snow-landscapes, veritable discoveries of colour and rugged mystery, come late in the sequence of his art, revealed in the memorial exhibition from its deliberate, firm beginning in a village street view, and the rich yet sedate 'Hinksey Ferry' to the latest of his pictures. He loved the revelation of light, and loved it in its effects so well that sometimes he laid too much stress on differences of substance and of colour. Yet, at his best, as in the serene, uplifted 'Mill on the Colne,' the strongly romantic 'Foster's Mill, Cambridge,' the almost Boudin-like 'Net-drying: Harwich,' his delight and interest in the rugged surfaces of the rude earth is subdued within a greater joy, a sustained apprehension of the influence of light and air, of the relation of earth to sky. 'Nature's Cathedral, Chorley Wood,' 'Towards Evening,' the early forcible 'Hoppers' were other fine things, and the large 'White Walls near Dover,' so immediate in its truthful expression of the motions of sea and sky, the colour and surfaces of cliff and



(New Gallery. By permission of Mrs. Tennant.)

Mrs. Frederic W. H. Myers.
By Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P.R.A.



(Walker Gallery.)

The Circus Clown.
By Jack B. Yeats.

shore, won appreciation for his particular skill and perception.

Other Exhibitions. For the declaration of the living art of etching and engraving one looks elsewhere than in the exhibitions of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, but the twenty-sixth exhibition, if it represented rather the levels than the rare heights of the art, had variety despite the absence of some of the most noteworthy members. The suffused plates of umbrageous trees and evening skies of Mr. Alfred East had decorative value on the walls. Sir Charles Holroyd showed some effective renderings of crag and tree, Mr. Frank Short some nervous expressive landscapes, and Colonel Goff, Mr. Charles Watson, Mr. Synge, Mr. Monk, and Mr. Exley were of those whose work had distinction. Mr. Sydney Lee's large simplification of 'Ypres Tower, Rye,' Miss Anna Airey's delicately articulated renderings of insects and flowers, and Mr. George Eve's book-plates, were other things to notice, as were the Paris etchings of M. Eugene Béjot, a collection of whose perspicuous prints was shown at Messrs. James Connell's. Among other February exhibitions that call for special mention were Mr. Jack B. Yeats' forcible half-naïve, half-poignant, drawings of Irish themes, and the landscapes of the Roman Campagna by Signor Aristide Sartorio shown at the Fine Arts, where were also delicate and purely handled drawings of English castles, trees, fair cool country by Mr. Bellingham Smith. Signor Sartorio has a vision of the serene or passive beauty of Italy, as well as particular and truthful knowledge of the characteristics of the country and country-life of the district he paints. 'Sheep on the Latin Shore' is a suggestive example of his sensitive and interpretative art.

Passing Events.

AN exceedingly interesting collection of pictures, old and new, has been brought together as the 47th annual exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute. The loans include El Greco's famous portrait of his daughter, probably not publicly seen since the Old Masters' show of 1872; Matthew Maris' hauntingly beautiful 'Outskirts of a Town,' the property of the Prime Minister; Romney's gracious 'Marquise de Trouville'; 'Miss Janet Law,' in exquisitely-painted white dress, by Raeburn; Chardin's 'Woman drinking Tea,' which caused a stir at Whitechapel in 1907; and—representing moderns—Sir James Guthrie's 'Marquis of Tullibardine,' and Mr. Sargent's masterly realisation of Señor Garcia at the age of 100. Mr. Hornel exhibited the pictorial first-fruits of his recent sojourn in Ceylon, and Mr. William Wells, in 'Home from School,' is one of the few relatively unknown Glasgow-born artists who scored a significant success. It is a frank and genuine outcome of visual imagination, the phrasing is clear and consistent. Of conspicuous honesty and merit is, again, the 'Hoar Frost' of Mr. George Houston.

MR. WILLIAM CALLOW did not very long survive his first one-man show, held last autumn at the Leicester Galleries when he was well over four-score years-and-ten. Born at Greenwich on July 28, 1812, he was the doyen of the British School of painting. To the end he remained young, in large part because he was an advocate of the simple life and found a wholesome relish in "common" experiences. It was on the initiative of J. F. Lewis that Mr. Callow, then resident in Paris, found himself one morning in the thirties—on February 13, 1838, to be exact—elected to Associateship of the Old Water-Colour Society, to whose exhibitions he afterwards contributed about 1,400 drawings. As long ago as 1839, Thackeray wrote in *Fraser's Magazine* of "a new painter, somewhat in the style of Harding—and better, I think, than his master or original, whose colours are too gaudy to my taste, and effects too glaringly theatrical." Of late years Mr. Callow turned out some of his old portfolios, there to find many dignified, soundly executed drawings which were readily purchased when sent to the shows of his Society in Pall Mall East.

SIR JAMES KNOWLES, who, in 1877, founded that successful monthly, *The Nineteenth Century*, to whose title in 1900 he had to add a tail, *and After*, was something of an art collector, one of the most prized of his possessions being the portrait of Tennyson which Millais painted for him in 1881. The artist declared to the present Lord Tennyson that he regarded it as the finest of his portrait works. Among pictures lent by Sir James Knowles to the Old Masters have been one of the exceedingly scarce landscapes of Sir Joshua, a 'Bleaching Ground' by Ruysdael, besides several Rembrandt drawings.

MR. EDWARD WILLIAM MOUNTFORD, F.R.I.B.A., who died early in February, aged 52, will be best remembered by his designs for the new Centra

Criminal Court, in the Old Bailey, which were accepted by the Corporation. The building is in the free English Renaissance style, but has not met with unqualified approval by experts. Mr. Mountford was one of the eight architects of established position invited by the L.C.C. to send competitive designs for the new County Hall. The Liverpool Museum and Technical School, the Polytechnic, the Battersea and Sheffield Town Halls, are other buildings that stand to his credit.



(Glasgow.)

"When the sheep are in the fauld,
And the kye a' at hame."

By A. R. W. Allan.

MR. SYDNEY EDWARD PAGET, who died lately at the early age of 48, though best known as an illustrator, sent some eighteen pictures to Burlington House between 1879 and 1905. In the early eighties he tied for the gold medal.

CAPTAIN NEVILE R. WILKINSON, the newly-appointed Ulster King-at-Arms, is responsible for the text of the sumptuous catalogue recently issued of the pictures belonging to the Earl of Pembroke at Wilton House. His, too, are the fine heraldic initial letters and headings in the two volumes. Some of the Van Dycks, the 'Herbert Family,' for example, have suffered much from the mistaken zeal of restorers.

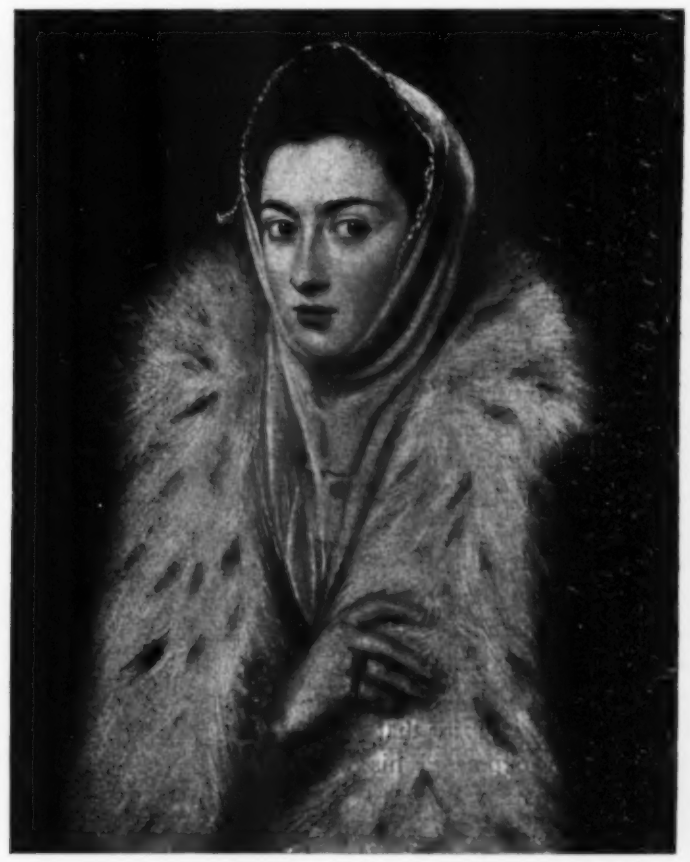
FOLLOWING Mr. John Lavery's lead of 1901, Mr. George Henry has signified his wish to be placed on the list of non-resident members of the Royal Scottish Academy. Mr. Henry "came South" in 1903, in 1904 was represented for the first time at Burlington House, and in 1907 was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, immediately after his name appeared on the nomination list. A vacancy among the R.S.A.'s will thus be caused,



(Glasgow.)

Miss Janet Law.

By Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.



(Glasgow.)

The Painter's Daughter.

By El Greco.



(Glasgow.)

The Woodman and the Reapers.
By W. MacBride.

for non-resident members do not count among the thirty. A few weeks ago, Mr. A. K. Brown was chosen in the stead of Mr. John Hutchison, the architect, who retired. Mr. Brown, examples of whose admirable landscapes appear from time to time at Burlington House, won by two votes over Mr. Robert Burns.

THE Old Water-Colour Society's election, on February 13, resulted in the choice of two talented men. Mr. Francis James paints flowers with a rare sense of their life and beauty, and his contributions in this kind to Pall Mall East will be eminently welcome. Mr. J. H. Lorimer, R.S.A., though best known as a worker in oils, has also distinguished himself in the slighter medium.

THE Chantrey Trustees have done well to recognise, though belatedly, the fine talent of the late Mr. John Buxton Knight. From the memorial exhibition of his pictures at the Goupil Gallery there has been acquired for the nation the 'Old December's bareness everywhere,' which was at the R.A. in 1907. It is said that Mr. Knight then expressed his willingness to part with it to the Chantrey Trustees for considerably less than catalogue price, but nothing came of that. Though not on a level with the 'Hamlet: winter sunshine' which went to Melbourne in 1906, the landscape testifies unmistakably to the sound and essentially English qualities of his art.

PARIS and London tend more and more to become one. Messrs. Tooth and several other dealers have for years had a Paris house, Messrs. Agnew started one a few months since, and now Mr. Hodgkins has taken over the premises of the late M. Chappey, one of the leading French dealers in old works of art and furniture.

THE appointment of Mr. James L. Caw as Director of the National Gallery, as well as of the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland, has caused the Board of Trustees to seek permission to appoint an Assistant Keeper at a salary of £150, rising to £250.

THE most stirring sale-incident of February was the purchase by Messrs. Durlacher for £6,000 of a particularly fine ciborium, 7 in. high, 6 in. diameter, the property of the late Mr. W. Jerdone Braikenridge, of Cleveden. This ciborium, of copper-gilt and champlevé enamel, probably native work of the thirteenth century, is believed to have come from Malmesbury Abbey, and was specially remarked by connoisseurs when exhibited at South



(Glasgow.)

Lace-making in Ceylon.
By E. A. Hornel.



(Glasgow.)

The Eve of Midsummer.
By J. H. Lorimer, R.S.A.

Kensington in 1874, at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1897. No such fine example has occurred under the hammer for many years. A Henry VIII. mazer-bowl of maplewood, 'lipt with silver,' bearing the London hall-mark of 1534, inscribed 'Be yow mere and glade and soo the masters tokerys do byed'—the tucker or touker was a person who tucked cloth—fetched the exceptionally large sum of £2,300. The cradle in which Henry V. lay as an infant at Courtfield near Monmouth, with an unexceptionable pedigree, was bought for the King at 230 gs.

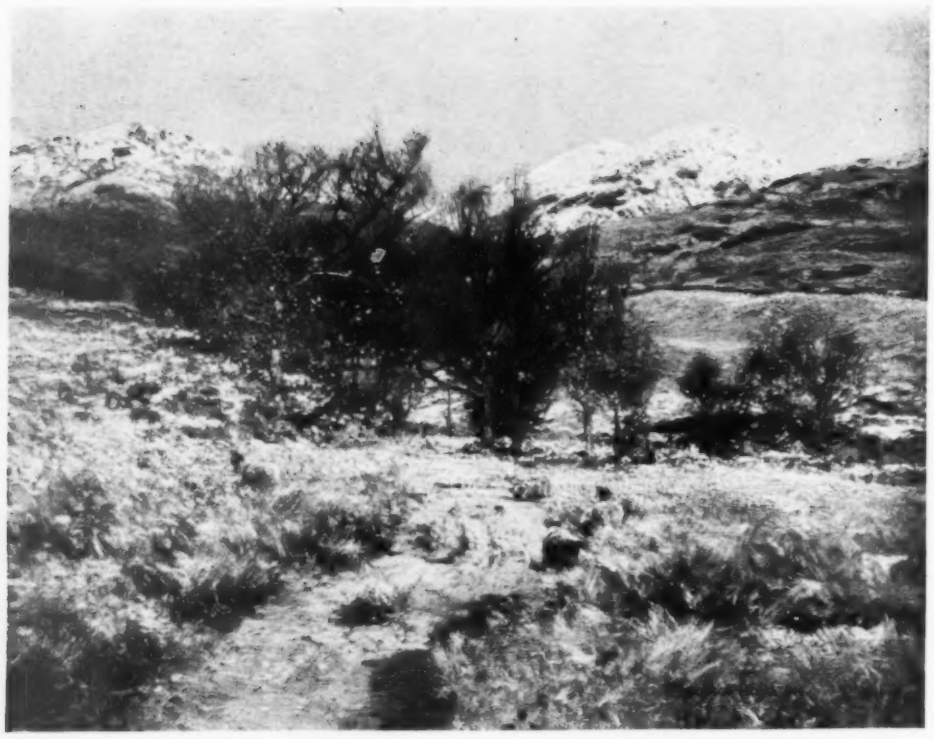
FROM the recent exhibition of the Society of Women Artists the Queen purchased water-colours by Miss Mary Barton, Miss Jessie Hall, and Mrs. E. Farmiloe. The Princess of Wales, who, too, makes a point of visiting the show, bought Miss T. R. Marrable's water-colour, 'Dolly,' and two etchings respectively by Miss Adeline Illingworth and Miss M. A. Hughes.

MR. ALEXANDER MANN, the well-known Glasgow painter, who died towards the end of January, hardly fulfilled the brilliant promise of his early days. Like several of his able countrymen, he studied under Carolus Duran in Paris and responded to the æsthetic stimulus of that gifted man. Those with a prejudice in favour of Scotland will no doubt say that two decades of residence in the South were the reverse of beneficial. Mr. Mann exhibited on and off at the Academy from 1884, sending both portraits and landscapes, and for some time he had



(Glasgow.)

Madame la Marquise de Trouville.
By George Romney.



(Glasgow.)

Hoar Frost.

By George Houston.

been an active member on the Council of the Institute of Oil Painters.

THE centenary of the birth of an indisputably great French artist, Honoré Daumier, went almost unnoticed on February 27. He was one of the truly creative draughtsmen, not a transcriber of dead fact. Balzac exclaimed of him, "*voilà un garcon qui a du Michel Ange sous la peau.*" At the Boston Fine Arts Museum a representative exhibition of his lithographs was brought together.

ONE picture only among those released by the Duke of Sutherland fetched four figures. This was Van Dyck's equestrian portrait of a gentleman, 103 by 65 in., which, starting at 20 gs., brought 2,100 gs. At the Trentham Hall sale last year it was withdrawn at 120 gns.

THE late Mr. John C. L. Sparkes, who, subject to the life-interests of two persons, left the proceeds of his Moon Hall and Heathside estates for the benefit of female students of the Royal Academy, bequeathed certain paintings and water-colours by his wife to the National Gallery, or, in the event of their being declined, to Preston, Wolverhampton, Nottingham and Birmingham.

MR. THOMAS BROCK, R.A., and Mr. William J. Locke (late Secretary to the Institute and author of 'The Beloved Vagabond,' now on at His Majesty's Theatre) have been elected to Honorary Associateship of the Royal Institute of British Architects.



(Glasgow.)

Home from School.

By W. Wells, R.B.A.



Ruskin Ware.
By W. Howson Taylor.

British Pottery.—II.*

By John A. Service.

THE newer names in the pottery world which have forced themselves into prominence, have done so largely by their efforts in the production of ornamental wares. About ten years ago, Mr. E. R. Taylor and Mr. W. Howson Taylor of the "Ruskin Pottery," West Smethwick, set out with a bold effort to convert a public devoted to painted or printed patterns, to the appreciation of simple coloured glazes, varied only by the simplest ornament, and where everything was to be done by hand. Establishing themselves in a district miles away from any pottery centre, assistance was brought in for the shaping and fabrication of the wares, but the styles of decoration adopted in broken, splashed, and flambé glazes were quite distinctive. With characteristics of the old Chinese glazes they formed a distinct and interesting departure, and rapidly attained popularity. These two artists—father and son—decided to try making pottery so as to use it as a means of art expression, but with the



Cover Dish.
By Cauldon, Ltd.

* Continued from page 57.



The King's Vase.

By the Royal Crown Derby Porcelain Co.

following limitations: to be made on the potter's wheel, no moulding or casting; well potted without hurry; decorated so as to be primarily of a pleasant broken colour or a colour harmony, any pattern having a subdued effect; the colouring to be under the glaze or in it—except the lustres—thus avoiding those which have to be reduced by lead so that



Vase.

By the Royal Crown Derby Porcelain Co.



Lancastrian Lustre Plaque.

Designed and Painted by G. M. Forsyth.
Made by Pilkington's, Ltd.

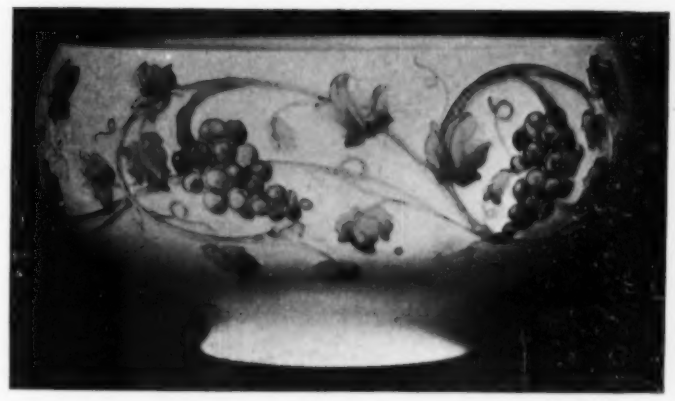
they can be painted on the glaze; and all the glazes to be leadless.

These restrictions proved to be not limitations only, but they have given direction and individuality to the pottery. For the shapes, though they must be circular in plan, there is available in elevation almost an infinite variety of beautiful combinations of straight and curved lines; and for colours, though restricted to the few which can stand, without perishing, the great heat of the glaze oven, every artist knows that almost unnumbered colours can be obtained from a few pigments by differing combinations and treatments; and in pottery there are also the various textures, degrees of glossiness, revelations (and disappointments) caused by the great heat of the potter's oven. These constitute the special fascination which the making of pottery has always had; but success or failure as an artistic craft must depend on the untrammelled exercise of developed art instincts, choosing those results which are beautiful in form and colour, or which, at least, give suggestions of the

lines on which, by further experiments, these essentials may be secured, so that each piece can be primarily a note or notes of colour, sometimes even rivalling the beauty of precious stones or Eastern cloissoné enamels. Illustrations of specimens of these effects not being in colour, are limited to a small section of the work produced, but a reference will enlighten as to a few of the "patternings," if we may so call them, which are developed in the firing process.

Some result in colour effects of red, brown, and purple, with green and light blue mingling with the purple; some in a brilliant ruby, possessing that quality of Chinese *sang-de-bœuf* of colour within colour. One piece will be covered with full green diaperings, the interstices being in delicate purple; another of the same class may have the interstices in *sang-de-bœuf* and purple; another, puce interstices. Some have white grounds with raised brown-green markings like crocodile skin. One fine specimen is in *sang-de-bœuf* with part of ground showing in a delicate warm white, with ruby markings, as in Chinese porcelain of the Ming Dynasty. A remarkable effect is seen in a vase with a sky-blue ground with grey-white cloudings, and another in a transmutation colouring of purple-blue with bright-green markings.

It is perhaps natural to expect more important results to accrue from the operations of men who are actually potters



Thrown Bowl: decoration entirely treated upon the clay.

Designed by W. Moorcroft.
Made by James Macintyre and Co.

by association and training, and who from their environment and a more extended field for their work have facilities for working out their ideas and using them in new directions of their own, and in developing new beauties of form and colour in pottery. For many years now the firm of James Macintyre and Co., Ltd., of Burslem, whose principal business is the prosaic one of manufacturing ordinary pottery for electrical purposes, have sought outlets



Ruskin Ware.

By W. Howson Taylor.



Soup Tureen.

By Cauldon, Ltd.

for their enterprise, through the skill of Mr. W. Moorcroft, an art potter, in the making of decorative pottery of graceful form and with simple and appropriate colour ornament.

Simplicity is the characteristic feature of these productions, features equally apparent in the subjects of the decorative schemes and in the forms upon which they are applied, and in combination there is a fitness about them, a repose, restraint, and restfulness which is quite refreshing. The forms (with few exceptions) are produced upon the thrower's wheel, the oldest method of the potter's art, and the truest means of yielding beauty of outline. The applied ornament is drawn in slip directly upon the thrown vase, and coloured in metallic oxides, the glorious colours of which are revealed by the fire of the furnace and a delightfully luminous glaze. No mechanical means are resorted to in its production, each detail being the handwork of the artist; consequently it retains that individuality and expression which distinguishes handwork from mechanical processes. The bodies and glazes of this ware are so carefully prepared and are so suited to each other chemically, that crazing is unknown; the exceedingly high temperature at which they are fired, while in some measure restricting the palette, gives a valuable equivalent in the most luscious of glazes. The latest work of Mr. Moorcroft is a rich lustre pottery made distinctive by its directness of execution and beautiful colouring.

One of the most important and interesting movements in connection with British pottery in recent years has been the artistic activity developed by the Manchester firm of Pilkington's Tile and Pottery Co., Ltd., under the skilful direction of Mr. Wm. Burton. Mr. Burton has a world-wide reputation for his skill and knowledge in the craft, and is recognised as one of the greatest living authorities on the history of the potter's art, and the lift he has given to the manufacture of artistic wares is but what we might have expected from the exercise of that skill, and knowledge, and learning. To him, the mysteries of colour have a special



(By permission of Messrs. Liberty and Co.)

Lustre Vases.

Designed by W. Moorcroft.
Made by James Macintyre and Co.



Ruskin Ware.
By W. Howson Taylor.



Ruskin Ware.
By W. Howson Taylor.



Ruskin Ware.
By W. Howson Taylor.

charm, and for years he and his brother had studied the glorious Oriental glazes before they produced the Lancastrian Pottery, first shown at Messrs. Graves' Gallery in Pall Mall, in 1904.

The creation of Lancastrian Lustre Ware marks him, also, as a potter of distinct individuality. Nothing quite like this new lustre pottery has been seen before, for while it combines the latest scientific knowledge with old methods, it is singularly novel in conception. The shapes of the vases, bowls, and dishes used, suggest the best examples of Chinese, Persian, or Greek forms; but the resemblance is in the spirit of the work rather than in actual imitation. The painted lustre decorations are equally novel and interesting. Apart from the mysterious changing beauty of the iridescent colour, the style of design is varied and novel, as a reference to the illustrations will show.

In the studios at Clifton Junction Mr. Burton has gathered together a band of young artists, and each one is encouraged to develop the style of ornament that appeals to him or her personally, the only stipulation being that the ornament shall be in harmony with the shape, or suggestive of its intended use. Among them is Mr. Gordon M. Forsyth, formerly a pupil of Mr. Gerald Moira at the Royal College of Art, who has produced a number of most original designs in which heraldry and lettering play an important part. Of quite another style is the work of Mr. R. Joyce, who revels in more naturalistic renderings of fishes and seaweeds, birds and animals, designs evidently



Lancastrian Lustre Dish.
Designed and painted by G. M. Forsyth.
Made by Pilkington's, Ltd.



Vase.

Designed by W. Moorcroft.
Made by James Macintyre and Co.

(By permission of Messrs. Liberty and Co.)

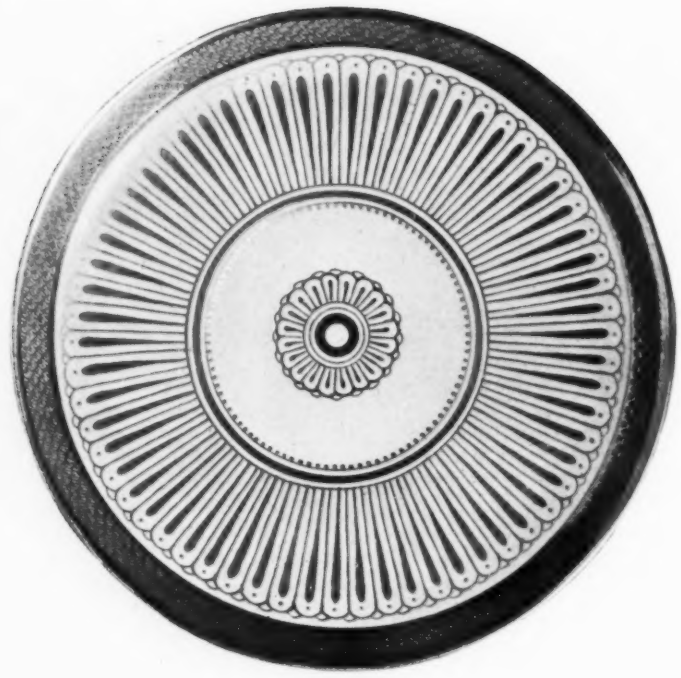
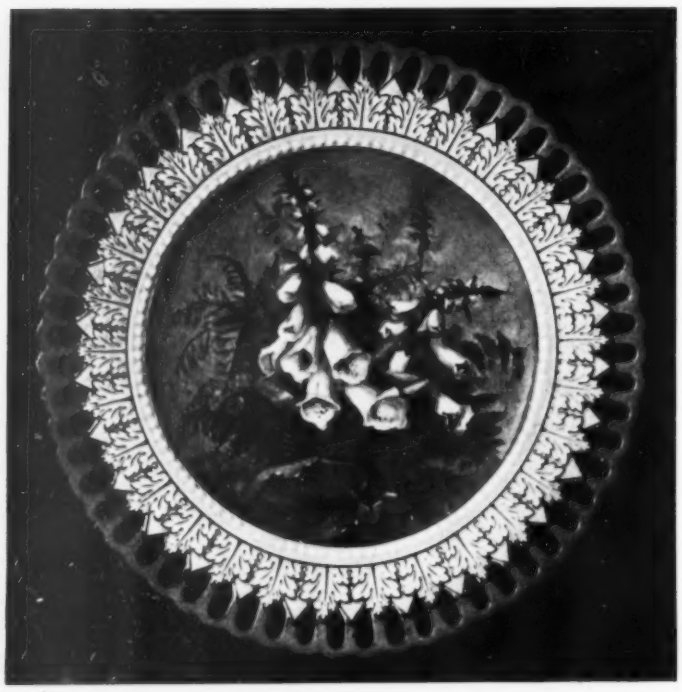


Plate.

By Cauldon, Ltd.





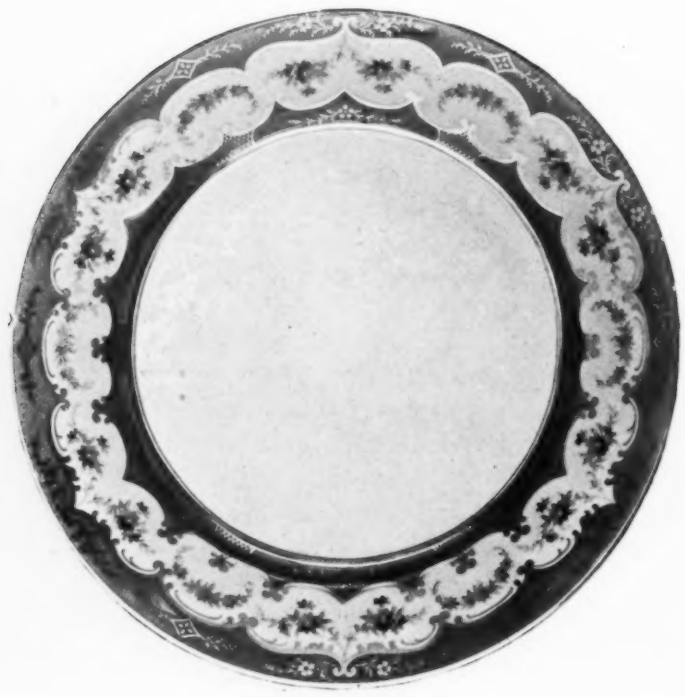
Compotier and Dessert Plate.

By Cauldon, Ltd.

influenced by the conventions of the Japanese. The work of Mr. W. Mycock is shown on a vase designed by Walter Crane, R.I. (p. 54). Mr. Mycock has produced a number of important pieces in the purely ornamental style of the old Persian pot-painters. Miss J. Jones, Miss D. Dacre, and Miss Rogers impart to their work a grace and daintiness which should commend their efforts to all.

Leaving the newer generation of potters for a time, we come upon recent work emanating from the studios and workshops of establishments of which little could now be said that has not previously been said over and over again, of their great and glorious efforts to create, maintain, and extend the British pottery industry.

Historic "Derby" has never lost its hold upon an



Dinner Plate.

By Cauldon, Ltd.



Lustre Vase.

Designed by W. Moorcroft.
Made by James Macintyre and Co.

(By permission of Messrs. Liberty and Co.)



Lancastrian Lustre Vase.

Designed and painted by G. M. Forsyth.
Made by Pilkington's, Ltd.



Vase.

Designed and Painted by (Miss) J. Jones.
Made by Pilkington's, Ltd.

industry it had so great a share in creating; and so true is it to its oldest and best traditions, that it seems almost superfluous to affix the name of the establishment to the illustration of the 'King's Vase,' as the shape referred to is called (p. 130). This is a revised and refined form of the old Greek 'Crater' Vase.

A beautifully composed group of flowers painted in the true Derby style is enclosed in a panel reserved in a ground of rich mazarine blue embellished with rich raised gold work in the Florentine style.

A 'Gadroon' shape dessert plate shows a very elaborate treatment in the Sèvres style, Louis XVI. period. A maroon rim enclosed in gold borders, formed by the gadroon emboss-



Coffee Cup.

By Cauldon, Ltd.



Tea Service.

By Cauldon, Ltd.



Dessert Plate.

By Cauldon, Ltd.

ment on edge and an elaborate shoulder design, has reserves upon which floral groups are painted, the reserves being enclosed in raised and chased gold decorations, between which are trophies, suspended by ribbon bows, also in raised and chased gold. A group of flowers occupies the centre of the plate (p. 53).

'Cauldon' ware has only been "registered" under that specific name for a few years, but the establishment where it is manufactured and from which it takes its name dates back as far as the year 1774, when Job Ridgway laid its foundation. Simeon Shaw, in his "History of the Staffordshire Potteries," 1829, makes reference to "Cauldon Place Works," and says that "In 1821 was introduced a porcelain of bone body with a new glaze, that surpassed every other



Dessert Plate.

By the Royal Crown Derby Porcelain Co.



Lancastrian Lustre Vase.

Designed and painted by R. Joyce.
Made by Pilkington's, Ltd.



Vase.

Designed and painted by R. Joyce.
Made by Pilkington's, Ltd.

kind then produced, and to its excellent quality were added entirely original models of the several articles of dinner and dessert services, much resembling the beautiful ornamental pieces used for silver plate, with gadroon edge and tasteful appendages. On the table services first coming into the market, the elegance of the vessels and excellent quality of the porcelain and stone china received general approbation, and obtained unprecedented preference."

Again,—"In 1828, Messrs. Ridgway again placed themselves at the summit of the scale of excellence in regard to their porcelain, which is certainly not excelled, if it be even equalled, by any of the European manufactories."

This appreciative criticism of the early 19th century efforts of "Cauldon Place" seems to have established the lines upon which the manufactory has since been mainly conducted, or at any rate, that branch of British pottery which provides for our domestic requirements seems always to have been, as it is to-day, the main feature of the establishment. That the old traditions have influenced each successive period in the history of the business has been proved by the unwavering allegiance to the maxim of "producing porcelain for the table unsurpassed both as to its body and its glaze, for richness, transparency or durability, as also for its susceptibility of the highest form of decorative art known to the potter."

The existence of forms and decorations in the table wares of to-day that originated in the establishment more than half a century ago, and which may be said to have never been "off the market," is a proof—if proof be needed—of continuous efforts in the direction of usefulness, durability, and general excellence. We illustrate some of these examples, and it is interesting to know that in form and decoration some of the wares represented are exactly the same to-day as they always have been. They have found their way to every quarter of the globe, and are as much in demand now as they ever have been.

The rich and costly nature of the decorations on much of the Cauldon china necessitates a body of the most perfect kind. It is in the highest degree translucent and of the most delicate texture, and carries a rich, luscious, and perfectly transparent glaze, qualities which contribute much to the success of the decorative artist, and enable him to produce on porcelain the natural effects of flowers and fruit and the plumage of birds in all their rich variety of colour.



Lancastrian Lustre Vase.

Designed and painted by G. M. Forsyth.
Made by Pilkington's, Ltd.

Stems.*

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

TREES grow according to certain laws of which botanists are continually adding to our stores of knowledge, and it is to be presumed that if a tree could be grown unmolested and in strict accordance with the laws that govern its kind, the result would be a perfect tree. That is to say that if a tree grow in a soil supplying all the demands of its root system, in a climate and atmosphere charged with all it requires for food and breathing in its leaf and stem system, with the right insects in the right number, or the right winds in right force for the pollination of its flowers; with just the amount of sunshine requisite for the development and ripening of its fruit; with the quality of light necessary to its kind, and with absolute protection from all its foes, then it would be a perfect example of its particular species. Its symmetry and exactness of type would be a thing to wonder at, but it is doubtful if its perfect beauty would appeal to us humans in as great a degree as the more irregular beauty of the tree as we know it. A tree trimmed and pruned out of all knowledge by the gardener is bereft of half its beauty; a tree drawn up in the forest till it is a mere pole with a green top, cannot compare with the specimen tree grown in the open for beauty of form and luxuriance of foliage; but the perfect tree would be just too perfect, and suggest machinery rather than nature;

* Nature-Study series, continued from p. 114.

at least, though it might appeal to the scientist, it would have little fascination for the artist.

Such a tree is not likely to exist; even presuming that it is born in the right soil, it will always have to contend with unsuitable external forces, to resist the attacks of innumerable enemies, to adapt itself to all kinds of outside conditions. This is what trees are always doing—contending, resisting, adapting, and alas, making heavy calls upon their reserve forces for the repair of injuries resulting from continual warfare; so that they are never quite symmetrical, quite regular, but are scarred and bent and irregular. In Nature, things are so intimately bound up with each other, one form of life so greatly affecting other forms, that it is impossible for any one plant or animal to stand alone having nothing to do with anything else. It must fight where the affecting force is inimical, or adapt and even make use of it, as in certain trees which, having had their roots preyed upon by a fungus, have eventually given up producing root-hairs and make the fungus supply their place by its own mycelium.

The power of trees to adapt themselves is, within the limit set by the laws of their kind, immense. The common Spruce in Lapland becomes a plant creeping among the mosses and lichens, on which you can walk as upon grass in a field; it is still the Spruce, but adapted to the conditions in which it is placed, a poor thing compared to the timber tree of Germany. Again, the reserve force trees contain for the repair of injuries and the replacing of lost parts is very great; on the accession of fresh light a bud on a Hornbeam stem that has lain dormant, though living, for over seventy years will send out a healthy shoot; an Oak that has been stripped of its foliage by insects will clothe itself anew in the same season.



Study of the Stem of an Elm Tree.

By John Constable, R.A.



Larch (Larix europaea).

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

It must, however, be noted that in all diversion from its usual habits a tree always keeps within the laws of its own species, or in other words, there are limits to its possibilities, and some knowledge of these laws and limitations is essential to the artist who would go beyond a mere rendering of a scene actual and accessible. It is necessary for him to know something of the construction of the stem if he would paint it correctly, and to do this he must study not only its method of growth, but the amount of light the particular kind of tree requires, and the nature of its root system; for all these influence its form.

Stems are either true or false. In the conifers, like the Spruce and Larch, they are true; that is to say, the terminal bud of a season's growth, after the winter interval of rest, continues growing and so on, season after season, making the stem one straight upward-growing piece of timber. In the majority of dicotyledonous trees—for instances the Oak and the Poplar—the stems are false. The terminal bud in their

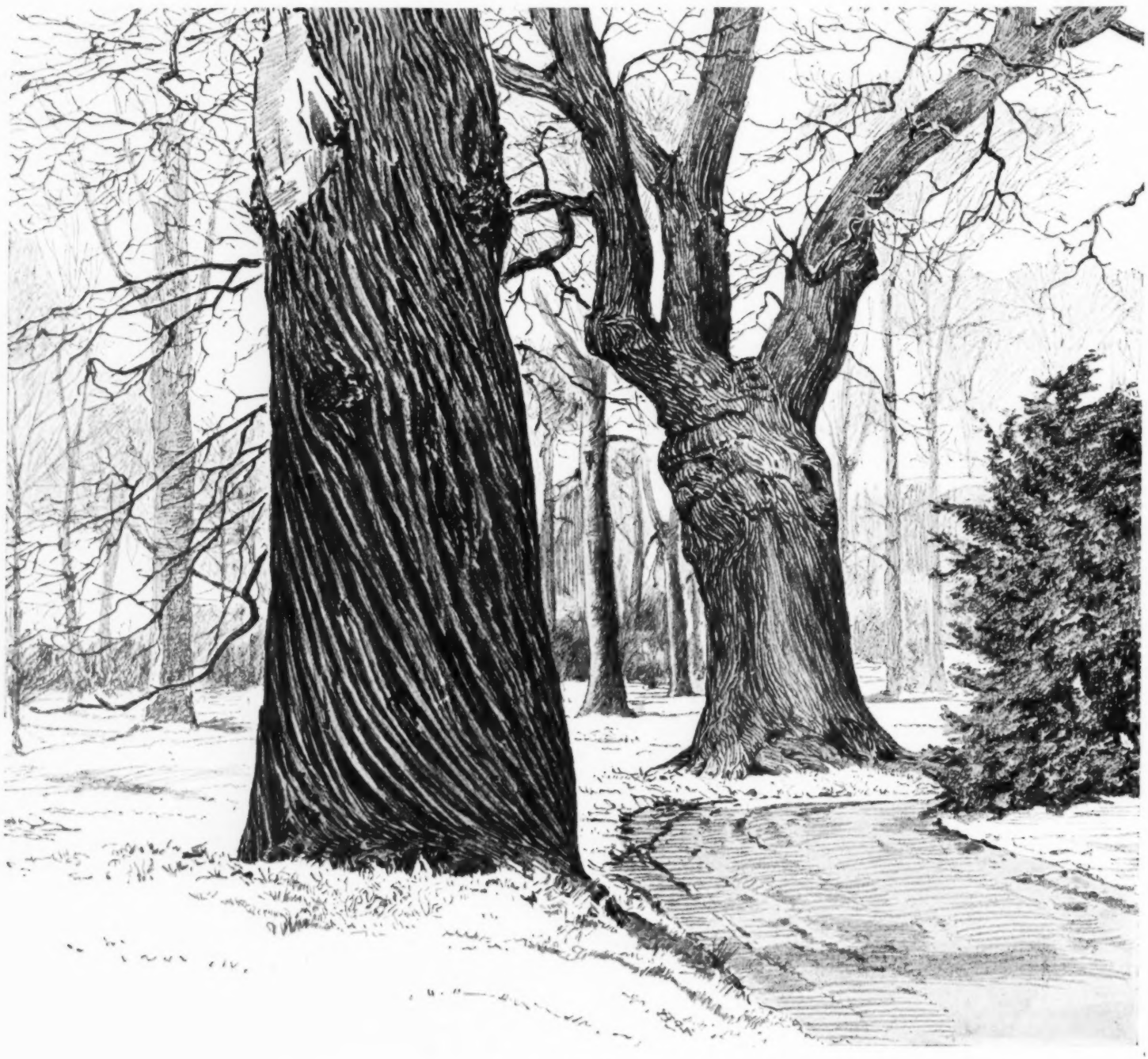


Hazel (Corylus avellana).

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

case dies at the end of a season, and the following spring the topmost lateral bud takes its place for a year, so that the stem, instead of being one continuous growth, is more like a number of branches growing end to end. In many trees up to a certain age the effect of this is seen in hesitations in the stem, if the word may be so used, or even a slight bending to one side or the other of each season's growth. If the terminal bud of a true stem be so damaged that it can no longer grow, then the tree has the power to replace it by a lateral bud, so making the stem false in that one place. These methods of stem growth are followed in the branches also, and another important point to remember in the branching is that no branches spring from the current year's growth. A season's growth produces leaves with buds in their axils, which buds lie dormant till the following spring, when they may develop into long shoots bearing leaves, or short shoots bearing leaves or flowers, or may still lie dormant for a varying period. In a tree the topmost of these dormant lateral buds usually produce long shoots: the lower ones short shoots; this is reversed in a shrub which has many stems, and the buds near the ground grow most strongly, always throwing up new stems from the base of the old ones, as may be seen in the Hazel (*Corylus avellana*). For this reason in unmolested growth a tree has one stem and a shrub many, but if a tree be cut down or broken off short, then in the effort to repair the damage done dormant buds on the stump will awaken and shoot upwards, so giving it a bush-like appearance; or conversely, a shrub which has its lower shoots removed year after year will take on the likeness of a tree.

The demand of a tree for light or its power of enduring shade largely affects its character. Trees like the Beech, the Hornbeam, and the Silver Fir, which can bear a great amount of shade, cast a deal of shadow themselves; while such as demand much light, as the Birch and the Larch, are of more open growth and cast but little shade. It would be contrary to all possibility of growth to paint Birch saplings in the dense shade of a beech wood, and there is always a note of



Sweet Chestnut (Castanea sativa) and Oak (Quercus pedunculator).

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



Ash (Fraxinus excelsior). Beech (Fagus sylvatica).

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

pathos in a group of emaciated dead young trees of a light-demanding kind sometimes seen in woods, where an opening in the wood roof having been made by the removal of one or more of the veterans, the young plants have for a few years made a phrenetic reach for the open space and light, only to die as the space closed up. The habit of light-demanding trees is a fast upward growth, always stretching for light, and so arranging their foliage as to get the maximum quantity within reach; on the other hand, the shade-bearing trees throw out dense masses of foliage quite enshadowing their stems and branches. But even these have their limit of endurance, for shade will not only stop buds from growing, but will kill branches already existing, as may be seen in dense woods, where all the lower branches have died and fallen off, and the trees are reduced to mere 'bole' and 'crown.'

Shade-bearing trees have usually thin bark, often smooth and of dark colour, but there is another factor which affects the bark. Those trees which shed their bark in thin layers, like the Birch and the Plane, have only thin bark, while in those which do not it becomes thick and furrowed. The furrowed bark is the dead bark distinct from the inner living bark which encloses the living sap-wood, by which is again enclosed the dead heart wood, and it is interesting to note the various patterns made by this furrowed bark, two of the most noticeable being the Sweet Chestnut, whose stem often resembles a gigantic screw, and the Walnut, which has the appearance of lace or network. The position of the lenticels or breathing holes also affects the appearance of the bark, the transverse lenticels of the Birch and the White Poplar and the Cherry making the trees seem wrapped in bands.

In painting a landscape from nature the facts are there to be copied or rendered, but in composing a picture in the studio it is possible that insufficient knowledge may lead to the placing a tree in a position where it could not possibly grow. Besides the question of light the construction of the root must be considered. The Larch, for instance, cannot grow but where there is much light, but on the other hand, having no deep main root, but a system of wide-spreading lateral roots branching downwards where there is opportunity, it is able to support itself and thrive on wind-swept rocky ground where the Scots Pine, another light-loving tree unable to produce its deep main root and having to depend only on its weaker shallow ones, would be unable to resist the wind. An Oak too, with its great root system, only really flourishes on a deep soil, whereas the Beech is able by its widespread shallow roots to tap food supplies nearer the surface of the ground. The lateral roots of the Beech send no shoots above ground, while some trees such as the Black Poplar, which have a deep main root, also have a system of spreading ones that send up shoots or, as they are called, "suckers." The trees with shallow roots very often declare the fact by the splayed-out and divided base of the bole, as is so noticeable in the Beech, which often has quite a network of roots half out of the ground all around the tree; and the varied form of trees where they grip the ground is always due to the nature of the root system. No tree actually grows in water, and no English tree grows in really water-logged soil or swamp, as the roots need a certain amount of air; but most Willows and Poplars like moist places, and will grow very near water, often throwing a mass of small rootlets into it, though never any great distance. They could not exist high up on the dry hillside where the Birch is able to pick up a fair living.



A View of Omval, near Amsterdam.

From an etching by Rembrandt.

Trees not only vary in their demands and favour various places according to their kind, but the same kind changes largely in appearance under a change of situation, and it would be a practice of great use to the landscape painter if he noted on his studies not only the time of year in which they were made, but some few particulars of the altitude, character of surroundings, nature of soil, and aspect—such details would greatly add to the value of the studies for after use and reference.

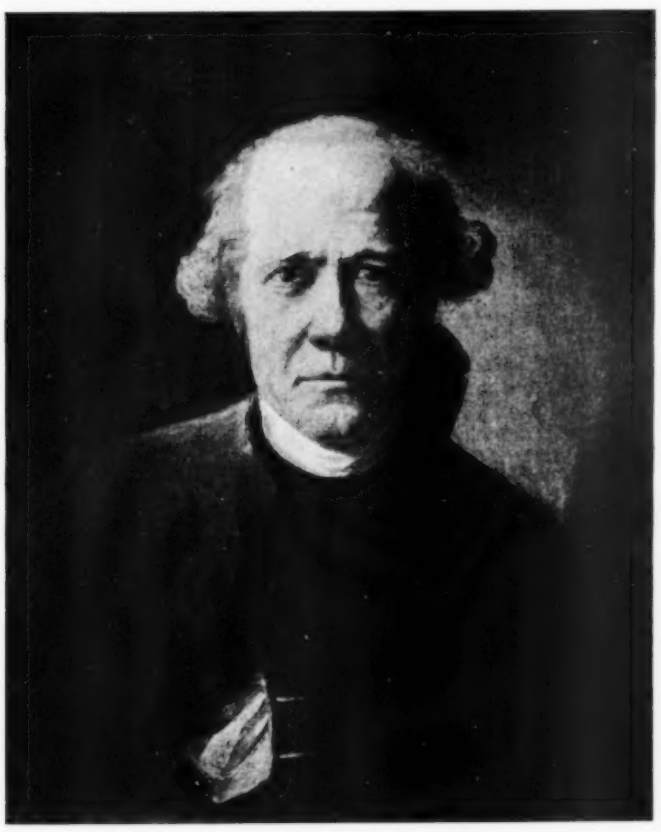
In the making of such studies much encouragement may be derived from the examples given of Rembrandt and Constable, which convincingly show that they did not think the time and care expended in such a way were wasted.

Art Criticism.

THE Old Water-Colour Society has lately passed a rule forbidding members and associates to publish criticisms on work by living British artists. As one of the talented associates has for several years contributed unsigned notices to a leading literary journal, he has no doubt had to choose between the pen and the brush, or rather the pen and his associateship. No other art society, so far as we are aware, imposes any such restriction, and the policy is, to put it mildly, questionably wise. Some artists are admirable critics, and if the lead of the R.W.S. were followed, none save those whose talent had not been officially recognised would be eligible. The Academy, of course, does not permit lecturers to allude to contemporary native work, but there the matter ends. Not long since a series of articles on Painter-Etchers appeared in a magazine by a member of that Society.

Additions to Public Galleries, 1907.

THE names of six hitherto unrepresented artists will have to be added to the next edition of the National Gallery Catalogue of Foreign Schools as a result of additions during 1907. In the Umbrian Room, to the west of the Ansidei Madonna, is a 'Virgin and Child' (2188), with angels peeping over the semi-circular wall behind them, signed by Giov. Francesco da Rimini, which is a gift from Mr. Salting. This is one of Mr. Bernhard Berenson's discoveries, and notes upon the painter have appeared from time to time during the last couple of years in the *Rassegna d'Arte*. The far from adequate collection of French pictures has been temporarily strengthened by Mr. Salting's loan of a superb Diaz, 'The Storm,' and several Corots; permanently, too, by Mrs. Edwin Edwards' bequest of 'Roses' (2133), and 'Apples' (2134), by Fantin, the first painted in 1864, and by Corot's 'Marsh of Arleux' (2135). The new names here are those of Gabriel Saint Aubin (1724–80), and Joseph Ducreux (1737–91). St. Aubin's 'Une Parade' (2129), of a fencing display watched by a group of persons who stand beneath heavy foliage, with house-fronts behind the improvised platform, is one of his few known pictures. It appeared at the Baring sale last May as a 'Street Scene' by Claude Gillot, Watteau's master, two red chalk drawings of allegorical groups by whom, one presided over by some divinity of gambling, have been bought by the British Museum lately. At Christie's the picture brought 95 gs. It was identified as by Gabriel St. Aubin, a pupil of Boucher, through an engraving in the Bibliothèque Nationale. The forcibly sincere self-portrait by Ducreux (2162), a pupil of Greuze, to whom some of his pictures are attributed, was bought out of the Lewis fund. Like Rembrandt, Ducreux again and again painted himself, engravings from three of these portraits being published in London the year of his death. Another, possibly, is the so-called 'Robespierre,' given to Greuze, which belongs to Lord Rosebery. In Gallery XIII. there is placed Mr. J. P. Heseltine's gift of 'The Water Lane' (2130) by Jan Siberechts (1627–1703), a Flemish protégé of the Duke of Buckingham, who painted a good deal in England and died in London. Here, however, the rehung Rubenses form the signal attraction. The last new name is that of Jacob Ochtervelt, born at Rotterdam, *c.* 1635, married there in 1655, who died at Amsterdam prior to 1700. He was a fellow-pupil of De Hooch under Berchem, and his scarce works connect in mood and handling with those of Metsu and De Hooch. At The Hague is his admirable 'Woman buying fish,' and at the Old Masters' in 1872 and 1902 was a 'Lady playing a harpsichord,' lent by Mr. A. P. Fletcher, which was greatly admired for its skilled rendering of draperies and accessories. The figure in pink gown in the 'Interior' (2143), presented by Mr. Pfungst, is on an unusually large scale for Ochtervelt. Not till the portraits of the Marchese Cattaneo (2127) and of the Marchesa (2144) were, with a gift to help from Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi, purchased, was Van Dyck's Genoese period represented. Interesting as they are, the National Gallery of Scotland is in this respect far better off, with the full-length portrait of a nobleman, and the famous group of



(National Gallery.)

Self-portrait.

By Joseph Ducreux.



(National Gallery).

Giovanni Battista Cattaneo.

By Sir Anthony Van Dyck.



(British Museum.)

Boers Shooting.
By C. W. Furse.

the Lomellini, sketched and described by Wilkie in 1827, and, upon his advice, purchased by Andrew Wilson for the Royal Institution. Almost one may rank with the additions the 'Holy Family' of Reynolds, a study for one of the children's heads in which, bought by Mr. Manson of Christie's at Sir Thomas Lawrence's sale in the thirties, was recently seen in the Ryder Gallery. This picture, painted about 1788, was rather less than a century later in such bad condition that Sir Frederick Burton consigned it to the basement, and its number, 78, was given to a landscape by Berchem. It was generally supposed that owing to the excessive use of asphaltum the pigments had disappeared, but Mr. Buttery has restored it almost, it would appear, to its original state. The 'Holy Family' hangs opposite the most masterly of Sir Joshua's male portraits, that of Lord Heathfield, which, indeed, is unsurpassed in British art. Taunt after taunt has been flung at our National Gallery, which, all things considered, is the most representative collection of pictures anywhere to be found. One of the last of these taunts, that it contained "unsunn'd heaps of misers' treasure," has been robbed of what point it had by the intelligent re-hanging carried out under the direction of Sir Charles Holroyd. Many pictures of worth can now be seen, virtually for the first time, by the present generation of visitors.

Mr. D. S. MacColl has worked to as good purpose at Millbank as Sir Charles Holroyd in Trafalgar Square. Wisely, Lady Tate acquiesced in the distribution of the sixty-five pictures presented with the building by the late Sir Henry Tate, and thus the educational value of the entire collection has been enhanced. For instance, the group of Pre-Raphælite pictures has never looked anything like as well as now, brought together on one wall of Gallery III. with Burne-Jones' 'King Cophetua' as centre, and Rossetti's fair 'Annunciation' fittingly isolate by the east door. James Ward's 'Gordale Scar,' transferred from Trafalgar Square, has been thoroughly cleaned, and in Gallery I., on the line, looks singularly impressive. A sketch for it has been bought recently and hung in the same room. In April, to commemorate the eightieth birthday of Mr. Holman Hunt, his 'The Ship,' painted in 1875, was presented by a group of admirers. Through the National Art-Collections Fund comes Alfred Stevens' old-



(British Museum.)

A Mounted Boer.
By C. W. Furse.



(British Museum.)

Sketch of a Horse.
By C. W. Furse.

masterly portrait of John Morris-Moore (ART JOURNAL, 1903, p. 344), and Wilkie's 'The Picnic,' discovered to be a group of the Nursey family, painted at The Grove, Little Bealings, Woodbridge, in 1822, when the artist was on his way to Scotland in connection with George IV.'s visit to Edinburgh and to make studies for 'Knox preaching.' Judge Evans presented Professor Legros' time-sketch of the head of Mr. John Gray, done in an hour and twenty minutes on a public platform before the School of Art in Aberdeen. The certitude of the first swift onslaught, on which success depended, caused the local art master, "trained in the school of stipple and stump, rubbing out and niggling in again," to place himself under Professor Legros at the Slade. James Charles' sincere and consistent 'Will it rain?' (1887) was given by Mr. John Maddocks, several of his studies of landscape, figures, animals, by Professor Fred. Brown and Mrs. Charles. 'The Music Lesson,' charming in colour, has been bought to represent Frank Huddleston Potter, the almost forgotten but talented artist who used to show at the Grosvenor Gallery, the R.A. and elsewhere. Mr. Will Rothenstein's 'Jews mourning in the Synagogue,' first seen at the New English, was presented by Mr. J. Moser in memory of the 1906 Jewish Exhibition at Whitechapel. The seven Brabazon drawings, given by Mrs. Coomb, Mr. Sargent, Miss Clare Atwood and others, show several phases of his delightful art. Then, of course, there are the Chantrey purchases, which it is unnecessary again to detail. The Chantrey pictures, not altogether unfortunately, continue to be separated from all the others at Millbank. That does not mean that without disadvantage some of them might be "elevated" to the upstairs corridors.

The list of additions to the National Portrait Gallery, though long, is not of special importance. Of real interest, however, are two late portraits of Gordon, certainly among the remarkable figures of the 19th century. One is a drawing by Edward Clifford, done in December, 1882, before he started for the East, given by the artist's brother, the Bishop of Lucknow; the other, a bust in oils, was painted at Cairo in January, 1884, immediately prior to Gordon's start on the fatal expedition to Khartoum, by Leo Diet, an Austrian officer, who on the back of the canvas has noted full details of the sittings. Portraits of the Duke of Tyrconnell, the Viceroy of Ireland, of Count Anthony Hamilton, author of the De Grammont Memoirs, and of Sir George, Count Hamilton, killed at the Battle of Somme, were obtained at the sale of Lord Trimleston's pictures in February. The exhibition of H. Allen's copy of 'Irving,' by Millais, given by the Garrick Club, caused two rules to be violated, that as to the ten years' limit and that as to the ineligibility of copies. The Trustees, however, frequently use their discretionary power. Sir E. Durning-Lawrence, not for the first time a benefactor of our national collections, gave crayon drawings by J. Russell, of Rowland Hill at Surrey Chapel and of his brother Sir Richard Hill. Portraits have been added, too, of Turner, of J. F. Lewis, R.A., of the Rev. Sidney Smith, of Sir Matthew Wood, the first man knighted by Queen Victoria, of John Clare, the Northamptonshire poet, of Sir Henry Parkes, who began life as a farm labourer and became Prime Minister of New South Wales.

Two exceptionally interesting acquisitions there have



A Mourning Woman.

(British Museum. From Trentham Hall. Photo. Mansell.)

been to the Print Room of the British Museum. The collection of Japanese colour-printed woodcuts has in number been ten-folded and in importance hundred-folded; secondly, there has been bought a series of ninety studies by Tintoretto, on grey-green paper, done with utmost freedom with the brush in tempera, the high lights touched with oil. Since 1860, when Mr. W. B. Carpenter procured a few stray examples, there have been at the Museum some colour prints to represent this important branch of Japanese popular art. Five years ago £200 was spent in procuring a small selection from those brought together by Dr. Ernest Hart. But in all there were not more than perhaps 300 prints in the Department. In three strides the assemblage has become one of the best, excepting those of M. Vever in Paris, of Mr. Morse at Chicago, and, in extent, of that in the Boston Museum. From the collection formed by Mr. Arthur Morrison, the novelist, one of the most astute of experts, 1,851 prints on 2,101 sheets have been selected, all choice examples in finest condition, chosen so that the various groups and masters shall have a well-considered proportional representation. Few series of such uniformly high quality could be found. We may give the number of examples by several of the protagonists: Hiroshigi 400, Kuniyoshi 200, Hokusai 123, Harunobu 32. Sir Hickman Bacon presented 386 prints, Sir Ernest Satow a few rarities in excellent state, Mr. W. C. Alexander, father of Whistler's famous sitter, fourteen of Hokusai's celebrated 'Thirty-six views of Mount Fuji,' which brings the Museum collection of these up to thirty-five of the forty-six or so of which, despite the title, the set consists. During a decade's residence in Japan, Mr. Samuel Tuke acquired many admirable



(National Gallery.) **Une Parade.**
By Gabriel J. de St. Aubin.



(Tate Gallery.) **Will it Rain?**
By James Charles.

prints, and of these 443 are now at Bloomsbury. Tintoretto, known as 'Il Furioso,' is by some thought never to have made preliminary studies for his great designs and colour harmonies. But the album of monochrome and colour drawings shows how, with all his daring, with all his power, he by no means relied wholly on improvisation, but indefatigably and assiduously explored alternative schemes. The ninety drawings were collected at Rome and placed together in an album by Don Gasparo d'Haro e Guzman, Marchese del Carpio, Ambassador of Spain to Innocent XI., who in 1682 became Viceroy of the Kingdom of Naples. Don Gasparo, grand-nephew and namesake of Count-Duke Olivarez, it will be remembered, owned at Naples the famous Rokeby Velazquez. Descendants took the album to Valparaiso, whence only recently it has been brought back. There are thirty-three studies for 'The Temptation of St. Anthony,' nine for 'Christ giving the Keys to Peter,' five for the 'Miracle of St. Mark,' a fine 'Christ descending into Hell,' and mythological subjects, such as 'Neptune and Tritons offering spoils of the sea to Venice,' possibly intended for a decoration in the Ducal Palace. These paintings on paper, about 15 by 10 ins., are almost as fresh as when they were dashed off by Tintoretto, upon whose methods they throw a new light. Four other such studies only are said to be known, two of them in the British Museum. Belonging to three centuries later is the interesting sketch-book of Charles Wellington Furse, containing records of the Jameson Raid. There are vivid studies of Boer troopers, animate and stylistic notes of horses, and a fine pen-and-ink of dead horses on Doorn Kop in the moonlight. Despite his frail body, the blood of the campaigner coursed through the

veins of this gifted man. By Furse, too, are drawings for the decoration of the Liverpool Town Hall, including a design for a complete decoration. The National Art-Collections Fund has presented an important collection of etchings by Legros.

As Director of the National as well as of the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland, Mr. James L. Caw has made certain useful transferences from one to the other. The additions to the National Gallery include Crome's sombre 'Scene in Wales,' painted in 1803 when he was travelling with Mr. Gurney, another issue of the trip being the impressive 'Slate Quarries' of our National Gallery; the late Robert Brough's 'W. D. Ross,' painted in 1893, when the artist was twenty-one; a landscape by James Charles, presented by Sir T. D. Gibson Carmichael; and Wilkie's study for 'John Knox preaching.' The most important addition to the Portrait Gallery is Chantrey's marble bust of Sir Walter Scott, chiselled in 1828, which fetched £2,250 at the Peel sale in 1900. It was presented anonymously. The nucleus of another public collection in Scotland was formed by the Scottish Modern Arts Association purchase, for something over £500, of characteristic pictures by Messrs. E. A. Hornel, Mr. James Paterson, Mr. E. A. Walton, and a small still-life piece by Mr. S. J. Peploe.

There has been great activity at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, where the additions include examples by the late W. L. Windus, Mr. J. Young Hunter, Mr. H. S. Tuke, Mr. Terrick Williams. Of notable gifts to the Birmingham Gallery there may be named the small version of Mr. Holman Hunt's 'May Morning on Magdalen Tower,' Watts' 'Little Red Riding Hood,' and a collection of over 100 drawings by David Cox. Manchester has added pictures by Watts, Ford Madox Brown, William Estall and his friend Arthur Tomson, Cecil Lawson and, among others, Mr. Clausen.



A Lady standing at a Spinet.

(National Gallery.) By Jacob Ochtervelt.

One of the wisest purchases by a provincial gallery was Bonington's 'Abbey of St. Bertin,' for Nottingham, and Preston did well to obtain for 220 gns. at Lord Davey's sale Watts' 'Genius of Greek Poetry,' with its lovely wreath of figures.

Watteau's 'Harlequin and Columbine.'

Mezzotint by F. Miller after the Picture at Hertford House.

BY general consent Antoine Watteau is the poet-painter par excellence among his brethren of eighteenth century France. He was the most exquisite, the most original draughtsman and colourist of his time, the founder of a new school of courtly pastoral painting. One of the blots on the escutcheon of our National Gallery is that this 'Prince of Court Painters,' who had the genius to transfigure into images of enduring beauty the transitory elegancies and the frivolities of the life around him, is there unrepresented. Fortunately, the Marquess of Hertford recognised the incomparable charm of Watteau, and no other gallery possesses a series of his works such as the nine in the Wallace Collection. It is not uninstructive to remember in this connection that when, in 1848, Lord Hertford paid 900 gns. for the 'Champs Elysées'—it had belonged to the artist's friend, M. de Julienne, and was in 1776 sold for £260—a critic declared that "it would be the climax of imbecile judgment to say that such a picture was worthy of the sum." Nevertheless, Lord Hertford had the wisdom to give £1,240 for the large 'Rendezvous de Chasse,' painted in 1720, the shadowy landscape in which is one of the loveliest examples of the enchanted world, charged with the music of colour as visioned by the mason's boy. Watteau's "queer trick," as he expressed it, consisted in breathing on to the panel what Walter Pater calls the old magical exhilaration of his dream. The graces, the dalliance, of the gaily attired folk whom he painted were to him surely symbols of a nobler world of aspiration, and sometimes, as in the "Gilles" of the Louvre, he reveals the tragic intensity with which he contemplated the only half-conscious players on the stage.

Gainsborough would gladly give a picture in exchange for half-an-hour's pleasure in listening to some fine violinist. Watteau, too, one of his æsthetic forerunners, did not, at any rate during the early years of his success, appreciate the market-value of his work. It is told how, delighted with a wig for its close imitation of nature, he insisted on handing the perruquier two of his pictures, and but for the interven-

tion of M. de Caylus he would have given a third. On another occasion he gave to an over-talkative critic, with the object of getting him out of the room, a not unimportant work. On learning the character of the man, however, whose habit it was to depreciate artists who had offended him, Watteau, taking advantage of a request to re-touch the picture, wiped it out altogether. It is said he never enjoyed painting a Fête Galante so much as he enjoyed effacing that one. In 1720 he came to England, where Dr. Richard Mead, physician to George II., advised him to study less and amuse himself more. But "the fogs and the coal smoke that one breathes for air in that country" had a disastrous effect on his already shattered constitution. On July 18, 1721, he died near Vincennes, in the arms of his devoted friend Gersaint, having a few months before painted that inimitably brilliant improvisation, 'the Enseigne de Gersaint,' preserved in the Royal Palace at Berlin. The 'Harlequin and Columbine (voulez-vouz triompher des Belles?),' of jewel-like colour, the landscape setting of a temper and quality that Watteau only could compass, is one of the most perfectly preserved of his pictures. No artist has excelled him in painting the world as though it were a gem crushed into a myriad fragments, each surpassingly beautiful.

Royal Academy Doings.

FOR some time the Royal Academy has had under consideration the question of glazing paintings in oil exhibited at the summer exhibitions. For half a century or more pictures under glass have been rigidly excluded, the one exception of recent years being Mr. Seymour Lucas' 'Reception of the Moorish Ambassador by Edward VII. at St. James' Palace,' shown under glass in 1902 by royal command. There is great diversity of opinion as to the benefits and drawbacks of glazing. Watts, for instance, was always unhappy until his pictures were under glass. Many works on the line would undoubtedly be improved; but it is difficult if not practically impossible to limit glass to these. Then the invidiousness of distinguishing between members and non-members would be sure to cause an outcry. As for "skied" works, some contend that under glass they might almost as well be rejected as so seen. The matter came up finally at a meeting in March, when it is understood that, by the casting vote of the President, a change in the rules was resolved upon. In 1909, unless the matter be reconsidered, both members and outsiders will, anyhow as an experiment, be allowed to send in pictures under glass. The extra labour involved will be considerable, for almost certainly, in the case of works hung high, the glass will have to be removed.

The R.A. Council for the year, whose members, with the President, form the Committee of Selection, consists of Mr. E. A. Abbey, Mr. T. Brock, Mr. A. C. Gow, Mr. E. J. Gregory, Sir Hubert von Herkomer, Mr. B. W. Leader, Mr. Seymour Lucas, Mr. Briton Riviere, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, and Mr. W. L. Wyllie. From this Council the hangers are recruited. By the way, Sir Hubert von Herkomer's huge portrait group of the Council of 1907 is likely to be one of the most eagerly discussed pictures of the year. It measures about 21 feet, and its illusion of reality is said to be complete.

London Exhibitions.

By Frank Rinder.

R.I.	Ninety-fifth Exhibition.
Whitechapel Gallery. .	Spring Exhibition.
Goupil Gallery . . .	Henri Le Sidaner.
Fine Art Society. . .	Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A.
Messrs. Colnaghi's . .	Coloured Engravings.
Messrs. Connell's . .	Six Edinburgh Artists.
Messrs. Obach's . . .	Henri Foreau.
Messrs. McLean's . .	Norwich School.
Messrs. Shepherd's . .	Early British Masters.
Leicester Gallery . .	W. Lee Hankey.
" " . . .	Terrick Williams, R.I.
Baillie Gallery . . .	Flower Paintings.
Paterson Gallery. . .	Modern Drawings.
Carfax Gallery . . .	Francis McComas.
Ryder Gallery . . .	A. L. Baldry.
Dering Yard	Alfred W. Rich.

Whitechapel Art Gallery.—The Whitechapel Gallery is singularly fortunate in its Director. Mr. Charles Aitken has knowledge, enthusiasm, tact, and again, in the second exhibition of a new series, his resourcefulness is demonstrated. Several groups of work in the upper gallery represent in interesting though, it may be, slightly too retrospective a fashion corporate bodies such as the Academy, the New English Art Club, the International Society, in addition to some Scottish artists of note and painters resident in Cornwall. Welcome was anew extended to Mr. Sargent's finely animate 'Lord Ribblesdale' of the 1902 Academy, at once so serious and so genial, to Mr. Clausen's radiant vision, 'Building the Rick,' and to other "old friends," such as Mr. Napier Hemy's strenuous marine, 'Youth.' Sir L. Alma-Tadema's 'Cleopatra,' dating back some years, reveals more than the archæologist and scholar in him. Two Scotsmen, seldom represented in London, could be studied. Mr. Robert Noble's 'Harvest Time, East Lothian,' unfalteringly pitched in a high key, is painted with remarkable vigour and knowledge. His "impressionism" is essentially



Harlequin & Columbine
by Watteau



(Dering Yard Gallery.)

A Hertford Mill.
By Alfred W. Rich.

structural and definite. Mr. MacTaggart's 'The Storm' shows him as pictorial wrestler with wind and vehement wave. Is he overwhelmed a little or does he conquer? Among the drawings were Mr. Havard Thomas' closely wrought 'Mother and Child,' which has the serenity of sculpture, and two of the superb landscapes by Mr. Muirhead Bone for the illustration of 'Children's Children.' "Subject" pictures of immediate appeal to the toilers of the East-End formed one of the two sections downstairs. Especially good were the small examples of genre by Sir William Fettes Douglas, whose art is not to-day recognised at its worth. Most attractive of all, at any rate to the student, were the many "copies" of important works in various European galleries by a number of well-known artists. We find Gainsborough celebrating and, in certain respects, refining upon the qualities of Van Dyck in the great portrait group of Lord John and Lord Bernard Stuart; the same British master, less moved, transmuting a Ruysdael and a Jan Both; John Phillip, Edwin Long, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Lavery seated, so to say, at the feet of Velazquez; Etty unsuccessfully attempting to enter into Giorgione's dream of the Fête Champêtre; Alfred Stevens giving re-birth to Titian and other of the Venetians, though without capturing the sumptuousness of their colour; Constable treading the path of Ruysdael; Sir L. Alma-Tadema worshipping Rubens, Sir Charles Holroyd Bellini, Mr. Fulleylove Lucidel. A signal instance of an artist plunging into pictures by another and remaining himself is that of Mr. Brabazon. Unfortunately it was impossible to procure any of Manet's essays after Velazquez, Titian or Hals, or one of the classic copies by Rubens.

Fine Art Society.—The first separate exhibition of works by Mr. Frank Brangwyn suggests that fitly he might inscribe on his banner the words applied to Manet by Mr. George Moore: "Be not ashamed of anything but to be ashamed." Particularly as an etcher Brangwyn has transgressed against traditionalism, and in so doing has once again vindicated the right of an original artist to discover his own language. Whistler, forgetful of or ignoring Piranesi, affirmed that "the huge plate is an offence, its undertaking an unbecoming display of determination and ignorance, its accomplishment a triumph of unthinking earnestness and uncontrolled energy—endowments of the 'duffer.'" Brangwyn, boldly working on zinc, not on copper, declares that etchings may be appropriate, not only for the portfolio and minute examination, but for walls, there to tell as large, bold, dramatic decorations. He does not attempt to weave delicate lines into some subtle pattern; instead he uses his instrument with a swiftness and force that sometimes becomes almost savage, and always with overwhelming assurance. In Bond Street his powers as a colourist, an artistic godchild of the gorgeous East, could be no more than suggested. The 'Festa in Venice' and the sketch for one of the panels in the Hall of the Skinners' Company are the work of a man who praises life through the arts. The two huge decorations for the Venice exhibition, which did not tell at their value in the narrow room, show his capacity for massive, romantic and sumptuous design, which, were Brangwyn a Frenchman, would cause him to be inundated with public commissions. Blindly we fail to take full advantage of his decorative genius. Appropriately circumstanced, freed from the distractions of an ordinary mixed exhibition, the etchings as a series look triumphant. The purist is silenced by the authoritative breadth and rich effectiveness of the *ensemble*. Were Rembrandt's exquisite 'Landscape with a Canal and Boat' accepted as the one way in which excellence can be compassed, these intentionally rude plates could not be justified. That is not so, however. Brangwyn's right to "gang his ain gait" is indisputable.

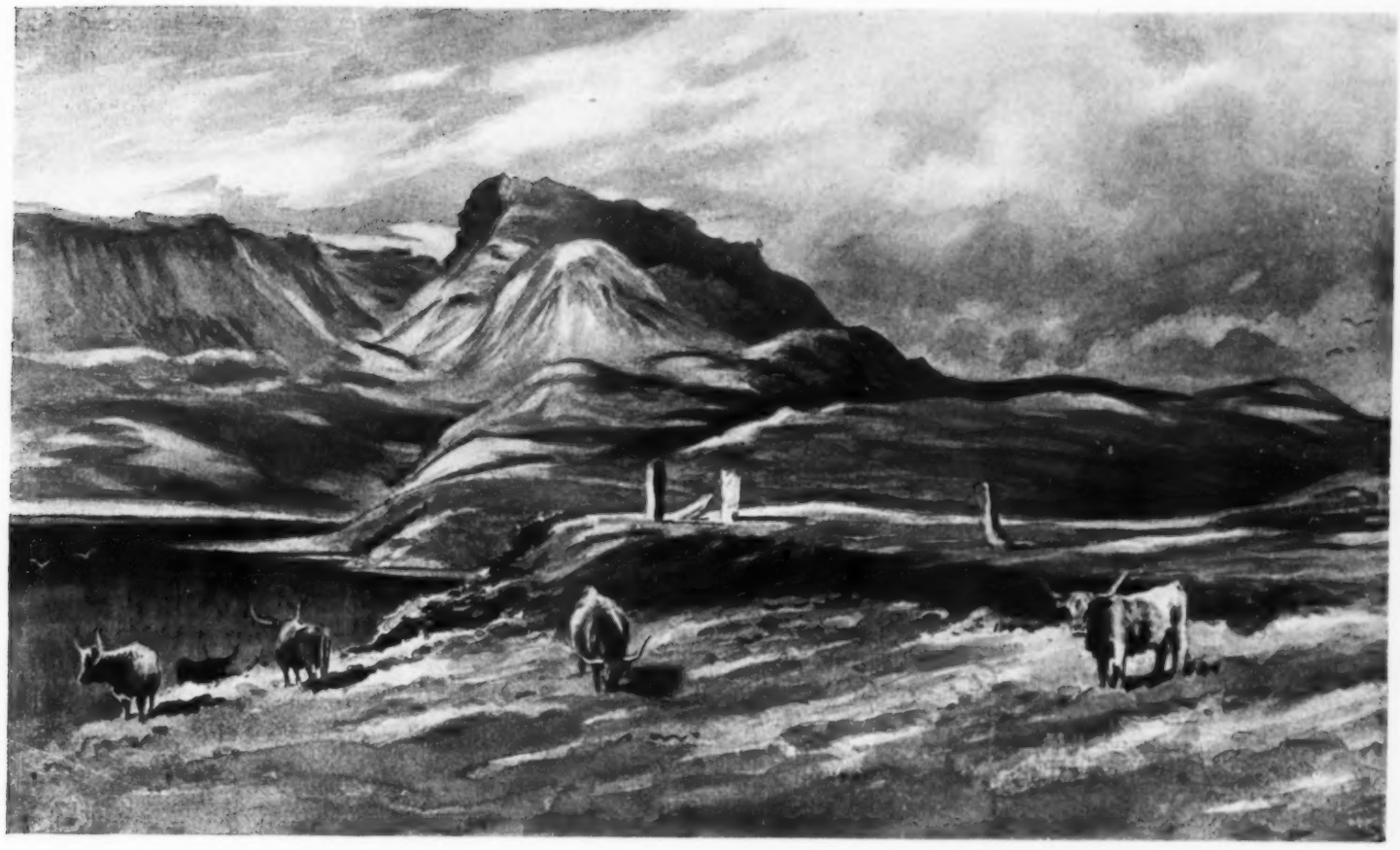
The Royal Institute.—The ninety-fifth exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours is the reverse of inspiriting. Just those qualities of convinced vigour and exultant breadth possessed in marked degree by Brangwyn are here lacking, nor are there more than a few drawings in which the medium is used simply and expressively. Trivial, vapid, over-prettified work preponderates to a lamentable extent. There is danger of missing the water-colours that rise above the mediocre level because of their infrequency. Among them should be noted landscapes by three of the distinguished group who show each winter in Pall Mall. Mr. Aumonier's 'Autumn' has dignity and atmosphere, Mr. J. S. Hill's 'Sand Dunes' is free and breezy, Mr. Leslie Thomson touches 'Hamble Creek' with distinction. Mr. Van Anrooy, if he asks rather more of water-colour than legitimately it has to give, sends an accomplished 'Canal in Amersfoort,' with snow lying on the barges. Mr. A. J. Munnings in 'The Huntsman' and 'The Second Whip,' arrests the attention by his force and sincerity, his grip on realities of colour and life. He knows what to select; he paints with ease and gusto. Were Mr. Dudley Hardy somewhat less versatile he would probably go much farther in picture than he does. How skilled he is, yet often how disappointing. Mr. Claude Hayes does not worry the

water-colour medium, there is integrity in the coast pieces of Mr. J. R. Reid, Mr. Louis Ginnett is remarkably adroit; Mr. Steven Spurrier handles his subjects cleverly, and 'The Red Cloak' of Mr. Albert Gilbert shows considerable dexterity. Mr. E. J. Gregory falls far short of his best in 'Cecilia, Peter and Benjamin,' excellent as it is in parts, and you must not look from the admirably rendered brocades and discriminatingly finished stuffs to the inanimate faces in the drawings of Sir James Linton. Welcome contributors include Mr. Burleigh Bruhl, Mr. Stuart Richardson, and, in the sculpture section, Mr. Basil Gotto and Mr. Gilbert Bayes. In addition to the water-colours there are over 250 miniatures by members of the Society of Miniaturists, among them Madame Debillemont-Chardon.

Paterson Gallery.—The half-dozen drawings by Mr. Joseph Crawhall sufficed in themselves to make this little exhibition noteworthy. The combined breadth and subtlety of his 'Trout Rising' suggest fine Japanese work, but the Oriental influence is assimilated, not merely annexed, and the force, the surety of selection, used at once to interpret the living life of the fish and to meet the exacting demands of decoration, are Mr. Crawhall's own. To learning, and a wonderful faculty of memorising essentials of structure, of movement, of colour, he unites an exceptional power to simplify, to re-order his material, so that, as though spontaneously, it blooms on the brown holland which serves as a background. The vivid study of an Arab donkey, done in 1887, 'The Moor Hen,' one of whose scaly green legs is rendered in masterly way, and a brilliant sketch, 'The Gentleman Farmer,' are other of the too rarely seen works of Mr. Crawhall. Mr. William Nicholson's still-life piece, of stocks in a white Georgian jug, with a pink glove lying on the table near, is, in its slightly perverse way, extraordinarily clever—nay, more than clever. Several other talented men were interestingly represented.

Baillie Gallery.—The third spring exhibition of flower paintings was perhaps more varied and interesting even than its predecessors. Two acceptable examples showed the art of Fantin, who, rising at four on summer mornings to paint, in his garden outside Paris, the flowers as they woke, could unite faultless definition to expressive general design, fine colour, and a sense of the living life of his "sitters." By the little-known Victor Vincelet was an interesting arrangement of stocks and cherries, done in 1869, the first of two successive years in which he sent such pictures to the Salon; by Vollon a sumptuous study of wall-flowers in a vase. Many artists of to-day, among them Mr. E. F. W. Hayward, Mr. S. J. Peploe, Mr. A. G. Bell, Mr. Clausen, Mr. Westley Manning, Mr. Stuart Park, Miss Jessie Algie, Miss A. D. Muir, and Miss Louise Perman, had characteristic works, indicating diversity of approach and of technique. None disputes the place of Mr. Francis James as our sovereign flower painter in water-colours. But, apparently under the influence of Fantin, Miss Katherine Turner does excellent work, and there were good drawings by Mr. Keith Henderson, Miss Alice Swan, Miss Jessie M. King. In the outer gallery were some non-floral drawings, notably by a French draughtsman of remarkable penetration, who is still practically unknown in this country. Constantin Guys, born in 1802, at Flushing, died 87 years afterwards in the Dubois Hospital. One of the finest essays of Baudelaire was written to celebrate his talent; Delacroix, Manet, Sainte-Beuve, Théophile Gautier were other of his enthusiastic admirers. Guys disliked notoriety, and when Thackeray praised him by name in a London journal, he indignantly protested as though it were an outrage. The wash drawings in Baker Street did not show Guys in his capacity as a brilliantly resourceful chronicler of the Paris of the Second Empire, of its elegance, its military splendours, its social conquests, its sordid other-side, but as a sure and swift observer of Spanish types and Spanish scenes. 'A Madrid Café,' bought for South Kensington, shows how Guys could win to the character of such a subject with utmost simplicity and ease.

Other Exhibitions.—Mr. Francis McComas, the young Australian artist of Irish origin, was almost unknown in England till the opening of the exhibition at the Carfax Gallery of twenty-four water-colour drawings, for few will recall the immature works by which he was represented at a colonial show eight or ten years ago. The fine influence of Cotman is evident in 'Exmoor,' but in other drawings, of classic temples, of cypress-set islets off Corfu, there is more conscious search for romantic colour. There is a glow, a warmth, about these water-colours which passes beyond the disciplined methods of Cotman or Girtin. Mr. McComas' indisputable talent is well exemplified in 'The Bridge of Ronda, Spain,' an impressive scene whose effect is not falsified by the introduction of irrelevant details, in the 'Walls of Ronda' and 'Ronda Farm.' In the Connell Gallery were water-colours by half-a-dozen able Edinburgh artists, work by one of whom only is familiar in London. Mr. James Cadenhead, Mr. C. H. Mackie, Mr. W. Y. Macgregor, Mr. R. B. Nisbet, Mr. William Walls, each attached to the R.S.A., showed characteristic and interesting drawings, as did the lesser-known Mr. A. G. Sinclair. The 120 or so water-colours by Mr. Alfred W. Rich, seen at the gallery of the New English Art Club, sustained his deservedly great reputation. No living water-colourist is to finer purpose treading the path of De Wint, of Turner in his mid-period, of Girtin. Year by year Mr. Rich advances, not alone in scholarship, but in genuinely individual interpretations of nature. Knowledge in his case is not inimical to spontaneity, and always he uses the medium simply and expressively. At the Goupil Gallery M. Le Sidaner had eleven impressions of Hampton Court and London. Particularly good were the two pictures of the 'Old Pond Garden,' at once bold and subtle, and the 'House-Boat, September Evening,' the sequence of ivories and pale greens woven into a gracious spell. The always instructive show of works by early British masters at Messrs. Shepherd's included one of the rare sea-pieces by Crome, remarkable for its vigour, an attractive portrait of a boy by Raeburn, a sketch of Hellinghan Dell by Constable, good pictures by Barker of Bath and Henry Morland, and Romney's 'Mr. Ainslie,' done before he came to London from Kendal. Connoisseurs of coloured engravings were provided by Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi with an admirable display of examples from the Model collection; at Obach's were some skilled drawings by Henri Foreau, a pupil of Harpignies; and at the Leicester Galleries Mr. W. Lee Hankey showed once again his sympathy and skill as a portraitist of peasant children, and Mr. Terrick Williams had a number of interesting studies of harbours and towns, lower in tone than has been his wont.



Dubh-loch and Standing Stones.

By A. Scott Rankin.

Netherlorn and its Neighbourhood.*

By Patrick H. Gillies, M.B., F.S.A. Scot.

"Large are the treasures of oblivion; much more is buried in silence than recorded; and the largest volumes are but epitomes of what has been."—Sir Thomas Brown.

THE island of Shuna lies midway betwixt Luing and Craignish. About three miles long and less than two broad, it presents a surface of less fertility and verdure than the neighbouring isles, but beautifully variegated with copses of natural wood. Numerous rivulets course down its brown sides, the position of each being indicated by meandering lines of birch and hazel which thickly clothe the depressions; while here and there on the less fertile areas of soil, clumps of the same species of tree dot the landscape. The whole, arranged with Nature's careless freedom and grace, presents the appearance of ornamental policies—only, as has been said, "man never did anything half so well."

The island, once the property of the Lords of Lorne, was granted along with other lands in 1321 by King Robert the Bruce to Dugald Campbell, Knight of Lochow, as a reward for faithful services. In 1679 Lord Neil Campbell of Ardmaddie, a son of the eighth Earl of Argyll, granted a charter of the lands to a family of the name of MacLean, probably cadets of Duart, who owned the island until about 1815, when it was sold to Mr. James Yates, a Glasgow merchant, who, in 1829, gifted Shuna to the Corporation of Glasgow—whose property it now is—the revenue to be applied for the benefit of certain institutions and the poor of the city.

The mainland portion of the parish of Kilbrandon, consisting of a quadrangular area of land stretching from Clachan Sound to Loch Melfort, comprises the lands of Degnish, Kilchoan, Barnayarrie and Ardmaddie; but there is evidence to show that at one time it included the lands of Barnacarrie, Duachy, and others lying south of the outlet of Loch Feochan, which now form part of the parish of Kilninver. Thus, on a hill overlooking Clachan Sound, known as Suidhe Bhreanain (the seat of St. Brendan), there are the remains of a churchyard called Claodh Bhreanain (the burial ground of Brendan). In the Aberdeen Breviary it is related that "Saint Brandon having sailed to the west coast of Scotland, fixed his residence on the top of a hill, whose base stretched into the sea, on the spot known as Sedes Brandani, where only one ship could enter." This description may well apply to Suidhe Bhreanain, and the narrow channel which at this place separates the parishes of Kilbrandon and Kilninver.

St. Brendan of Clonfert in Galway, so called to distinguish him from the equally famous St. Brendan of Birr, was one of those Twelve Apostles of Ireland who carried out the great work of re-Christianising that country. The influence

* Chapter V., "Shuna. Mainland of Kilbrandon." Continued from page 119.

of St. Patrick's teaching had begun to wane, and the faith inculcated by him to decay, when St. Finnian, an Irish Pict, trained in the Welsh school of St. David, Gildas and Cadoc, returned to his native land and introduced that monastic rule, with its spirit of religious enthusiasm, which made Ireland in the sixth and seventh centuries the chief centre of Christian thought and missionary enterprise in Europe. St. Finnian founded the great seminary of Clonard, and here Brendan of Clonfert, Columba and the remainder of the Twelve amongst many others, were trained and sent forth in succession to plant their faith, not only in the uttermost parts of Ireland, but in Scotland, England and the continent of Europe. The story of the wanderings of Brendan, as told in the poem of the *Pilgrimage of St. Brendan*, is often called the Christian Odyssey. For seven years he sailed over strange seas and visited the savage lands of Western Alban in quest of "the land of promise of the Saints," and during his dreary pilgrimage he repeatedly visited the Land of Lorne, where his memory is still green in the hearts and lore of the people.

If Columba was the Apostle of Caledonia, Brendan was *par excellence* the Apostle of the Isles. The latter had reached manhood ere the Scots of Ireland had founded the colony of Dalriada in 498, and was an old man at the time of St. Columba's exile from Ireland in 563. As pioneer of the Early Christian movement among the rude tribes of Western Argyll, the period of his missionary activity was spread over the second quarter of the sixth century. In 542 he founded the monastery of Ailech in one of the Garvelloch Isles, and a few years later, the church of Kilbrandon. He was patron saint of the parish of that name: his festival day was the 16th of May. His name occurs frequently in the place names of the district—Dun Bhreanain, Cille Bhreanain, Culi Bhreanain (the Retreat of St. Brendan) Suidhe Bhreanain and Geodha Bhreanain (the Creek of St. Brendan); while that of his more famous successor St. Columba occurs but twice, and then in connection with artificial wells—one, Tobar Cholluim-chille in the island of Lunga, and another of the same name in Eileach-a-naoimh, or Holy Island. This fact would indicate that all the prominent natural features had received their Gaelic names before the advent of the great apostle in 563; and that ere that time the colonizing and Christianising of the Western seaboard of Argyll was an accomplished fact. The way had been prepared and a strong foothold secured for the coming of St. Columba, the purpose of whose mission amongst the Dalriadic Scots was to consolidate the power of the Church and systematize the method of government: a work for which his royal origin and statesman mind eminently fitted him.

The worship of stones, fountains, trees and other natural objects, and the mysterious beings which these represented, is as old as mankind itself; and it was this worship and the influence of its ministers—the Magi or Druaidh—which the early missionaries had to combat and subvert. Appropriately enough, at the foot of Suidhe Bhreanain,



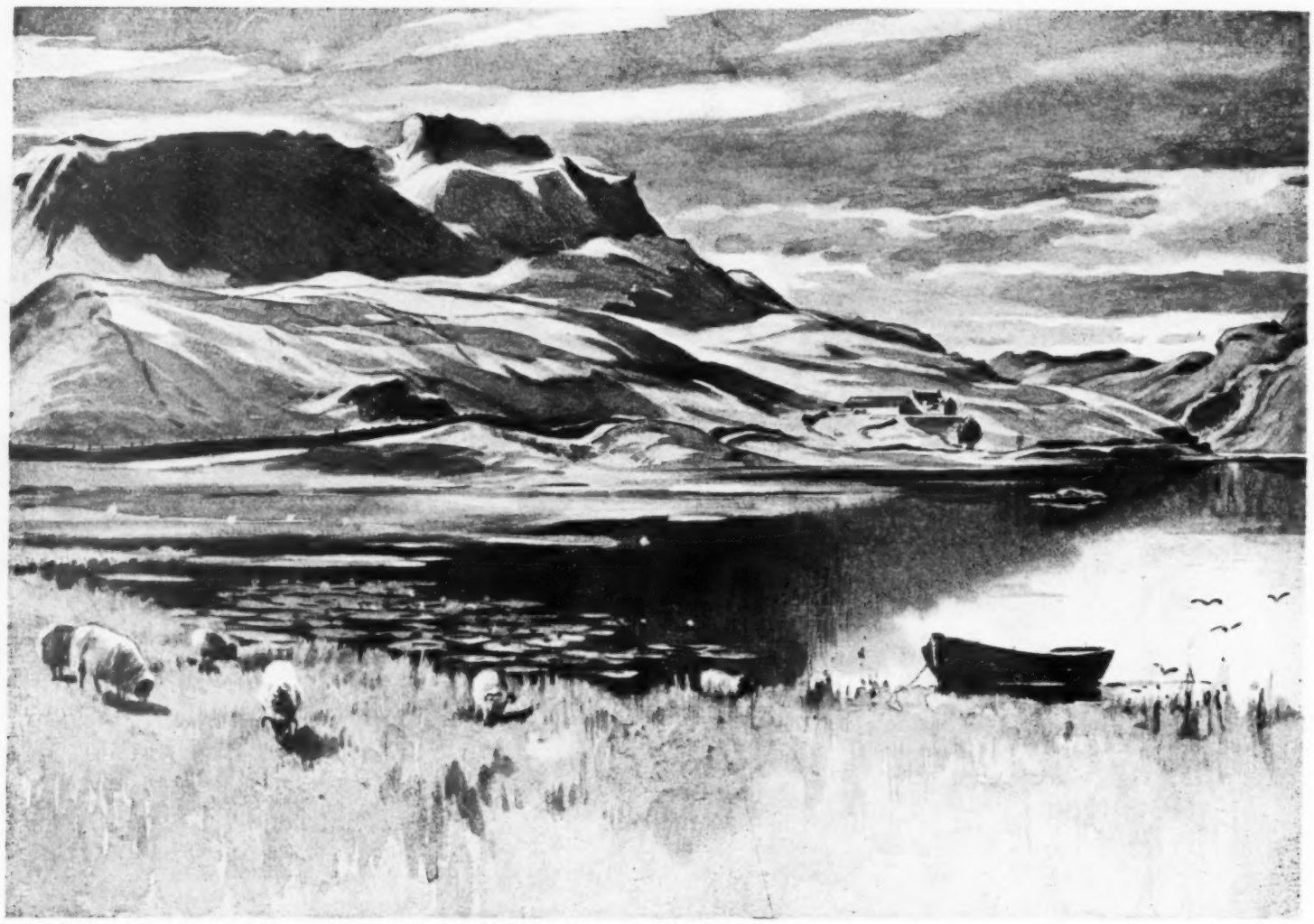
Head of Loch Melfort from near Degnish.

By A. Scott Rankin.



Ardmaddie Castle (Marquis of Breadalbane, K.G.).

By A. Scott Rankin.



Loch Seil from South End.
By A. Scott Rankin.

crowning a low gravel mound on the shores of a little lake known as the Dubh-loch, are the remains of a megalithic circle—vestiges of that ancient cult. Only four of the upright monoliths remain, but the general arrangement may be traced; and we may believe that here in this sequestered spot was the principal idol of the Pagan inhabitants, "the *Cromcruach* and twelve idols of stone around it, and he was God of all the people until the coming of Brendan."

Each monolith is a roughly hexagonal block of basalt, many tons in weight, standing nine feet or more above the surface of the ground; and we cannot but wonder at the mechanical genius and perseverance which the men of that far-off neolithic age must have possessed to wedge the columns from their bed in the trap-dyke, to transport them long distances, and ultimately, by lever, inclined plane and the power of co-operation, to erect them as enduring monuments of their worship and beliefs.



Between Degnish and Melfort.
By A. Scott Rankin.

About a quarter of a mile to the east of the circle, in a bleak, bare glen, is a large sheet of fresh water known as Loch Seil, in the middle of which is still to be seen the foundation of a lake dwelling, rectilinear, and built of square blocks of stone; while to the north tower the basaltic cliffs of Duachy and Ardnahua, crowned by the fantastic Losgann Lathurnach and the remains of a prehistoric fortress. Viewed from the sea, the rock upon which the ruins stand, six hundred feet above sea-level, resembles a bastioned fort. It is precipitous on three sides, the scarp being about sixty feet high. The landward side was defended by a wall 250 feet long, drawn across the top of an abrupt slope.

The main road from Oban passes along the side of Loch Seil, and about a mile to the south, at Achnasaul, bifurcates. One branch, turning sharply to the right, passes over

Clachan Bridge, then across the island of Seil, to communicate by means of ferries with the islands of Easdale and Luing. The other branch, traversing the steep defile of Bealach-na-cridhe, skirts a wide stretch of swelling braes, known as Na-h-oighean (the maidens), which, while they partake of the treeless aspect common to Highland moors, satisfy the eye by the long stately procession of purple-coloured undulations mounting to a smooth, clear sky-line in the far distance. Passing along a densely-wooded ravine, the road suddenly opens into a deep recess on the shores of a sea-loch, and here, pleasantly situated at the head of the bay, is Ardmaddie Castle, a seat of the Marquis of Breadalbane. Sheltered on three sides by tree-covered heights, it commands to the south-west a magnificent vista of sea and land, broadening in the distance as the long rays of land—Seil, Luing and Jura on the one side, and the jutting bold promontories of Degnish, Craignish and Knapdale on the other, diverge.

Behind the castle are the gardens, and a long flat field called Lon a chuspair. It was here that the retainers practised "cuspaireachd," or archery. Close by the Lon is a pretty waterfall, known as Eas-na-ceardaich, down which the great volumes of water gathered from the Braes above force a noisy passage to the sea.

The dome-shaped mound upon which the castle stands was the site of much earlier buildings than the present. During the fifteenth, sixteenth, and part of the seventeenth centuries the house and broad lands in Netherlorn were the property of the MacDougalls of Reray. This family, the chief cadets of the house of Dunollie, attained during the period referred to, a position of considerable power and influence. Their leaders seem to have been men of great ability, and were generally engaged in important service. The marriage of John MacDougall of Reray to Isabel, daughter of Sir John Campbell and Muriel of Calder, ancestors of the present Earls of Cawdor, inclined the family to support the Argyll Campbells in their schemes of aggrandisement against the MacDonalds of Islay and Kintyre. Thus we find John MacDougall's grandson acting as Argyll's lieutenant against Sir James MacDonald of Isla during the last great struggle of that princely family to maintain the superiority which had in previous centuries earned for its chiefs the proud title of "Lords of the Isles": and during the same campaign Alexander MacDougall, a brother of Reray, was killed while acting as Constable of the royal castle of Duniveg in Islay.

Notwithstanding frequent marriage alliances with Campbell families, the MacDougalls, during the Civil War, actively supported Montrose and his able coadjutor, Sir Alexander MacDonald. Young MacDougall of Reray, reputed the most handsome soldier in the Royalist army, was one of the few men of note who fell on the victorious side in the sanguinary battle of Inverlochy.

For this defection, the Campbells, who suffered severely during the strife, never forgave the MacDougalls, and seized the first opportunity, which soon presented itself, of revenge. The story is thus told. John Maol MacDougall, the last baron of Reray, was married to a sister of Campbell of Ardkinglass; they lived unhappily together, so that by-and-by a separation was agreed upon, the wife being allowed a residence at Dunmor near Easdale. MacDougall being shortly afterwards at a fair held at Kilmore near Oban, was induced by one of the Campbells of Calder to marry a kinswoman of the latter. The matter being reported to Argyll, MacDougall was prosecuted for bigamy, and failing to pay the enormous fine imposed, his lands were seized by the Earl of Argyll, at that time hereditary Sheriff of Argyll and Justiciar for Argyll and the Western Isles, who bestowed them in feu upon his second son, Lord Neil Campbell. It is said that the MacDougalls were not evicted without a severe struggle, the old castle withstanding several attacks before being captured. Strange to say, the fate of the family of Reray is unknown; they appear to have sunk into instant and complete obscurity, and at the present day not an acre of land in the district of Netherlorn is possessed by one of the name.



Eas-na-ceardaich.

By A. Scott Rankin.

Richard Rothwell, R.H.A.

THE daughter of Richard Rothwell, R.H.A., tells us that for thirty years she has been watching the newspapers for mention of works by her father in the sale-rooms. Rothwell is represented at South Kensington and in the National Portrait Gallery, and Mr. W. Roberts thinks that many of his later pictures are sold as Beecheys. We join in the hope that Mr. Algernon Graves will compile an alphabetical index of the portraits exhibited at the Academy which would help to clear up questions of this kind.

Passing Events.

ONE of the chief pictures at the exhibition arranged by Messrs. Marchant in the Brighton Art Gallery—the opening of which Mr. D. S. MacColl was unfortunately unable to attend on account of the illness of his sister—is 'The Bird Cage' of Henry Tonks. In this sunlit interior, gay with flowers and filmy fabrics, with a girl in lightest and brightest of summer attire, all the pictorial statements are set down with utmost zest and assurance. Mr. Tonks has never compassed anything more brilliant. The exhibition as a whole is one of the most interesting ever organised in Brighton.

SCOTLAND is asserting its rights in connection with the forthcoming Franco-British exhibition. Several prominent Scotsmen refused to send because there will be no special section for the R.S.A. Probably Mr. J. Lawton Wingate and Mr. E. A. Walton will go unrepresented; but it is to be hoped that there will be a characteristic example by that fine landscapist, Mr. Robert Noble, R.S.A., who, it is said, will help to hang. The Scottish Modern Arts Association urges the necessity of representative Scottish works being chosen in Scotland, and not in England. We note, by the way, that there is a movement in favour of re-appointing an artist to the office of King's Limner for Scotland, vacant since the death in 1902 of Sir Noel Paton.

BY his will, dated June 22, 1903, the late Mr. John Feeney, proprietor of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, bequeathed to the Corporation of his city the sum of £50,000 towards the cost of erecting a new picture gallery "on a site provided by the Corporation." The question as to whether or not the projected municipal buildings in Edmund Street—the basement, ground floor, and part of the first floor of which it is intended to use as offices—complied with the bequest, came before Mr. Justice Eve recently. He interpreted the word site in this connection to apply to a superficial area which may include no land or ground as properly understood. He took Mr. Feeney's governing idea to be that his contribution was to be restricted to the cost of the building. No doubt this judgment will often be cited in the future.

STORIES without end, many of them authentic, are in currency as to the manufacture of Old Masters. Some of our foreign neighbours are particularly skilled, and can turn out at short notice pictures and other works which deceive even the most wary. According to report, the able Dr. Bode recently recommended the purchase of a bronze figure, thought to belong to the Italian Renaissance, but really the handiwork of a living Munich craftsman.

THE death of the eighth Duke of Devonshire not only removes from public and social life an impressive and honoured figure, but from the world of the art-collector one who took keen pleasure in his rich possessions. The Duke was generous in lending to Burlington House, the Guildhall, Whitechapel, and other exhibitions, pictorial treasures from Chatsworth, Devonshire House, and Hardwick. Conspicuous among these is the masterly cartoon, done by Holbein in 1537 for the fresco painting in the Privy Chamber at Whitehall, which was destroyed in the fire of 1698. It shows Henry VIII., full-length and life-size, in the foreground, with, on a raised step behind him, his father Henry VII. At Chatsworth is, of course, the 'Liber Veritatis' of Claude, which stimulated Turner to rivalry with his 'Liber Studiorum.' The Claude collection of some 200 drawings in bistre, touched with white, was bequeathed by the artist to his nephews as an heirloom, but sold by their successors. One also recalls the lovely early triptych by Memlinc, three pictures and a fine series of drawings by Rembrandt, the masterpiece in portraiture of Jordaens, some good examples by Reynolds, and a beautiful Greek head in bronze, c. 480 B.C. The library at Chatsworth, with its many Caxtons, its rare Shakespeare quartos, is also justly famed.

M. SUKHOROVSKY, the Russian artist, who died in March, received £60,000 by exhibiting in various places his picture 'Nana.' It was sold to a dealer for 4,000 gns., he transferring it to an American for £8,000, the latter reputedly having netted £200,000 by the enterprise. Later the artist lost all his money in unfortunate speculation, and not till a subscription was raised for him by the ladies of Hungerberg, on the Gulf of Finland, could he buy the canvas for 'Nana's Daughter.' Miss Mary Grant, the sculptor-niece of Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., and grand-daughter of the Earl of Elgin, whose death must also be recorded, exhibited regularly at the Academy from 1866 to 1892, a work in the latter year being a bust of Parnell. Her bust of Sir Francis Grant is one of the few works by women owned by the Royal Academy.

IN the person of Mr. H. L. Bischoffsheim, who died early in March at his residence, Bute House, South Audley Street, organisers of London exhibitions lose another supporter, though no doubt Mrs. Bischoffsheim will continue to lend. The portrait of her painted by Millais in 1873 ranks among his very best. Gainsborough, Hoppner, Turner, Hals, and several foreign masters, are also represented in the collection.

THE exhibition at the Guildhall in 1901 of modern Spanish paintings warrantably attracted a great deal of attention. The protagonists are, of course, well-known in cosmopolitan Paris, and to our International Society several regularly contribute. Again, Sorolla y Bastida was of those whose names appeared recently on the Royal Academy's nomination list for Honorary Foreign Membership. A cordial welcome is assured, then, for the extensively illustrated volume on some of the chief painters and paintings of the Spanish School since the time of Goya, promised by Mr. A. G. Temple, the Director of the Guildhall gallery.



THE BIRDCAGE.

BY HENRY TONKS.

(By permission of Messrs. W. Marchant & Co.)

MR. SYDNEY BUXTON, the Postmaster-General, was uncomplimentary the other day as to the British postage-stamp. Neither in design nor in artistic merit is it worthy, he holds, of this great country. A suggestion has recently been made to him by one "whose soul is burdened with the artistic fitness of things" to the effect that there should be a mourning stamp to harmonise with the black-edged envelope. In opening a recent exhibition of the G.P.O. Art Club, he was humorously modest as to his own art achievements. He used to sketch animals, but the limit of his ability was reached when he induced them to stand on their own legs, so to say, without indicative labels, "This is a dog," or "This is a cow," such as were used for stage "scenery" by the Elizabethans. A prominent exhibitor at Mount Pleasant was Mr. Samuel H. Hancock, a postman in the E.C. district, who had a one-man show at the Doré Gallery in April.

THE Hon. John Collier's 'Sentence of Death' promises to be one of the most popular pictures at the Academy. It shows the consulting room of a present-day doctor, painted from life, so to say, with a pallid young man hearing in tense quiet the unwelcome verdict. The doctor is at once recognisable as a prominent associate of the old Water-Colour Society, who has several times played parts in Mr. Collier's pictorial dramas.

WE understand that there is a probability of the well-known and extensive collection of modern pictures brought together by the late Mr. George McCulloch being exhibited at the Old Masters' next winter. Special rooms would no doubt be set apart for the collection.

MANY connoisseurs hold that Mr. Sargent has never excelled, in closeness and beauty of realisation, his portrait, 'Madame X,' which caused such a furore in Paris some years ago, and was a centre of attraction at the International Society's 'Fair Women.' Some, however, take exception to the background. Originally, we believe, it was blue.

ON March 18 the Royal Scottish Academy met to elect three associates. Unlike the R.A., in Edinburgh, it is resolved in advance from what branch of art new associates shall be drawn. There were to be two painters and one sculptor. The painters chosen were Mr. R. Duddingstone Herdman (thirty-two votes) and Mr. George Smith (twenty-seven votes). Mr. John Duncan came next with seventeen votes. The new sculptor-associate is Mr. Harry S. Gamley, who secured thirty-three votes against six given to Mr. Kellock Brown.

MR. DAVID MURRAY has been unburdening himself on the vexed subject of art critics. Their habit, he is reported to have said, is to relate pictures to each other without considering whether anything has been achieved in adding to the store of knowledge of the beauty of nature. Furthermore, the usual press critic is "for ever on the look-out for extraordinary expression in art. Whatever is 'screaming' interests him; the academic, the painstaking, the accomplished is 'laboured.'"

WHO is to be entrusted with the execution of the Shakespeare Memorial if that scheme be carried through? Mr. Bernard Shaw suggests Rodin; but it is scarcely probable that the commission would be given to any but a British artist, however great his power. Apropos of Rodin, the King spent over an hour in the sculptor's studio on the Meudon heights during his visit to Paris.

MR. WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE, the well-known American portraitist, told a good story of Whistler at the Hotel Astor not long ago. A girl student of Mr. Chase, weary of his careful methods, started "right in" painting a bunch of purple and green ambiguous scenery. In answer to a question of Whistler, she said, looking at him with dreamy eyes, "I'm painting Nature as I see it. Don't you think one ought to do that?" "By all means," assented the master, "provided one does not see Nature as you paint it." Mr. Chase thinks Stevenson must have had Whistler in mind when he wrote *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. "I never saw a man who seemed to have two such diametrically opposed natures; sometimes his traits were exquisitely beautiful, at others actually brutal."

A STATEMENT has gained currency to the effect that Sir George Reid intends at once to retire from portrait-painting. The truth is that, for some considerable time, he has contemplated such a step, and is in consequence undertaking no fresh commissions. He has still, however, work which will occupy him at least a year. Portraits are promised from his brush of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador, of Sir John Murray of "Challenger" fame, of Lord Ardwall, and several other prominent men.

MR. T. AUSTEN BROWN has recently been elected a Foreign Corresponding Member of the Société Royal des Beaux Arts, Brussels. For long he has been an Associate of the Scottish Academy, but as he does not live north of the Tweed he cannot be made a full member.

THE Furness Railway Company has obtained powers to renovate and repair the house on the outskirts of Barrow-in-Furness occupied by Romney in his early days. It will be turned into a museum, where it is hoped to gather together some of his pictures and a few relics.

IN connection with the one-man show of works by Mr. George Henry, organised by Mr. Alexander Reid in Glasgow, two of his pictures have been etched and printed in colours by M. Manuel Robbe, Paris. They are 'Poinsetta,' seen at the New Gallery in 1904 (THE ART JOURNAL, 1904, p. 195), and 'The Mirror,' which was at the Academy in 1907 (THE ART JOURNAL, 1907, p. 204).

THE authorities of the Luxembourg have purchased a third picture by M. Henri Le Sidaner. This is 'La Terrasse,' which, at the Goupil Gallery Salon of 1907, was priced at £220. 'White Roses,' by Miss Louise E. Perman of Glasgow, has also been secured for the Luxembourg. The Glasgow Corporation Gallery has received as a gift from Mr. Andrew Reid one of the largest and most important pictures by Albert Moore, 'Reading Aloud,' which was at the Academy of 1884. It was bought direct

from the artist by Mr. William Connal, reputedly for £800, and on March 14, at the dispersal of Mr. Connal's gallery, it went to Mr. Alexander Reid for 800 gs. The picture was reproduced in THE ART JOURNAL (1903, p. 33). The Glasgow Corporation has purchased, it is understood for £100, 'The Capture of a Spy,' in water-colours, by the late Arthur Melville. Among other additions to public collections may be noted Mr. Sheriff Wakefield's gift to the Guildhall of two pictures by Mr. Brangwyn, 'The Lord Mayor's Show in the Olden Time' and 'The Tower Bridge,' 1897. They fetched respectively 120 gs. and 46 gs. at the G. R. Burnett sale on March 21.

MR. WILLIAM ORPEN'S portrait of Mr. Evan Spicer, Chairman of the L.C.C., 1906–7, has taken its place with portraits of other past Chairmen in the County Hall. Mr. Herbert Hampton has been chosen to execute the statue of the late Marquis of Salisbury for the Foreign Office, and Sir Luke Fildes to paint the portrait of Mr. Lloyd George for the Law Society's Hall in Chancery Lane.

THE four lectures delivered in the theatre of the Albert Hall by Mr. Laurence Binyon on the painting and sculpture of China and Japan were, as was to be expected, highly appreciated. Mr. Binyon unites scholarship to poetical insight.

THE exhibition at Whitechapel of copies of famous pictures did not profess, of course, to be comprehensive. There was nothing, for instance, by John Jackson, R.A., who, besides his good original work, had a special gift for imitating that of others. In 1813 Sir Charles Bell wrote, "There is a man, Jackson, who has a wonderful talent for copying the Old Masters. He charges more for a copy than Raeburn does for painting a portrait." Again, many so-called Paul Potters, Berghems, and works by other Dutch masters, are, in reality, from the brush of Philip Reinagle. So proficient was Teniers in imitating the Italian pictures in the Brussels gallery of Archduke Leopold William, Governor of the Low Countries, that he became known as the Proteus of painting.

MRS. EDITH FARMILOE, to the purchase of whose drawing, 'The Children of the Poor,' by the Queen we alluded on p. 127, is wife of the vicar of St. Augustine's, Victoria Park. Mrs. Farmiloe takes her subject direct from life, chiefly the child-life of the slums.

SO successful proved the exhibition of British masterpieces in Berlin that almost every day it was necessary to suspend admission to prevent overcrowding, and the entrance-money had to be raised from two to three and even five marks. A chief feature of the entertainment for the benefit of the Society for Combating Infant Mortality, organised by the Crown Princess, was a series of living representations of the pictures. Several of the impersonations were remarkably good, but the wax doll for Reynolds' 'Duchess of Devonshire and Child' raised a smile. All save ten of the pictures were transferred to Copenhagen, where the King of Denmark opened the exhibition. Three of the withdrawn works belong to the Royal Academy. Again at Copenhagen enthusiasm was unbounded.

THE Kaiser has something incisive to say on every possible subject. At the Municipal Museum in Venice, in looking at a fine collection of antiquities gathered from old Italian churches, he is reported to have expressed regret that the priests are in general so ignorant of art. The Director answered that the Pope had recently instituted a special art class in the seminaries.

Six Dutch Masters.*

SCHOLARSHIP has achieved much since in 1829 there was published the first, in 1842 the last portion of John Smith's famous *Catalogue Raisonné*. Till now, despite inexactitudes, out-of-dateness and other shortcomings, it has remained indispensable to students, collectors, curators of public galleries, and others, as is shown by the high prices paid for the volumes. At last the initial part of a new, we may say a sublimated Smith is in our hands. The investigations of Dr. de Groot, of which we here have some of the fruitage, reach back many years, and his reputation as a scholar and connoisseur suffices to assure for the descriptive catalogue a cordial reception. Dr. de Groot has been assisted by Dr. W. R. Valentiner, now of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and for the English version Mr. Edward G. Hawke has done far more than the excellent translation. To him we owe the exhaustive index of present and past owners, lacking which the catalogue would not approximate to its present serviceableness. The three French and four Flemish painters dealt with by Smith are disregarded, and seven Dutchmen substituted. While he included men as relatively unimportant as Pijnacker and Eglon van der Neer, Smith took no heed of Adriaen Brouwer, J. van der Cappelle, Carel Fabritius, J. van Goyen, Frans Hals, A. van der Neer, and, notably, Vermeer of Delft. Each, certainly, comes within the "eminent" category.

Dr. de Groot's method of procedure is admirable. In the case of every painter he gives a succinct, lucid biography and carefully weighed estimate of the work, brief notes of pupils and imitators, of which there should be an index, a classified summary of the pictures, a catalogue *raisonné*, which follows this subject-classification, a chronological index of dated pictures, and a comparative table whereby it is intended that readers shall be able to identify at a glance

* *Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the Most Eminent Dutch Painters of the Seventeenth Century. Based on the Work of John Smith.* By C. Hofstede de Groot, assisted by Dr. W. R. Valentiner. Translated and edited by Edward G. Hawke. Vol. I. Macmillan, 25s. nett.



(By permission of the Corporation of the City of London.)

May.

By Charles Sillem Lidderdale.

any work described in Smith, Westrheene, Martin, etc. The utility of these comparative tables is materially lessened, at any rate till the discovery is made that "Sm." should appear over the first instead of the second column of numbers, and that it should be replaced by "HdG." The descriptions of pictures are terse and vivid, superfluity and vagueness are avoided. The history so far as it is known of each work, including exhibitions and public sales, is epitomised. The general plan, in a word, is as exhaustive as could reasonably be wished, and on the whole it seems to have been carried out with admirable care and precision.

Not in any captious spirit, but in order that the succeeding nine volumes of this monumental undertaking may be as perfect as is practicable, we may indicate certain omissions and inaccuracies which on first examination we have discovered. The catalogues of Old Masters exhibitions at the Academy have not been consulted with sufficient care. Since 1870 there have been lent to Burlington House no fewer than fifty-seven different Steens, regarded as authentic by Dr. de Groot. Following his numbers, no mention is made of the exhibition at the Academy of 745 (1870, No. 25), 528 (1871, No. 163), 737 (1871, No. 202), 835 (1872, No. 197), 597 (1876, No. 215, and 1891, No. 83), 441a (1884, No. 116), 162 (1884, No. 132), 848a (1885, No. 133), 833 (1890, No. 105), and 854 (1907, No. 67). Of the twenty-eight Metsus the exhibition at the Academy of the following are unindicated: 96 (1870, No. 67), 211 (1871, No. 184), 29 (1871, No. 190) 190 (1871, No. 211), 197 (1871, No. 222), and 156 (1876, No. 163). Of twenty-two De Hoochs R.A. exhibition details lack of 293 (1871 No. 175), 10 (1876, No. 205), 254 (1881, No. 113 and 1891, No. 85), 34 (1893, No. 60), 187 (1894, No. 78, and 308 (1894, No. 80). Five of the Gerard Dous which have been at Burlington House are evidently not regarded as authentic by Dr. de Groot, but of seven others no mention is made of 112 (1871, No. 244 and 1895, No. 86). Of the thirty-three pictures by Vermeer of which to-day we have definite knowledge, six have been at the Old Masters—a testimony to the interest of these winter shows. The catalogue does not indicate the presence of 19 (1878, No. 267), of 37 (1881, No. 93), of 39 (1891, No. 52). Still rarer are indubitable pictures by Vermeer's master, Fabritius. Dr. de Groot makes no mention of the portrait in Sir Francis Cook's collection, as to whose attribution most students agree. One picture only included by Dr. de Groot, the intimately beautiful portrait of De Notte now in the Rijks Museum, has been at the Academy, lent to it by the Earl of Dudley in 1871 (No. 442), a fact which does not appear. It would be well, too, in all cases to give the names of those who lend. In the case of Steen 621, which is not now in the Walter collection, but belongs to Prince Borghese, the identification with the picture at the R.A. (1878, No. 59) is wrong. Not infrequently, again, exhibition numbers are omitted. As to authentic works, of which we can find no trace, there may be named an important De Hooch belonging to Sir Julius Wernher and a large Steen in the possession of Mr. Jules Porgès. We would also suggest that in the case of works in public galleries the date of purchase and the sum paid should when practicable be stated. Official details of the kind are available in connection with De Hooch 290, Dou 272, and Vermer 23, all in the National Gallery.

Anyone going carefully over the list of Vermeers will note half-a-dozen or more significant and no doubt intentional omissions. For example, No. 1699 in the National Gallery is thus disallowed, as is the portrait of a man, No. 665, in the Brussels Museum. Dr. de Groot is evidently unaware that the beautiful Vermeer now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, occurred as a Metsu in the Vernon sale of 1877, when it fetched 385 gns. On the other hand, he tentatively includes on the strength of entries in recent auction catalogues two or three works which, we believe, have no pretensions to authenticity. It may be remarked that the size, 62×56 in., of Vermeer's largest picture, 'Christ in the House of Martha and Mary' (ART JOURNAL, 1904, p. 258) is not given, that the Kann example No. 16, was at the Guildhall in 1903, that Nos. 25 and 27 were at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1900. The additional care required to obviate such minor omissions is as nothing relative to the labour and the acumen involved in the compilation of this vast and invaluable catalogue. We do not doubt for a moment that its general excellence will be recognised in practical fashion, and that as a result the half-promised Flemish and French Catalogues will in due time appear.

Other Books.

The Rhine, its valley and history, by **H. J. Mackinder,** with illustrations after water-colour drawings by **Mrs. James Jardine** (20*s.*) has been added to the series of excellent volumes published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. The author devotes special care to the historical importance of the great river rather than to its present picturesque features; Mrs. Jardine gives us agreeable illustrations so up-to-date that we almost forget to compare them with the drawings of the other artists who have passed that way on their road to fame.

The Quest of the Antique, by **Robert** and **Elizabeth Shackleton** (Milne, 10*s.* 6*d.*), is the story of two people of America, who became collectors "and acquired a love for the antique. They inherited a kettle, bought a pair of candlesticks, and were given a Shaker chair." Yet this personal narrative is not quite so trivial as might be supposed from the preface. The "hints" are right enough, and the illustrations, chiefly of furniture, interesting.

By-ways of Collecting, by **Ethel Deane** (Cassell, 7*s.* 6*d.*), introduces the reader to the "points" of old pottery, prints, silver, furniture and other objects. Within limits the book is well made and good information may be gleaned from it.

In the dainty "King's Classics" (1*s.* 6*d.* each), arranged by Professor Gollancz for Messrs. Chatto & Windus, is included **Essays on Gardens** (being writings by Sir William Temple, Abraham Cowley, Sir Thomas Browne, Andrew Marvell and John Evelyn), with an introduction by **A. F. Sieveking.**

Mrs. Mincoff and Mrs. Marriage, the authors of **Pillow Lace: a Practical Handbook** (Murray, 15s. net), have produced a book both for use and for reading. The historical summary is well done. It reaches farther back and farther forward than any other treatment of the subject, and includes, besides well-chosen illustrations, a genealogical table of laces, by which the derivation of modern laces can be seen at a glance. It is a book that should make lace-makers.

The **Essays on Art** (1807), by **John Hoppner, R.A.,** have been re-issued, with an introduction by **Frank Rutter** (Griffiths).

The Royal Academy.

By G. K. Chesterton.

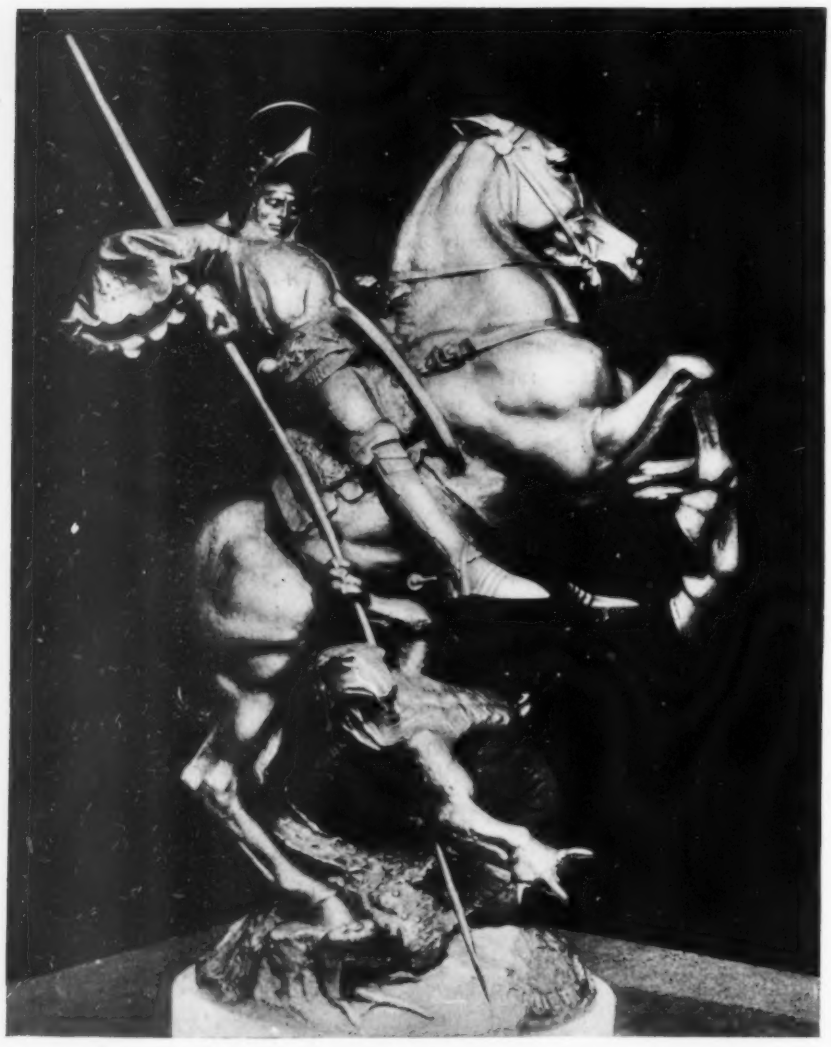
BY far the most important thing in the Exhibition, by the perspective of history, is Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mr. Balfour. And the trouble is that the type of its importance is not easy to explain, unless one realises this great artist as a satirist of the *fin de siècle*. It is often said against Mr. Sargent that he sees only the evil in everybody; but even when this is so, he does not see the evil which everybody sees. Even when his pictures are caricatures, they are not, so to speak, political caricatures. They do not hold the man up to public derision, for they do not detect or remark that special quality which the public derides. Mr. Sargent sometimes discovers strange sins in his sitters, which even their enemies have not discovered. If he had painted a portrait of Henry VIII. he would not merely have painted him very fat. He would not have insisted on the size of the man's body; rather he would have insisted on a certain smallness in the man's features which corresponded to something small which was in his spirit. He would have painted that pert, short-nosed, dog-like look which marked the most *parvenu* of English royal houses; he would have painted the *cad* who was in the Tudors. Mr. Sargent's Henry VIII. would have been a masterpiece—probably his last masterpiece. If he had painted some much-caricatured politician, say Lord Randolph Churchill, he would not have insisted on the impudent moustaches which made the man look young; he would have painted rather the tired and cynical face of one who had been always old. But there is no need to take hypothetical cases; Mr. Sargent's actual work will recall to anyone what I mean. For instance, Mr. Sargent has painted several pictures which might serve M. Drumont as posters and cartoons of anti-Semitism. But the weakness which he satirises in the Jew is not that of the common theatrical caricature of him; it is not mere avarice or mere cunning; the eye that glitters at the sight of gold, the miserly hand that clutches it. Jews are seldom purely avaricious, and hardly ever misers. The weak spot Mr. Sargent picks out is what the European can only describe as the shamelessness of the Oriental; the tropical stare, the offensive and familiar gestures, the lavish way with money and compliments, the insolence of dress or undress, as in some glaring Paradise of Mahomet. In a word, he spots the lack of *verecundia*, of reticence and half-tones, of reverence and modesty. I take these other examples of Mr. Sargent's art because there is obviously a difficulty in noting the same intention in particular portraits of this Exhibition, in which the artist may not have meant it, or may have meant it, and wronged his sitter in doing so. But there is one portrait of a lady, otherwise dignified and pleasant, who has one touch of paint about one nostril which turns her into a devil of scorn. She has exactly the expression with which a certain kind of English lady looks at a foreign waiter and expects him to be rude. It is but just to him to say that at the first sound of her voice he often is. Looking at that one touch of paint, one feels inclined to say that one has discovered at last why Englishmen are hated abroad; it is because they are married to English women.



Marguérite, Lady Tennant (Mrs. Geoffrey Lubbock) and her Children.

By J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.

Now the Sargent portrait of Mr. Balfour is an event in



St. George.

By Emmanuel Frémiet, Hon. Foreign R.A.

the artist's career, because it is a sympathetic portrait. And, as Mr. Sargent was always unsympathetic on new and right lines of his own, so he is here sympathetic on new and right lines of his own. Superficially considered, indeed, the picture has a peculiarity which will surely be caught hold of by the recognised political caricaturists, particularly of the kind opposed to Mr. Balfour. The arresting technical peculiarity of the picture is that the shadow of Mr. Balfour's head thrown exactly behind him on the wall has almost the effect of another black head growing out of his shoulders. Surely the Liberal satirist ought not to miss the chance of insisting on the two heads of Mr. Balfour, one talking Free Trade and the other Protection. Surely Sir Francis Carruthers Gould will not fail to give us something about Mr. Balfour arguing with his own shadow. But when the political lampooners have made this obvious political joke about the picture, they will have got everything out of it that can be got out for their purposes. The opponents of Mr. Balfour will not find much in the picture of what they denounce; nor, oddly enough, will the praisers of Mr. Balfour find in it very much of what they praise. Mr. Sargent's most sympathetic portrait is also one of his most sagacious. He has given to the Conservative leader little or nothing of that hackneyed element of *charm* (a word always disgusting when applied to a man), that charm which is really only the hash-up of two hostile criticisms, that of his enemies who assert his effeminacy, and that of his wilder friends who think they have to excuse his weakness. The portrait is not smiling, or in any way inclined to smile; it is not trying to wheedle friends and foes with mere amiability, as in the popular pictures of the man. It is the portrait of a philosopher and a statesman—a sad philosopher and a sad statesman. In its presence we feel the sober truths about the English governing class, its wide and ruinous scepticism, its remaining pillars of responsibility and reason. We feel the dark belief in the dignity of England, which has outlived all other beliefs. The tones of the picture are grave with grey and silver, as of the end of a day not wholly either of failure or victory, a day that leaves men fairly honourable and wholly disillusioned. Mr. Sargent has left on canvas the record of what was worst at the end of the nineteenth century, after the death of Gladstone and the great crusades: the brazen fashion, the foul finance. Here, perhaps, he has left for ever the record of what was best in it.

The other portraits by Mr. Sargent sink into a secondary importance compared to this; that is, they fully maintain their equality in a technical sense, but they lose it in the intellectual and symbolic sense. The portrait of the Duke of Connaught is very agreeable and good-humoured; that of the Duchess of Connaught perhaps falls a little short in good humour; it seems both in treatment and expression needlessly stern and stiff. But neither of them is likely to linger in the memory beside the long, lonely figure in the trailing frock coat. For though (as I shall be promptly and wittily reminded) it is common for a man to be alone in his portrait, there is a kind of portrait which looks as if the man were alone. And Mr. Balfour looks as if he were alone. Perhaps he is.

One of those mental associations which most likely mean nothing (except a bad memory of bad criticisms) makes one pass easily from Mr. Sargent to Mr. Shannon. There is, of course, a certain similarity in an apparently impetuous way of painting; there is also a curious and interesting difference in the effect. Technical critics have talked too much as if it were a question of things being done swiftly or suddenly. But there are two distinct classes of such things. Some things are done swiftly and suddenly, and disappear swiftly and suddenly; to this class belong letting off a Chinese cracker, writing a leading article, emitting a long and piercing yell, and other quite healthy exercises. But there are some things of which the action is, indeed, swift and sudden; but the result, the thing created, is made of eternal elements. Of these are such sudden actions as jumping off a cliff, getting married, or setting fire to the British Museum Library. Now, for some reason, I do not quite know what, the whole difference between Mr. Sargent and Mr. Shannon is that Mr. Sargent gives to his swift picture something that makes it solid and irrevocable, like a suicide. Mr. Sargent deliberately makes his pictures look as if they were going to endure for the



(By gracious permission of H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught.)

H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught and Strathearn.

By John S. Sargent, R.A.

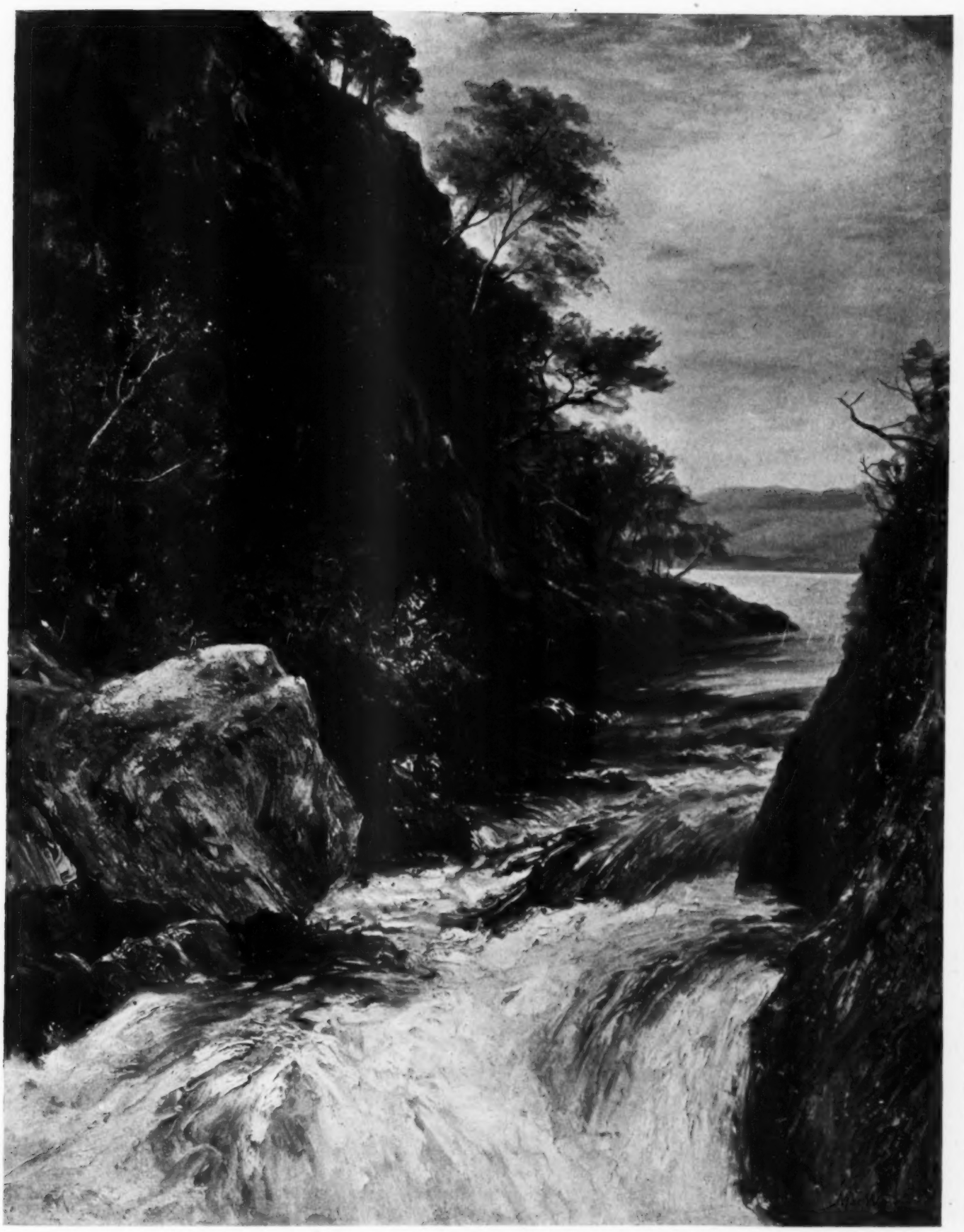
next few centuries. Mr. Shannon deliberately makes them look (I am quite sure, deliberately) as if they were going to fade off the canvas in the next few minutes. Perhaps Mr. Shannon is the wiser artist after all; he seeks to make us look at his pictures as one looks at a cloud already decayed, or at the tail of some tremendous sunset. Undoubtedly we do have the most living enjoyment of those dying things. But whether he is right or wrong, there can be no doubt that his impressionism does give the sense that it will soon fade, like an impression; Mr. Sargent somehow gives the impression that he has turned his impression into a conviction—one might almost say into a criminal conviction. Yet the more fugitive and cloudy method does permit of small and sensitive appeals, which are more easy in this than in the decisive method. Mr. Shannon's picture of 'Lady Tennant and her Children' looks as if it were fading from the canvas; but there is one child at the back whom I could not endure to see fading. It would be like losing a child. Hardly anywhere else in all paintings has the solemnity and fragility, which is the whole point of children, been so perfectly caught. I have never seen a truth of that sort inside the frame of a Sargent.

One class of pictures which certainly do not look as if they would fade away are the pictures of Mr. Solomon J. Solomon. They have an obstinate and splendid solidity which in some curious way baffles the mind. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon is the hardest of all artists to describe, largely because he is so good. His picture in this Academy of 'The Birth of Eve' is really a wonderful piece of work in his own powerful and palpable style. The conception of the lower part of Eve's body swinging, as it were, in the sunlight while the upper part is overshadowed and eclipsed by the terrible wings of eternal beings, is a fine general conception; the lines of the design have a sound and inevitable swing. And yet there is something in the treatment of the whole thing that seems unsatisfactory in being so satisfactory. For a long time I thought that nothing could express this subconscious something, which is not a fault in Mr. Solomon, but is simply an absence in him, an absence which could never become apparent but for his striking and triumphant talent in every other respect. I suddenly realised what I had missed in him when my eye fell on Mr. Waterhouse's 'Apollo and Daphne.' It was that indescribable thing that was the Middle Ages; the Gothic which mixed the saintly with the grotesque, the coloured windows, which depend on a light beyond, the double meaning of things, the irony of the universe. The great Jews of the Middle Ages were outside this quaintness and complexity; with the full weight of their excellent intellects they despised it; Renan, who admired them, speaks of their "*positivism juive.*" I have remarked that the Jews are never misers; and when I come to think of it I can see the reason. They are never misers because they are never mystics. But Mr. Waterhouse, whether he knows it or not, is a pure mystic; the moment I saw his 'Apollo and Daphne,' I realised what it was that I had not seen in the superb completeness of the 'Birth of Eve.' It was the nameless instinct for transparent colours; it was the stained-glass window. For all the rites and rules that men now blame in the Middle Ages were only the ribs of lead which hold together such a window and make possible its passionate crimson or its terrible gold.



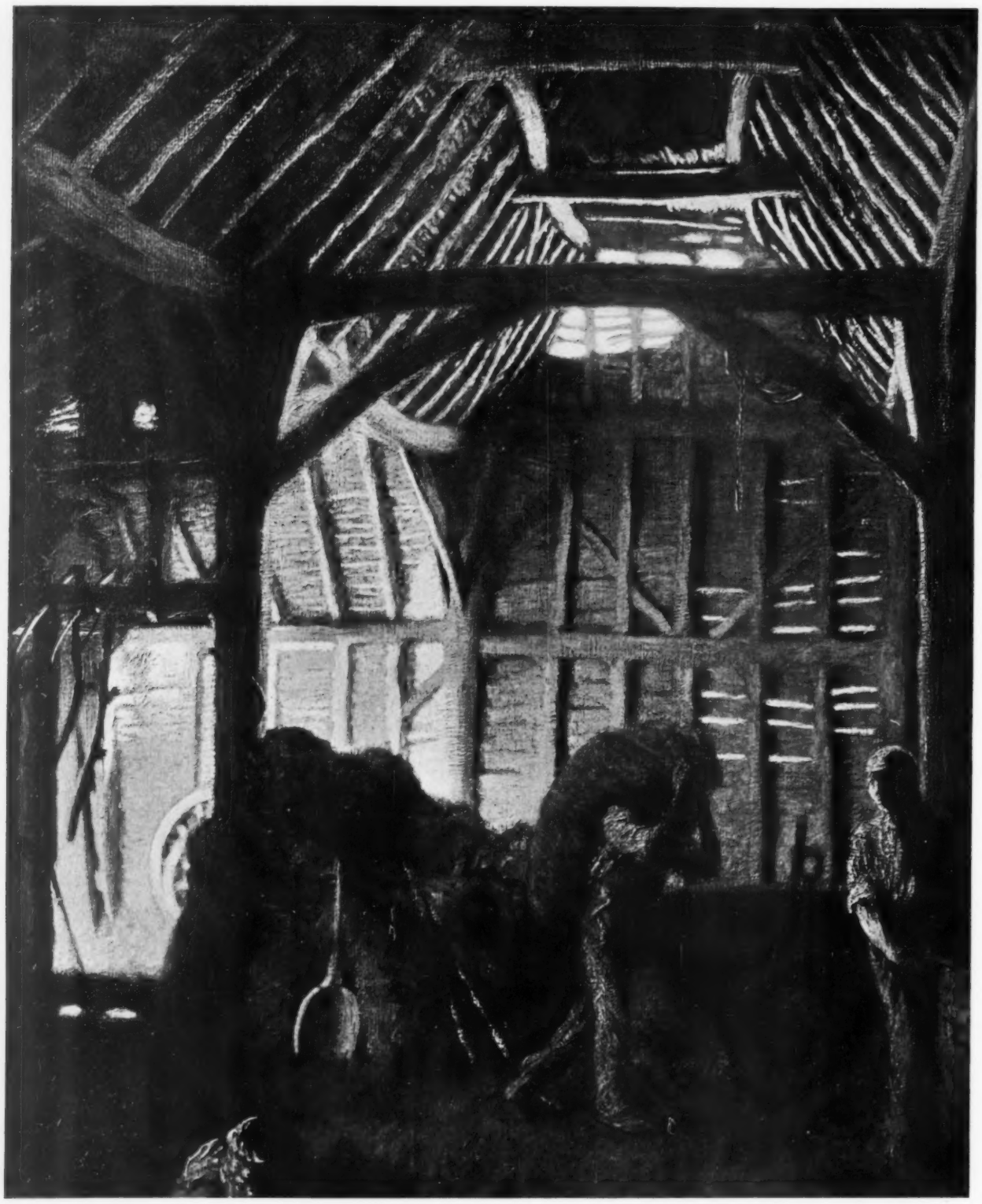
Androcles and the Lion.
By Briton Riviere, R.A.

I remember when Mr. Waterhouse first began to paint and how he gave us all a sense that the Gothic and the mystical had taken a new step and gained a suitable liberty. The hair of his women was still stiff and decorative. It looked a little like horsehair; but at any rate it looked like hair. It did not look like cloth of gold or a plaited straw mat, as was at one time considered essential to the renaissance of the mediæval mystery. His ladies were still a little of one type; but at least it was a new type, not still evolving and increasing in the matter of throat and lip. He was an emancipated mediæval, as was



River and Loch, Invergarry.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.



An Ancient Barn.

By George Clausen, R.A.

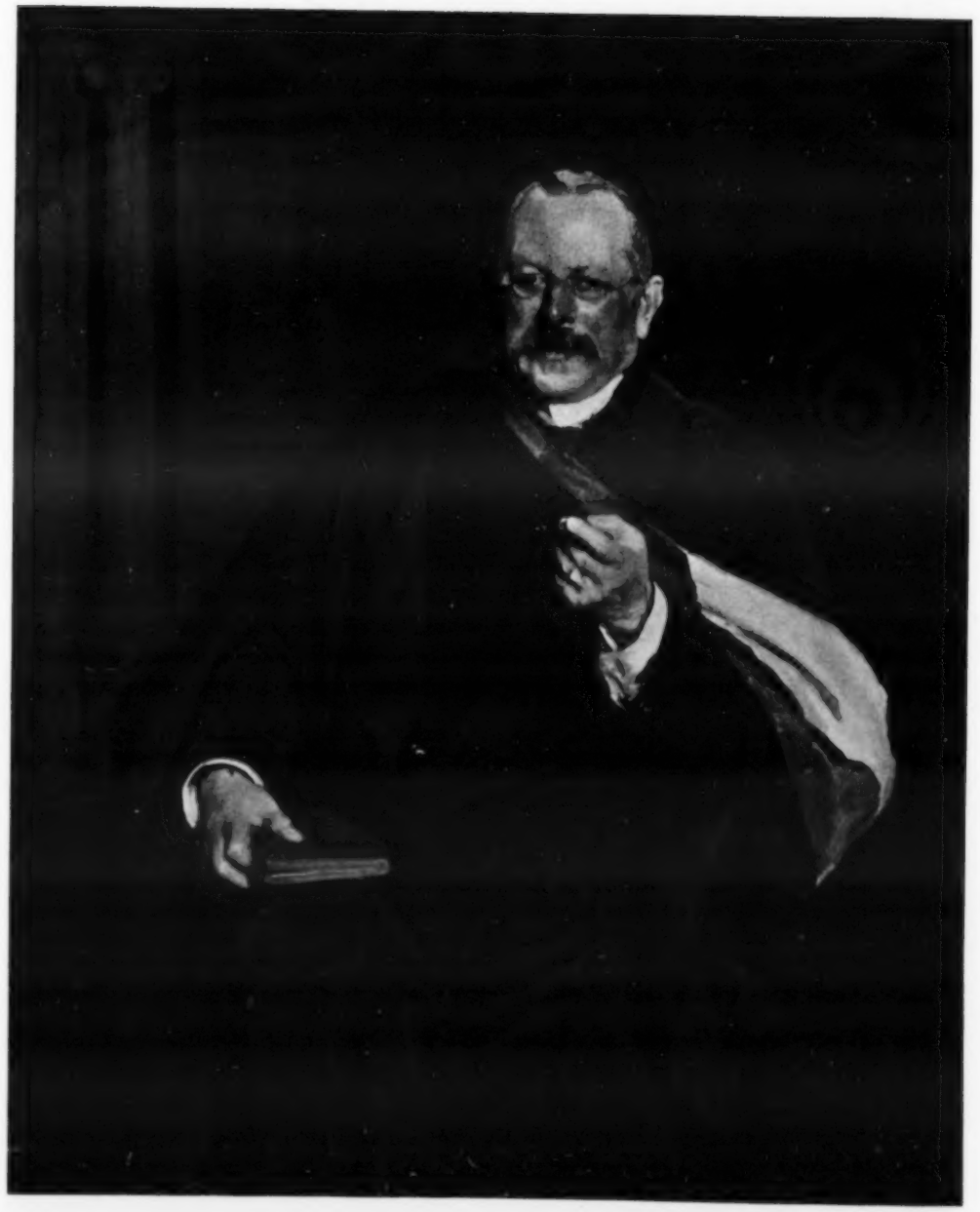
Michelangelo. This new picture of 'Apollo and Daphne' is something more than poetical; it is really in its sentiment supernatural. It has a classical title, but by no means a purely classical spirit. It has a Pagan subject, but it is a mediæval picture. There is in it that discontent with contentment which was the discovery of Christendom, which produced the Christian art and the Christian hatred of art.

The only man who can be said to occupy any similar position of promise and interest at the present time is, of course, Mr. Sims, whose picture of 'The Fountain' is especially attractive. It is even, so to speak, irrationally attractive. It gives the same impression that Mr. Waterhouse gave years ago: the impression of a man who has broken loose from a system while retaining an atmosphere: a man whom it is hard to place. To begin with, 'The Fountain' goes near to contradicting what should be a common rule of all pictures. A picture should either be a landscape with nymphs, or nymphs with a background of landscape. In 'The Fountain' the nymphs are just too important, and just not important enough. They are too small to be the central thing. Yet the landscape is not the central thing, for the simple reason that there is no landscape. There is nothing but water, spurting all over the place. But how poor such pedantic canons seem in the case of something that comes from the soul. The water that Mr. Sims gives is living water: he that drinks of it



Sir John Hare as Lord Kildare in "A Quiet Rubber."

By Hugh G. Riviere.



L. B. Abrahams, Esq.

By Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.



The Little Faun.

By Charles Sims, A.R.A.



(Chantrey Fund Purchase.)

The Fountain.

By Charles Sims, A.R.A.

shall not thirst again. The picture is full of light which one can drink like water. Many must have wondered in what form the pure spirit of joy would come back, if at all, into our art. It has come back in this 'Fountain'; this tall and swaying tower of water: it has gushed out of the earth.

After Mr. Sims, in comparison with him, the Academy is a little blank this year. The people are good who are always good, as Mr. Clausen in his landscapes, Sir Hubert Herkomer and Mr. Ouless in their portraits. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon also has a very able portrait. Mr. Briton Riviere has an admirable lady with a dog, but he cannot help making the dog even more admirable than the lady; his son, Mr. Hugh Riviere, is one of the few modern examples of an inheritance intellectual and not nepotistic; his work has the peculiar dignity and chivalry which always belonged to his father's. Of these large exertions of the older school the most striking is the large exertion of Sir Hubert Herkomer representing the Council of the Royal Academy in the act of criticising something—presumably the visitor to the gallery. This is, in its own way, great as well as large. I have spoken of Mr. Balfour's portrait as something which the world will remember as the dignified doubt of our time. It would be unfair, perhaps, to say that this picture of the Royal Academy Council will register its dignified absence of doubt—the innocent solemnity of our age. But certainly Sir Hubert Herkomer gives the impression of taking himself seriously, while Mr. Sargent and Mr. Balfour give the impression of being too sad to be serious. It requires a good deal of animal spirits to take yourself seriously. Gladstone, for instance, could do it.

But whether the old work be solid or merely heavy, whether the new work be brilliant or merely flashy, the main mark of the new conditions is the abrupt separation of the two. The old men are good in the old way; they do not become more new. The new men are good (occasionally) in the new way; they do not grow any older. A strange chasm separates the two generations, or it may be (and is, no doubt, in many cases) the two schools. In sculpture it is just the same. The figure of 'Diana wounded' is as clever as a thing need be, but it is of one kind, a kind I do not myself much care for; but the small statuette of 'St. George and the Dragon,' by the distinguished French associate of the Academy, has exactly that pugnacious and prompt spirit of arms to which I cannot help being attracted. Most groups of St. George and the Dragon (that noble legend which is both sacred to our country and yet symbolic for all our kind), most pictures of this root of all romance are startlingly inadequate; they show that all idea of the thing has ceased. The original conception of killing a dragon was killing something that was most likely to kill you. The praying was for the knight, but the betting was always on the dragon. In barbaric works of art this is rendered by making the dragon about as big as Waterloo Station; but as I have read (in an idle moment) the printed advice given to exhibitors in the little Academy book, I realise that carving a dragon on this scale might put it at a disadvantage for the purposes of admission to the Academy. What then is to be done? The group engraved on the ordinary English sovereign (a public monument too rarely visited by the majority of our populace) is really a very good group in a decorative sense; but it does not convey the idea that the dragon was worth killing. On a



(Chantrey Fund Purchase.) Diana wounded. By Bertram Mackennal.

sovereign (so far as I remember) the dragon seems a sort of insect; and St. George has an antique sword, striking too short at beetles. But how can it be altered? A dragon big enough to frighten a fairly brave Christian cannot be got into the Royal Academy, far less on to a sovereign. The French sculptor in this small statuette makes, it seems to me, a sudden splendid suggestion—almost an epigram. The dragon is of decent size (like the two mothers in the Bab Ballad), but not particularly tall. But St. George, having caught it with his spear, is himself borne back half out of the saddle, and the spear bends like a bamboo. You may, in admiring the conqueror, almost doubt whether he will conquer. There is energy in carving such a statuette, just as there is in killing a dragon. In both cases you are doing something that may not come off.

There must necessarily be something random about such comments as these; and I have forgotten to mention half the things that always attract me, notably the landscapes of Mr. MacWhirter and Mr. Peter Graham. There are statuettes like Mr. Pegram's which linger in my memory. But indeed this corresponds to a certain fallacy or weakness in the whole nature of the Royal Academy. It is a weakness which also marks a somewhat parallel institution of our

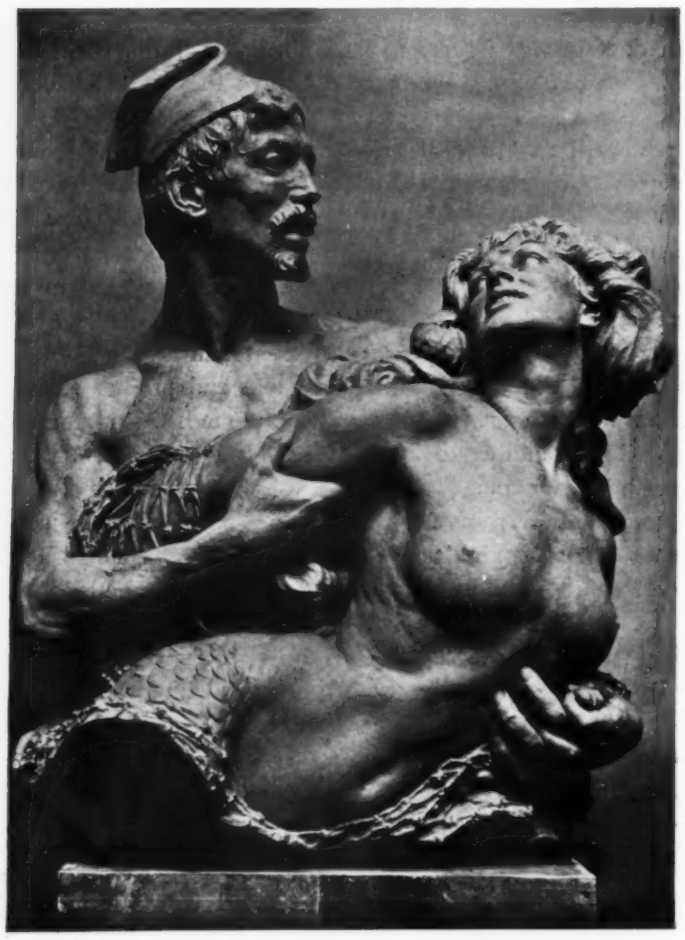


Sketch model for the Statue of the late Cecil Rhodes.
(To be set up in Cape Town.) By Henry Pegram, A.R.A.

country, the House of Commons. The fallacy is a mathematical fallacy; I mean a mistake which arises from trusting too much to mere arithmetic in human problems. It is assumed that because we can select (with rough accuracy) the six best painters in England that we can also select the six hundred best painters. But things do not work in that way. The six best probably really are the best; but after that it is a rough and tumble and a toss-up. Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Healy do speak better than most people in the street outside. But members of Parliament do not speak any better than men in the street outside. Similarly it may reasonably be doubted whether any picture was rejected which was better than Mr. Sargent's 'Balfour.' But millions of pictures may have been rejected which were better than hundreds of pictures that were accepted. The principle of selection breaks down because it has to be extended to an inhuman point of arithmetic. It would be much easier to name the handsomest person we knew than to name the seven hundred handsomest people in their order of good looks. The actual result, owing to psychological fatigue, would be that a good many of the ugliest people in England would get in among the handsomest. This occasionally happens at the Royal Academy.

The A.A.A.

FOR many years Paris has had its Salon des Artistes Indépendantes, whereto any painter who subscribes for space can send what he pleases. The first show consisted of no more than 500 works, whereas this spring 7,000 or so were hung in the 110 rooms on the Seine-side. Now London is to have its exhibition of Independants. The Allied Artists' Association, which aims to "link up various groups of artists for their common benefit, and for the furtherance of the best interests of art," has taken the Albert Hall for July. As in Paris, there will be no jury, each member being entitled to send five works, the open door to membership being circumscribed only by considerations of space, which, at the Albert Hall, is considerable. The founders include members of practically all of our prominent societies. The A.A.A.'s is a spirited venture, and the inaugural exhibition is anticipated with keen interest.



'There was once an unfortunate fisherman who caught a mermaid.'

By Paul R. Montford.

The New Gallery.

By Frank Rinder.

A GALLERY of modern pictures is as a warehouse where are flung pell-mell at our sight perhaps a few excellent, certainly many bad and indifferent works. The twenty-first summer exhibition of the New Gallery is such a conglomerate. Again worthless canvases which should never have left the studio are prominently hung; again sugared trivialities and stillborn, ambitious efforts are treated with as much respect as examples of art that praise life in one or other of its modes. "My sister-in-law," said Manet of the great-grand-daughter of Fragonard, "would not have existed without me; she did nothing but carry my art across her fan." Several conspicuous contributors to the New Gallery do not possess even the slight claim to notice which Manet allowed Berthe Morisot. Nevertheless, apart from the section of applied arts, referred to elsewhere, there are evidences of vital art in our midst.

The most completely satisfactory portrait is Sir George Reid's 'Earl of Halsbury.' It is impossible, Blake affirmed, for thought a greater than itself to know. Here the Scottish artist wrestles intellectually with the character of the sitter, and, in good, sound, succinct prose—too logical, some think—expresses an essential aspect of it. Report says that Sir George Reid is about to cease the practice of his art. Æsthetically that will be a loss, so long as he can paint portraits so acute and weighty as this. The ostrich feather in Mr. Sargent's 'Miss Lewis' has subtle charm, but his interest has not in equal degree extended to other parts of the portrait. Far more persuasively animate is 'Miss Izmé Vickers,' who, as a little girl, is said to appear in 'Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose.' Memories of the eighteenth century are revived by the arrangement, but the lovely painting of the Indian shawl, of the dress of Cotes-pink and tempered white, the summary, expressive treatment of the hands and of the out-looking face are Mr. Sargent's own. With what force and zest Mrs. Swynnerton attacks her 'Master and Man,' The master—a dachshund upheld on its haunches—is a triumph of fearlessness, and the head of the man has remarkable tenacity. The hands, however, have no power, and the green dressing-jacket seems to have nothing within it towards the base of the oval composition. This canine master has an admirably painted feline companion in the Hon. John Collier's 'Joan and Cyrus.' The tawny cat is the picture. In the group of Mrs. McEwan of Bardrochat and her two little girls, Mr. Lavery links three figures into a



(Chantrey Fund Purchase.)

A Pasturage among the Dunes, Pas de Calais.
By H. Hughes-Stanton.



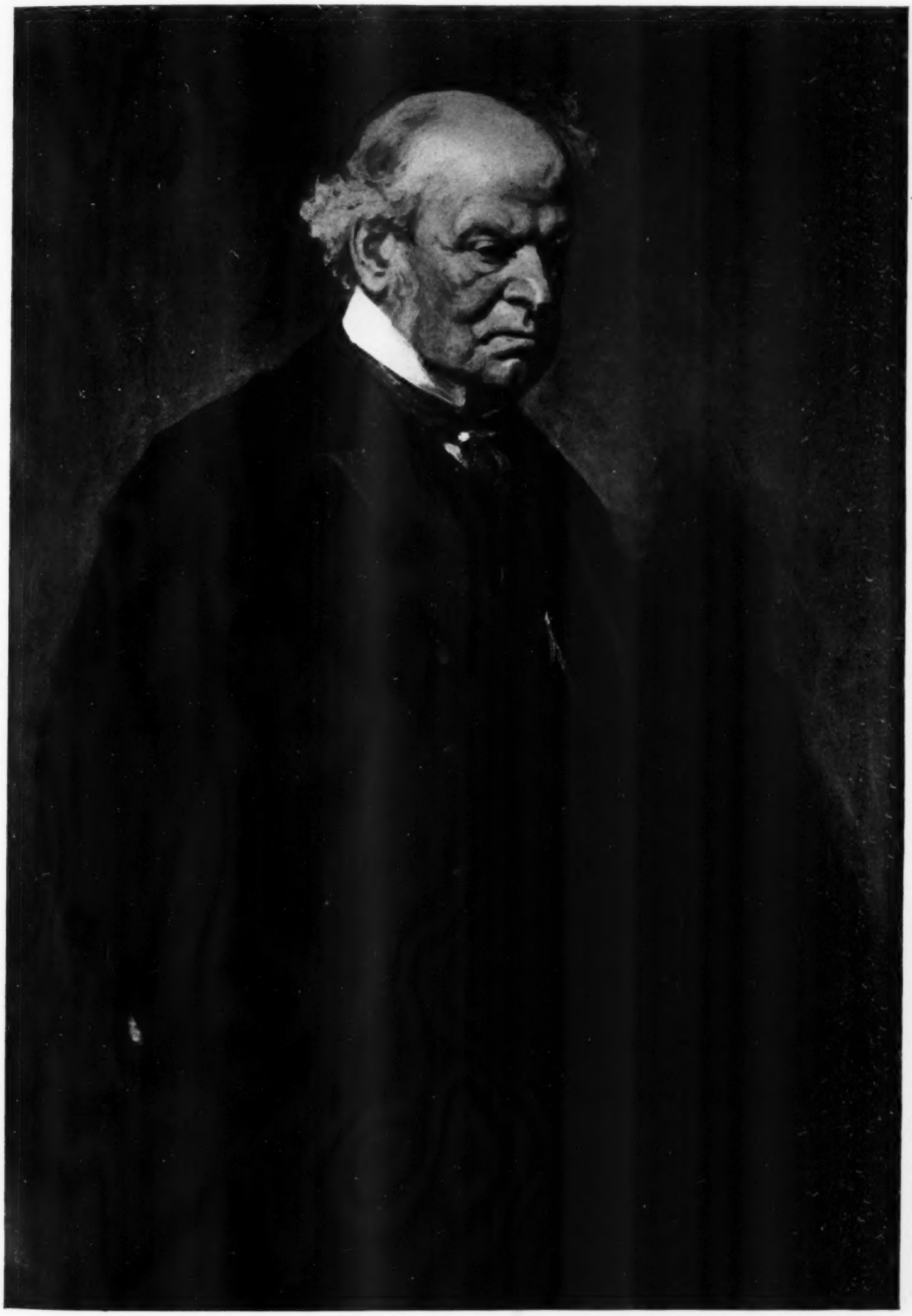
The Woman of Samaria.
By Harry R. Mileham.

fresh and gracious unity. The design aptly suggests protectiveness; the quiet greys and gleaming whites are suavely handled. Not so appropriate is the suggestion, depending in part on the crown-like form of the blue hat, that we here have a tragedy queen leading forth her offspring. Mr. J. J. Shannon not very successfully essays the grand style in 'Mrs. Miller Graham and daughter,' but, as in his 'Mrs. Buckley,' the laurel setting is brushed in to excellent purpose. Consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Von Glehn in his striking 'Lady Constance Stewart' seems to have been influenced by M. La Gandara, and perhaps in the severe lines of the upper part of the close-fitting dress by Mr. Sargent's masterly 'Madame X.' It is a bold venture, for impartial judgment of which a lapse of time is necessary. Other portraits to note include Mr. George Henry's 'Marchioness of Tullibardine,' good as an arrangement of silvery tones, but in characterisation undecisive; Mr. Hugh Riviere's remarkably capable 'Dr. Mary Scharlieb,' and Mr. Harris Brown's much more than formal 'Countess of Northbrook'; Mr. Richard Jack's clever full-length of Mrs. Jack, and Mr. Percy Bigland's presentment of the scholar-philanthropist, Dr. Rendall Harris.

None disputes Mr. Brangwyn's sovereignty at the New Gallery as a sumptuous colourist. Exuberantly, with a kind of organised carelessness, he celebrates 'The Rajah's Birthday.' There is the resonance, the riot of the Orient in this splendid decorative utterance. At precision of contour he does not aim, and we are well content to take the great elephants bearing their howdahs, the processional crowd in the foreground, and the rest for what they are—a pæan of colour. Why should we want to make of a confident Alexander a Diogenes? Mr. E. A. Hornel's 'Tom-tom players, Ceylon,' hung in the opposite centre, shows a group



Walberswick.
By Arnold Priestman.



The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Halsbury, P.C.
Lord Chancellor (1895-1905).

By Sir George Reid, R.S.A.



Master and Man.

By (Mrs.) Annie L. Swynnerton.

of dusky Cingalese girls in a tropical woodland of palms and lotus blooms, grouped round a circular instrument, whose brown answers to their skin. Charming use is made of rose, of pale blue and green, but the faces are not persuaded into a unity. Brush and palette-knife work do not accord. Mr. Spencer Watson's 'Diana and Actæon' is, alike as to delicate colour, composition, inventive lighting, an inspiriting fantasy. Throughout it indicates nervous apprehension, and the naked figure sinking back into the soft shadow under the tree is a delight. Mr. Harry R. Mileham is perhaps the most unsophisticated Primitive of many would-be Primitives represented in the small south room. There is a sense of arrested attention, a hint at least of spiritual insight in his 'Woman of Samaria.' In some such temper as this—exalted, intensified—Fra Angelico, moved as he said by the will of God, spent nine years painting symbolic Gospel scenes on the walls of cells, guest-room, chapter house, cloisters of San Marco. "Some works are for earth," runs a line in his Latin epitaph; "others for heaven." To his heavy armament of scholarship Sir James Linton adds no miraculous gift of expression. Hence 'The Wanderers' does not quicken the pulse. Mr. Reginald Frampton is either too violently realistic or too conventional in 'St. Brandan.' The Judas that he paints is not pictorially supported. Effective enough up to a point is the 'War' of Baron Rosenkrantz, and but for the uninformed figure of Death, the picture by Mrs. Stokes would be of her best. Several of those who follow the Burne-Jones tradition are industriously wrong, but industry may be to the good.

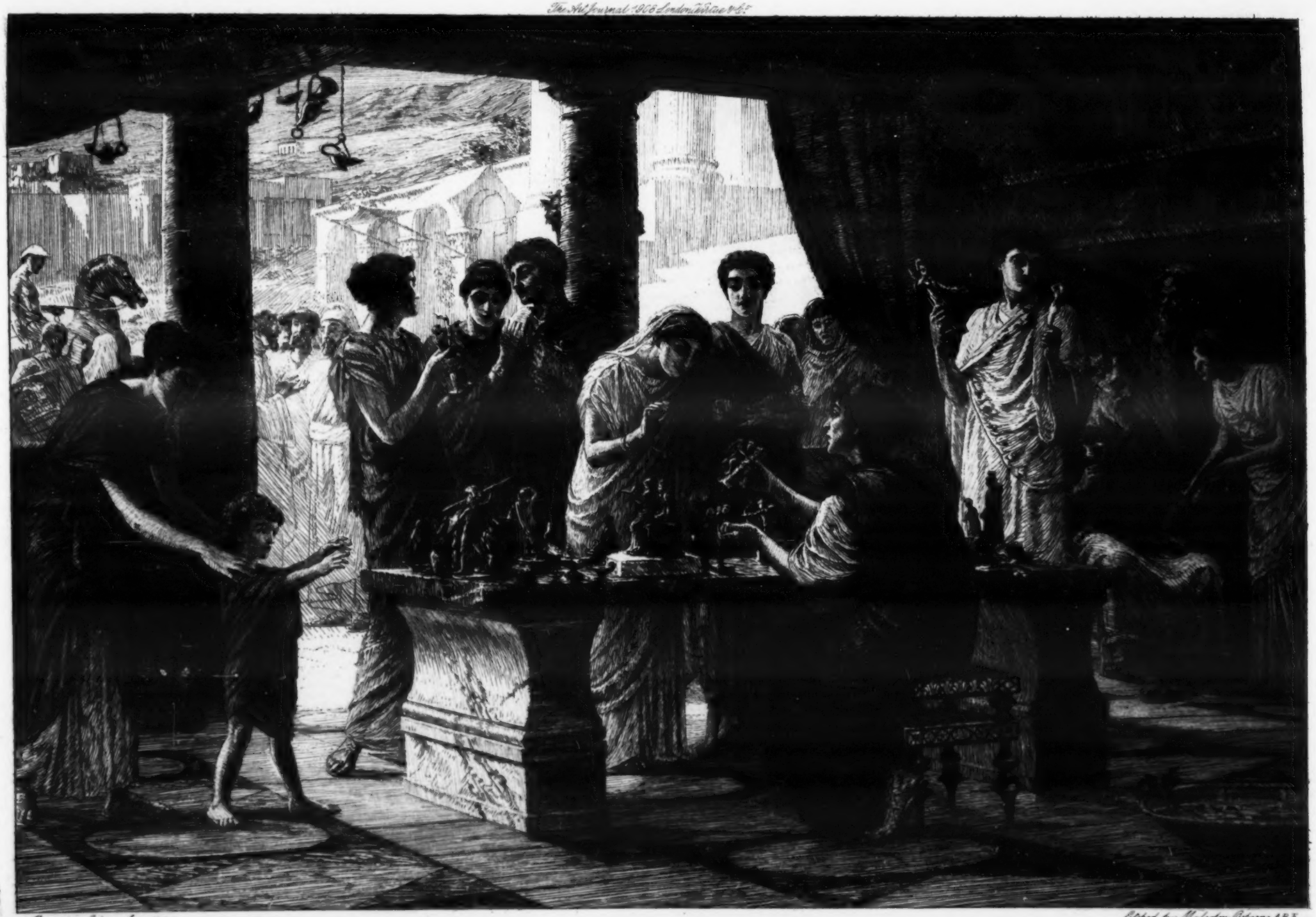
The most conspicuous landscape is Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton's 'Pasturage among the Dunes, Pas de Calais.' He has an instinct for composition; moreover, he is learning that it is not necessary, in order to compass a decorative pattern, to falsify nature. To some extent Mr. Hughes-Stanton follows in the wake of the great Harpignies, but in the main he has evolved a dignity of design, a graciousness of colour, of his own. It is a new ordering of stateliness. Scotsmen contribute worthily to the landscape section. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has lately said that every man sees everything in the light of his own theory of things. Some may question whether Mr. R. W. Allan, in 'Tateyama,' looks as it were through Scotland to Japan. Anyhow he has painted a good picture. Mr. Austen Brown, in 'Ploughing by the River,' gives us a beautiful sequence of comradely greys. None but Mr. Leslie Thomson could have done the glorious sky in 'The West'ring Sun.' The 'Picardy' of Mr. Coutts Michie, though the paint remains paint, is a well-considered pastoral. Mr. D. Y. Cameron's 'Yorkshire Harbour' has distinction alike of design and colour, though the handling is in places dull. Mr. J. R. Reid's view of Laigueglia, fluent and invigorating, is a welcome departure as to subject. Mention must not be omitted of Mr. Mark Fisher's 'Near Grasse,' buoyantly joyous, of Mr. Wetherbee's 'The Swing,' marred by the figures, of Mr. Peppercorn's 'Pool,' beautiful save for the combed-out trees, of Mr. Arnold Priestman's spacious 'Walberswick,' and of Miss Clare Atwood's charming and temperamental 'Au Vin de Chinon.' Many other pictures warrant consideration, among them work by Mr. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Alfred East, the Hon. John Collier—the



Diana and Actæon.

By G. Spencer Watson.

The Art Journal 1908 London Virtue & Co



Painted by Edwin Long R.A.

Etched by Malcolm Osborne A.R.E.

Choosing a Deity

(By permission of the Worshipful Company of Painters)

ilex shadows in his 'Under the Arc Light' are fascinating —Mr. Sydney Lee, Mr. Graham Robertson, Mr. Arthur Studd, Mr. C. W. Bartlett, and Mr. Heywood. Miss Algie and Miss Perman send flower pieces. In the sculpture section Mr. Cassidy's theatrical 'Adrift' is a poor substitute for Rodin's conquering 'L'homme qui marche.' By Mr. Basil Gotto, however, are some interesting pieces on a small scale. We miss Mr. Havard Thomas.

'Choosing a Deity.'

Painted by Edwin Long, R.A. Etched by Malcolm Osborne, A.R.E.

EDWIN LONGSDEN LONG, born at Bath in 1829, began his career and made his first reputation as a portrait painter. For the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, his chief patron, he painted portraits of herself and of Irving; later he did Cardinal Manning, Samuel Cousins, and the Earl of Iddesleigh, a replica of the last being in the National Portrait Gallery. Long made the acquaintance of John Phillip, and the two journeyed to Spain, to sit at the feet of Velazquez. Among the copies at the recent Whitechapel Exhibition was Long's charming and brilliant transcription of 'Las Hilanderas,' which suggests capacity to walk in a very different æsthetic way from that which he actually chose. In several of his pictures of the sixties and seventies he seems, as a solemn preliminary, to have invoked Velazquez as his patron saint. In 1875, however, there came from his brush the famous 'Babylonian Marriage Market,' bought by Mr. Edward Hermon for 1,700 gs., a sum which rose at the sale of his pictures in 1882 to 6,300 gs. Ruskin declared the painting to be of great merit, "well deserving purchase by the Anthropological Society." On the strength of it, the Royal Academy elected Long an Associate, and in 1881 he was raised to full honours. Thoroughly imbued with Eastern archæology, he continued to concentrate on Oriental scenes, of which one of the best is 'An Egyptian Feast,' 1877. Here, the banquet ended, we see slaves bringing round to the several guests a bier on which is a wooden image of a corpse, carved and painted as near as may be to actuality. "Gaze here, and drink, and be merry; for when you die, such you will be," was the lively counsel of the attendants. Whether or not in rivalry to Gustave Doré, Long executed a number of gigantic works appealing strongly to the religious sensibilities of the day. These, for a time, replaced the pictures of Doré in the New Bond Street Gallery. The artist received huge sums for his pictures onward from the mid-seventies; that often untrustworthy jade, rumour, affirming, for instance, that he refused 5,000 gs. for 'The Parable of the Sower,' completed shortly before his death. A considerable portion of his means he spent in the erection of two enormous houses, the first of them called "Long's Den," each of which he furnished with a certain barbaric sumptuousness. The essence of art is the re-valuation of values. The art of Edwin Long, as now weighed in the balance, is found wanting in many of those qualities with which, three decades ago, he was credited. Then he was hailed as uniting to the certitude of the man of science the imaginative insight of the poet. Now he is recognised for his skill in grouping, his resourcefulness in grasping the pictorial possibilities of a word-description, and a certain ability in the realisation of old-time personalities. To cite an example, two years after he read and was impressed by a passage in Swayne's "Herodotus," as to the ingenious process whereby the Babylonians procured husbands for their maidens, he



Tom-tom players, Ceylon.
By E. A. Hornel.

ilex shadows in his 'Under the Arc Light' are fascinating —Mr. Sydney Lee, Mr. Graham Robertson, Mr. Arthur Studd, Mr. C. W. Bartlett, and Mr. Heywood. Miss Algie and Miss Perman send flower pieces. In the sculpture section Mr. Cassidy's theatrical 'Adrift' is a poor substitute for Rodin's conquering 'L'homme qui marche.' By Mr. Basil Gotto, however, are some interesting pieces on a small scale. We miss Mr. Havard Thomas.

'Choosing a Deity.'

Painted by Edwin Long, R.A. Etched by Malcolm Osborne, A.R.E.

EDWIN LONGSDEN LONG, born at Bath in 1829, began his career and made his first reputation as a portrait painter. For the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, his chief patron, he painted portraits of herself and of Irving; later he did Cardinal Manning, Samuel Cousins, and the Earl of Iddesleigh, a replica of the last being in the National Portrait Gallery. Long made the acquaintance of John Phillip, and the two journeyed to Spain, to sit at the feet of Velazquez. Among the copies at the recent Whitechapel Exhibition was Long's charming and brilliant transcription of 'Las Hilanderas,' which suggests capacity to walk in a very different æsthetic way from that which he actually chose. In several of his pictures of the sixties and seventies he seems, as a solemn preliminary, to have invoked Velazquez as his patron saint. In 1875, however, there came from his brush the famous 'Babylonian Marriage Market,' bought by Mr. Edward Hermon for 1,700 gs., a sum which rose at the sale of his pictures in 1882 to 6,300 gs. Ruskin declared the painting to be of great merit, "well deserving purchase by the Anthropological Society." On the strength of it, the Royal Academy elected Long an Associate, and in 1881 he was raised to full honours. Thoroughly imbued with Eastern archæology, he continued to concentrate on Oriental scenes, of which one of the best is 'An Egyptian Feast,' 1877. Here, the banquet ended, we see slaves bringing round to the several guests a bier on which is a wooden image of a corpse, carved and painted as near as may be to actuality. "Gaze here, and drink, and be merry; for when you die, such you will be," was the lively counsel of the attendants. Whether or not in rivalry to Gustave Doré, Long executed a number of gigantic works appealing strongly to the religious sensibilities of the day. These, for a time, replaced the pictures of Doré in the New Bond Street Gallery. The artist received huge sums for his pictures onward from the mid-seventies; that often untrustworthy jade, rumour, affirming, for instance, that he refused 5,000 gs. for 'The Parable of the Sower,' completed shortly before his death. A considerable portion of his means he spent in the erection of two enormous houses, the first of them called "Long's Den," each of which he furnished with a certain barbaric sumptuousness. The essence of art is the re-valuation of values. The art of Edwin Long, as now weighed in the balance, is found wanting in many of those qualities with which, three decades ago, he was credited. Then he was hailed as uniting to the certitude of the man of science the imaginative insight of the poet. Now he is recognised for his skill in grouping, his resourcefulness in grasping the pictorial possibilities of a word-description, and a certain ability in the realisation of old-time personalities. To cite an example, two years after he read and was impressed by a passage in Swayne's "Herodotus," as to the ingenious process whereby the Babylonians procured husbands for their maidens, he



Tom-tom players, Ceylon.
By E. A. Hornel.

was playing whist when suddenly the composition, much as we know it, flashed across his mind, so that he could hardly sleep for eagerness to get at his easel.

'Choosing a Deity' is probably a fanciful re-construction of an incident in late Roman times. The horse, it is true, has as it were careered out of the Elgin Marbles, but the figures, the drapery, and the circumstancing suggest Pompeii. The youths and maidens do not appear to have come to select Penates, the gods of the store-room and kitchen which in old times sanctified the room—bedroom, parlour and kitchen in one—beside the *atrium;* for in the picture we recognise Athena, Mars, Jupiter and other deities.

Chantrey Bequest Purchases.

AGAIN this year there has been a Committee of Three, in addition to the President, to report works deemed suitable for purchase under the terms of Sir Francis Chantrey's will. Mr. Abbey, Mr. Gregory, and, as heretofore, one associate, Mr. George Henry, have, it is understood, acted. It does not follow, however, that their recommendations were ratified by the Council, each member of which has the right to propose suitable works. It will be recalled that the House of Lords Committee of 1904 counselled a Committee of Three, not merely to report, but actually to buy under the Chantrey Fund.

Immediately on the opening of the Academy it was announced that two pictures and three pieces of sculpture had been bought. From the New Gallery there was chosen the fine decorative landscape by Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton, 'Pasturage among the Dunes, Pas de Calais' (p. 171) (£700). Two works by this artist are in the Luxembourg: 'Poole Harbour' was bought in 1904, 'Sand Dunes, Pas de Calais' in 1907. The Chantrey picture at the Academy is 'The Fountain' (p. 168) (£400), an extraordinarily dexterous and inventive piece of work by Mr. Charles Sims, who was elected an associate, it is said, by the casting vote of the President, in January last. The way in which, with a single drag of a partially-filled brush, the overflow from the great basin is expressed, shows Mr. Sims' astonishingly clever technique. In 1907, Mr. Bertram Mackennal's beautiful little group 'Earth and the Elements' was secured, and now his 'Diana Wounded' (p. 169), seen a year ago in plaster, carried out in marble, has been purchased (£1,000). 'Ariadne,' bought for the same sum, is by another Australian-born sculptor, Mr. Harold Parker. He has been in this country about a dozen years, and studied at the Lambeth School of Art. The 'Ariadne,' in plaster, was at Burlington House in 1904. The third piece of sculpture is Mr. Charles L. Hartwell's little bronze of two elephants fouling in a race (50 gs.). It is instructive to note that the names of Mr. Parker and Mr. Hartwell were added to the list of those nominated for associateship of the Academy prior to the election in January last.

The Art Congress.

THE third international congress for the development of drawing and art teaching will be held in London from August 3 to August 8. The first congress was held in Paris in 1900, and the second in Berne in 1904. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is Patron this year, and the meeting will be supported otherwise by distinguished and energetic officers. In February the Lord Mayor of London presided at a meeting in the Mansion House, where Sir Swire Smith spoke of the alliance between art and trade, and Professor Pite, Lord Avebury, Sir John Gorst and other speakers referred to the importance of the forthcoming meeting. Since then the arrangements have been completed, and there is every reason to believe that, in spite of other attractions in London, the meeting will be well attended. The Board of Education has set apart for the large international exhibition auxiliary to the Drawing Congress, five galleries in the new building adjacent to the Royal College of Art.

THE first prize of £50 for a poster for the Scottish National Exhibition was awarded to Mr. Ford H. Hall, of Nottingham. A black-haired girl has one arm extended as a gesture of invitation, the other points to an architectural impression of the Scottish capital.



A Prize Poster.
By Ford H. Hall.



Dun Chonail.

By A. Scott Rankin.

Netherlorn and its Neighbourhood.*

By Patrick H. Gillies, M.B., F.S.A. Scot.

Et in alia regione in Britannia monasterium nomine Ailech sanctissimus Brendanus fundavit.—*Vit. Brendani*, c. xvi.

SHORTLY after entering into possession of the Netherlorn estates, Lord Neil Campbell partially rebuilt Ardmaddie Castle; and a stone, carved with his initials intertwined with those of his wife, Lady Vera Kerr, daughter of the Marquis of Lothian, and bearing the date 1671, is set in the north gable.

Lord Neil, like his father, the Marquis of Argyll and eighth earl, and his brother the ninth earl, was a staunch adherent of the Presbyterian party in Scotland, and shared in the persecution to which that body was subjected during the reigns of Charles the Second and James the Seventh. Thus, on August 1st, 1684, "that excellent person, Lord Neil Campbell, brother to the noble Earl of Argyll, was cited before the Council for no other cause but that he was the son of the excellent marquis and brother to the Earl of Argyll. Nothing worthy of death or bonds could be laid to his charge"; but nevertheless we find it ordained that "the clerks of council are warranted to receive caution for him, under the penalty of five thousand pounds sterling, that he confine himself to Edinburgh, and six miles about, and compear before the council in a charge of six hours." In 1685, after the failure of the miserably planned rising which ended in the capture and execution of the Earl of Argyll, great severity was exercised towards the family and their followers: their names were proscribed, their estates devastated, and, in the words of Woodrow, "to that height of madness did some bigots run, that an act was a-framing to be presented to the parliament for the utter abolishing of the name of Campbell." Lord Neil became a fugitive, ultimately escaping to America; but for two years he is said to have hidden in a deep recess high in the cliffs overhanging the loch, a mile to the north-west of Armaddie. The cave is known as "Uamh phubuill" (the cave of the tent), from the fact that, owing to the capacious mouth of the recess, it was necessary to erect a tent or pavilion to obtain shelter from the wind and rain. The opening is effectively screened from observation by a dense growth of hazel and ash along the range of cliffs. The exile did not return

* Chapter VI., Ardmaddie; Holy Islands. Continued from page 155.

until the "killing times" were over, and the Revolution Settlement had established a more enlightened policy and juster system of government.

The hardships and exposure to which Lord Neil was subjected brought on a weak and gouty habit of body, and rendered him liable to a disease not uncommon among the better living classes of those and other days: he became peculiarly subject to the attacks of what Burns calls "crowling ferlies." Stories about the Morair Niall, as he was called, still linger in the district, and the following bearing upon his bodily affliction is told. A tenant from the island of Luing having duly paid his rent, was surprised to get notice some time afterwards that he was in arrears. Receipts not being customary at a time when the small holder's possession depended upon the whim of the tacksman or landlord, the tenant proceeded to the castle, where he saw the laird and tried to remind him of the payment. The farmer's statement was likely to receive no credit, when he interjected, "*Nach cil cuimhne agaibh a Mhorair air an latha a thug mi miall thar ar cota?*" ("Do you not remember, my lord, that day upon which I took a louse from your coat?") Lord Neil became confused, but, remembering the incident, replied, "*Companach mial an righ, ach companach coin deargan. Seadh! seadh! mo laochan phaidh thu mall ceart gu leoir. Bi falbh, bi falbh.*" ("While the flea is the companion of dogs, the louse is the companion of kings. Yes, yes, my little man, you paid your rent right enough. Go away, go away.") His trouble became so vexatious, however, that, consulting a wise woman who resided near by, he was told that it was caused by the presence of a certain plant—the ribwort (*slanlus*)—which grew in great abundance near the castle; and, as he considered it impossible to eradicate the root, he determined to dispose of the estates. They were accordingly sold about 1692 to John, first Earl of Breadalbane, for a sum, it is said, of £20,000. The Earl of Argyll was furious when he heard of the transaction, and refused to accept any portion of the money which, tradition relates, remains in the Sheriff Court of Inveraray until this day.

For the greater part of the eighteenth century Ardmaddie was the residence of the factor for the Argyllshire portion of the Breadalbane property, but the first Marquis, having been born there while his father, Colin Campbell of Carwhin, was Commissioner upon the estate, made it his favourite seat when he succeeded to the earldom. His son, the second Marquis, planned vast improvements to the house and surroundings, but died before the work was well-nigh begun. The present noble representative of the house of Breadalbane completed the building as it at present stands, adding a large wing with decorated towers and handsome elevation; so that the house, although not a large one, is in perfect proportion to its surroundings.



Chapel, Monastery, and Port, Eileach-a-Naoimh.

By A. Scott Rankin.



The Grave of Aethne.

By A. Scott Rankin.

About five miles south-west of Easdale is a group of islands called the Garvelloch or Holy Islands. They form a chain about three miles long, and are individually known as Dunchonail (once a royal fortress), Garbheileach, Culi-Bhreanain and Eileach-a-naoimh. Of these, though not the largest, the latter is by far the most interesting, and contains the ruins of a monastic establishment of Columban or pre-Columban days, probably the oldest vestiges of the sort now standing in Scotland. We know that the island has been uninhabited for centuries, and this accounts for the excellent state of preservation in which we find the buildings. It was Dr. MacCulloch, in his description of the Western Isles, who drew the attention of the outside world to this beautiful spot, and the description of his visit is worth quoting. "On traversing Ilachanu I was surprised at the singularity and beauty of a spot which seemed at a distance to be a bare hill, and of which, even from the creek where our boat was drawn up, no conjecture could have been formed. Surmounting one ridge after another, a succession of secluded valleys appeared, which, although without other wood than a few scattered bushes, were beautifully disposed, and were rendered interesting no less by their silence and seclusion than by the intermixture of rock and green pasture, among which were wandering the cattle of the adjoining farm of Garvelloch. It was impossible to imagine that we were here on a narrow spot surrounded by a wild sea, and far remote from the land; no sounds of winds or waves, nor sight of water interfering with the tranquillity and retirement of scenes which made us forget that the boisterous ocean was breaking all around.

"While I was amusing myself with imagining a hermit here retired from the world and its cares, I came, most unexpectedly, on a heap of ruins accompanied by characters which left no doubt of their original design. I had no great cause for surprise perhaps, after my experience at Inch Cormac, to find that no account of this establishment should exist either in the legendary or antiquarian lore of Scotland. It had not even been mentioned to us in the islands which we had left; and appeared, indeed, utterly unknown except to the tenant, who did not seem to think much of anything but his farm, and to the very few fishermen who occasionally touched at this place.

"The ruins of that which must have formed the monastery are sufficiently extensive to show that the establishment must have been considerable; at a small distance from these ruins was the burying ground, containing many ornamental stones, with remains of crosses—apparently votive, as most of those in Iona probably were. On some of the tombs are carved the usual objects: ships, arms, and the cognizances of MacDonalds, MacLeans, and MacKinnons. But all is quiet about their graves, and the turbulent chiefs now sleep below, in that peace which, when living, they never knew."



A' chlarsach.

By A. Scott Rankin.

MacCulloch's description of the scenery is very true. I know of no sweeter spot; its verdant slopes and grassy hollows, its miniature glens and rippling burns give it the character of a secluded country retreat; while its deep goes, cruel skerries, and resounding sea-caves truly proclaim its insular nature.

The principal constituent rock of the island, owing to a large admixture of calcareous material, weathers very unequally, resulting in many curious and fantastic shapes. One peculiar effect is to be noted at the north of the island, where a magnificent arch many feet in height has been left abutting the face of a cliff. The arch has a striking resemblance to a harp, and has consequently received its Gaelic title, A' chlarsach. Close to the ecclesiastical buildings another peculiar effect is to be seen. Standing isolated in the middle of a small amphitheatre is a large pillar of rock; the bottom part of the column is of reddish stone, and at the base a small seat has been left; while capping the pillar is a perfect canopy of grey stone: the whole makes an excellent pulpit, and it is therefore known as A' chrannag. Local tradition speaks of it as having been used as such by no less a personage than Columchille.

The same unequal erosion has produced in the coast-line long narrow creeks or goes called "geodha": the names of these are interesting, as showing the association of the island with saints of pre-Columban days. Geodha Bhreanain (St. Brandon's creek), Geodha Bhride (St. Bride's or Bridget's); while another, Geodha na-h-aithne, may refer to Aethne, the mother of St. Columba.

The creek usually selected for landing is called "Am port," and a few yards above there is an excellent well of fresh water, at parts artificially constructed, known as Tobar Cholluim-Chille. The ascent to the north-west is by a series of parallel sloping ridges, with little fertile valleys between, until the topmost peak of the island, which bears the name of Dun Bhreanain (St. Brandon's hill), a height of 272 feet, is reached. Another eminence lying to the north, and about 160 feet high, is called Carn-na-manich (the Cairn of the monks). One other interesting place-name in the Garvelloch group may be mentioned. On the island of Garbheileach there is a very old graveyard known as Claodh Dhubhan (the burying place of Duban). More than one prince and certainly one king of Alban was called Dubh; and Dubhan seems to have been a common name; while in 927, Dubthach, son of Duban, fourteenth in descent from Conall Gulban the great-grandfather of Columba, became Superior or Co-ärb in Iona.

With regard to the buildings upon Eileach-a-naoimh, Bishop Reeves, who visited the place in 1852 along with Mr. W. F. Skene and Cosmo Innes, says:—"The number of remains grouped together on the south-east side of the island are evidence of its early importance as an ecclesiastical establishment, and the simplicity of their structure supports this claim to antiquity."



The Holy Islands.
By A. Scott Rankin.

The chapel is fairly entire, its internal measurements are 21 feet 6 inches by 11 feet 4 inches; the walls are 3 feet thick; the doorway faces the west; while in the opposite wall, facing east, there is a double splayed window contracting to 1 foot 6 inches in the centre of the wall. The other buildings are, a many-chambered house known as the monastery, a large house with a rounded gable sitting on a hill, and oriented like the chapel, and a peculiar building called locally "the oven." The latter has a deep, well-built, oven-like hole, with a fireplace and flue below; it may have been a cooking-house, or more probably a kiln for drying corn.

Some distance from these buildings there are the remains of two beehive cells, connected with one another and forming one building.



Beehive Cells and A' chrannag (Pulpit Rock), Eileach-a-Naoimh.

By A. Scott Rankin.

Close to the chapel is an underground cell called Am priosan (the prison), and tradition tells very circumstantially the mode of confining prisoners. There was a large stone in the bottom of the cell with a V-shaped depression; the prisoner placed his clasped hands in the hollow, and a wedge-shaped stone was securely fastened down over the palms of the hands, and so tightly that it was impossible to extricate them: the whole arrangement was called, An glas laimh (the hand lock). Probably, however, the underground cavity was a well, or maybe a cellar for storing the "elements."

MacCulloch speaks of many ornamental stones and crosses. If this be true, then, with the exception of one broken carved stone, all have disappeared; some may be buried, but the majority were undoubtedly stolen. In 1879, the Rev. Dr. Hugh MacMillan of Greenock visited the island, and, by probing with an iron rod in the graveyard, discovered lying about two inches below the surface a perfect specimen of an Irish cross in miniature. The stone was raised and placed at the head of its grave, but within a year it too was gone and no trace could be found.

Poor Hinba! perhaps it had been better that it had remained comparatively unknown, for the vandal hands of modern holiday-seekers have done more in half a century to destroy antiquarian remains of an almost unique character than the effects of natural forces extending over a period of fourteen hundred years.

About two hundred yards south of the burying ground, situated upon a grassy eminence, there is a small cairn with an erect slab of stone at each end of the grave. One of these slabs bears a rudely incised Greek cross. Tradition has tenanted this solitary grave with Aethne, the daughter of Dimma, and mother of St. Columba.

Noteworthy Handicrafts.

FOR the first time the summer exhibition at the New Gallery includes a section of handicrafts in proportion to the representation of the fine arts. Even apart from the intrinsic merits of the collection, the presence in the exhibition of these embroideries, bindings, jewelleries, works in metal, glass, pottery, is an admirable fact. It implies the growing recognition of the function of art in life, and of the unity in purpose and effect of all the arts that utter imagination and design. The limits of space, and especially the narrowness of space in the balcony, confine the collection almost entirely to small works, with the exception of embroidered hangings by Miss May Morris and Miss Mary Newill, some of the fine metal-work shown by the Artificers' Guild, the work in gesso and mother-o'-pearl by Mr. Frederick Marriott, and, most importantly, of the Arras tapestry, 'The Passing of Venus,' woven by Morris and Company from the last cartoon designed by Burne-Jones. This hangs in the central gallery, with cases of jewellery by M. Lucien Gaillard and M. Réné Lalique, including some exquisite examples of the art of these lucid craftsmen.

As in all the tapestries from the Merton Abbey looms, the beauty of the web is in considerable measure the creation of the weavers. Morris, as need hardly be said, tolerated no picture-copying, no laborious striving after reproduction with the shuttle of the effects proper to the free-moving brush. He re-instituted the art of tapestry weaving, as it had been when it was the wall-covering art of the North, as fresco was in the South, before the woven picture of the Renaissance and post-Renaissance looms perplexed the fine art of textile decoration. Detail is the care of the weaver. The cartoon gives him scope to pattern the robes of the figures, and crown their heads with garlands, to cover the earth with bright flowers and in all ways to give richness and variety to the web.

In 'The Passing of Venus' the weavers prove to have lost nothing of the skill so to enliven the design since they adorned the woodland of 'The Star of Bethlehem' and the



Pendant in Gold, Enamel and Precious Stones.



Pendant in Gold and Precious Stones.



Pendant in Gold and Precious Stones: portrait of Mrs. Hacon.

By Charles Ricketts.

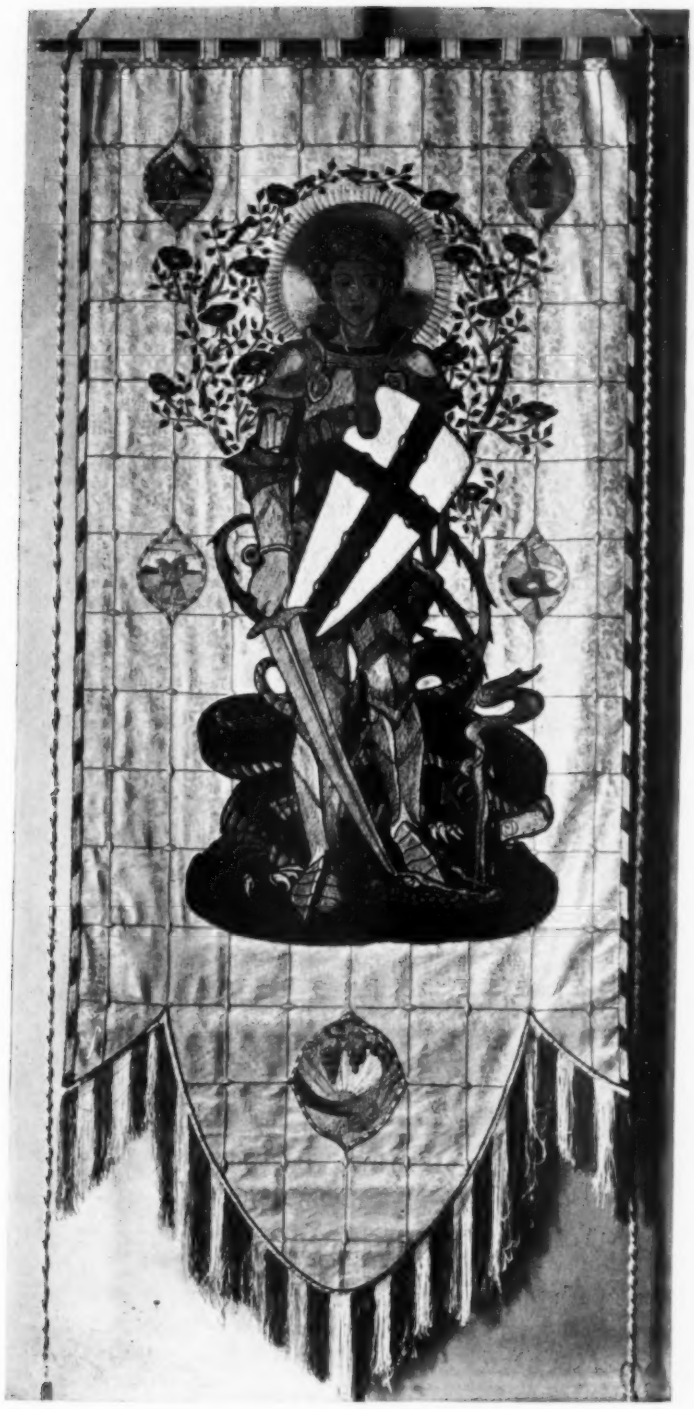
'Quest of the Sangreal' with tall white lilies and starry plants. The dark thick-leaved groves, that are the background to the figures, the flowered foreground, the flight of white doves, are delightful parts of the tapestry. The design, it may be remembered, was the last work of the painter, and was to have been woven for exhibition in Paris in 1900. While discussion is being renewed as to the tapestry decorations for the Prince's Chamber in the Houses of Parliament, it is apposite that the weavers of Merton Abbey should put forward this proof that we have tapestry-weavers in England skilled for splendid execution of fitting designs. 'The Passing of Venus' in the feebleness of the central prostrate figure, the poor design of the white-railed car, and other weaknesses of inspiration, suffers from the conditions of its execution; but given a designer who understands the possibilities of the noble craft, the Merton Abbey weavers



(By permission of Messrs. Morris & Co.)

The Passing of Venus.

By Sir E. Burne-Jones.



St. George and the Dragon. Embroidered Banner to be presented to the Rt. Hon. the Earl Grey, G.C.M.G., Governor-General of Canada.

Designed by Louis Davis, A.R.W.S.
Worked by Mrs. Louis Davis.

should produce work in the future that would be a second phase of the remarkable production of these looms when Morris and Burne-Jones were alive. This finely-wrought hanging proclaims their maintained craftsmanship.

The collection in the balcony is chiefly of work familiar in kind to anyone who has followed at all closely recent achievements in the lesser arts. That is, on the whole, a recommendation, though it makes detailed comment superfluous. The perfect craftsmanship of Mr. Cobden Sanderson, Miss Katherine Adams's personal and charming bindings, Miss Morris's embroideries, Mr. Johnston's scholarly caligraphy, the metal work and jewellery of the Artificers' Guild, of Mr. J. Paul Cooper, Mr. Harry J. Wilson, Mrs. Gaskin, Mr. Harold Stabler, Miss Florence Steele, Mr. Richard Garbe's use of shagreen and ivory, are fortunately





Two Silver Fruit Dishes.

By J. Paul Cooper.



A Landscape in Embroidery.

By May Morris.

well and widely known. Fresh delight in the imaginative beauty and rich effect of Mr. Wilson's jewellery is the result of studying the case of his work, and Mr. J. Paul Cooper shows farther examples of his graver but not less assured invention. The two shallow chalices with shafts of crystal and pillars of finely treated silver, the branched triple goblet wrought of dark coral, silver and unsmoothed ivory, are fine things, examples of modern silversmithing that show the art lives and wins new beauties. Mrs. Watts' show of village terra-cottas, the miniatures and laces shown by Mr. Southall, the execution of jewellery by Comte du Suar de Croix, Mrs. Carr's enamels, jewellery by Miss Ethel Virtue, Miss Hallé, Miss Ethel Agnew, and embroidered pictures by Miss Kate Button, are also to be noticed.

Miss Morris's embroideries include delightful things seen before, and one important new piece, worked in crewels, on a coarse linen. The landscape of river and meadow and sky, wrought in fair cool green and blue, is an example of the true art of embroidering landscape, and the brown lettering, the flowering trees, and plants form a decoration of charming detail.

In the exhibition of the art of Mr. Louis Davis the banner of St. George and the Dragon designed by him and worked by Mrs. Louis Davis was conspicuous. It is for presentation to Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada. The figure of St. George clad in armour, trampling on the dragon, is bravely wrought, and makes a fine solid effect on the gleaming white brocade of the ground; but the five little circular symbols, most happily designed and carried out, are the special charm of the work. They interpret the name and office of the Saint, according to an enchanting passage from Caxton's Golden Legend, which is a perfect theme for the art of the designer and embroiderer. 'Height of Mountains,' 'Temperance of Valleys,' 'Plain of the Fields,' the growing-place, respectively, of the green herb, the vine, and the wheat, are symbols of the tillage of earth that George, the saintly husbandman, practised in his life and virtues. They yield delicate and imaginative designs to Mr. Davis.

The three pendants by Mr. Charles Ricketts reveal an aspect of his art not generally known, and different from any other modern art of jewellery. The stones, except in the slightly more conventional portrait-pendant, are placed according to no orderly rule, but stud the design irregularly. In the largest pendant, the gold figure and the double-headed monster are chased on a ground of dull pale blue; the drop is green. The brilliance and colour of diamonds, sapphires, and pink topaz play strikingly in the design. The open-worked pendant is a lighter decoration, but not less subtle in the contrasting and harmonising of effects of deep-gleaming colour in the jewels, and the gleam of delicately-wrought gold.

Passing Events.

THE method adopted in France of scheduling important works of art as historical monuments, for whose sale the permission of the Minister of Fine Arts is necessary, often operates favourably for the Louvre. An example in point is a huge picture by El Greco, 8ft. 8 ins. by 5ft. 8 ins., showing Christ on the cross, with half-length portraits of the donors, Diego and Antonio Cobarrubias, sons of the celebrated architect of Charles V., at the base. This picture was painted soon after El Greco's arrival at Toledo for an altar in the Church of the Nuns of the Visitation, and there remained till 1835, when, on the suppression of the religious orders in Spain, it passed into private hands. In 1869, being a candidate for the representation of the Arrondissement in the Chamber, M. Pereire offered it to the parish church at Prades. It was refused because of its ugliness, whereupon M. Pereire presented it to the local Palais de Justice. As a historical monument it has lately been acquired by the Louvre for 25,000 francs, probably not more than one-seventh of what it would have realised in the open market. In connection with El Greco, we reproduce, by the courtesy of Messrs. Durand-Ruel, a dramatic view of Toledo, the thunder-clouded sky in which is conceived in the same mood as that in the Christ picture, and a portrait of Cardinal Fernando Nino de Guevara, a master-work now in an American private collection. Mr. Sargent is, of course, an enthusiast about the art of El Greco.



Toledo.

(Photo. Durand-Ruel.) By El Greco (Domenico Theotocopuli).

ONE of the three fragmentary pieces of sculpture contributed by M. Rodin to the New Salon is a Muse, destined when finished and carried out in bronze for the Whistler Memorial on the Chelsea Embankment. The figure at present has no arms and is undraped. M. Rodin's intention is, however, to drape it from the waist downwards. By the way, the committee of the Société des Beaux Arts this spring withdrew a couple of pictorial "visions" on the first press day. One was M. Jean Veber's 'Vision d'Allemagne, Circuit de Taunus,' a memory of the motor-car race at Homburg in 1907, with the Kaiser laughing in the foreground. The artist himself fails to see how it can hurt German susceptibilities, and expresses his intention of exhibiting elsewhere in Paris, as also in Germany. M. Veber's 'La Guinguette,' a huge Kermesse canvas, for the decoration of the buvette of the Hotel de Ville, is causing all Paris to laugh. The second censored 'Vision' was M. Paul Rénouard's 'Rennes, Août, 1899,' showing the court-house during the Dreyfus trial, with Esterhazy, to the consternation of the generals present, holding on his knee the dead body of Colonel Henry. This picture was reinstated when the "légende" had been taken off. The inscription ran: "Les uns la redoutaient, les autres l'appelaient à leurs secours, tous en etaient obsédés."

PROFESSOR HERKOMER'S self-portrait in his robes as a Doctor of Oxford University, which is at the R.B.A., reminds us that the German Emperor has recently been painted by Herr Alfred Schwarz in Oxon University robe. This is for presentation to the University. It is stated, by the way, that the Kaiser has commissioned a Berlin sculptor to execute a statue of Achilles for the terrace of the Achilleion. This is to be of bronze, about thirty feet high, so as to be visible at a considerable distance from Corfu.

THOSE responsible for the Rhodes Memorial on the Matoppo Hills, where already is Watts' great equestrian group,'' Physical Energy,' did wisely to avail themselves of the services of Mr. J. M. Swan. He is at work upon eight colossal lions for the ramps of the flight of steps leading up to the memorial buildings. Landseer was content to duplicate the four lions for Trafalgar Square, but there will be variety in the beasts by Mr. Swan, though all will be represented lying down. It is to be hoped that these lions will be exhibited before they leave England for South Africa.

IN an interesting address not long ago on Art and Photography, Mr. G. A. Storey was anything but pessimistic. He finds much to encourage him in the pictorial tendencies of the present day. Mr. Storey related how Millais would often draw a head in twenty parts of his canvas before he was satisfied. The same holds good with M. Boldini, despite the impression of swiftness and certitude which his work gives.

AT the rooms of the Royal Photographic Society, 66 Russell Square, an attractive exhibition was held lately of the work of the late A. Horsley Hinton, one of the leading artist-amateurs in photography; and there, until the



The Cardinal Fernando Nino de Guevara.

(Photo. Durand-Ruel.) By El Greco (Domenico Theotocopuli).

9th June, the public is invited to view, without charge, some excellent portraits by Mr. Furley Lewis.

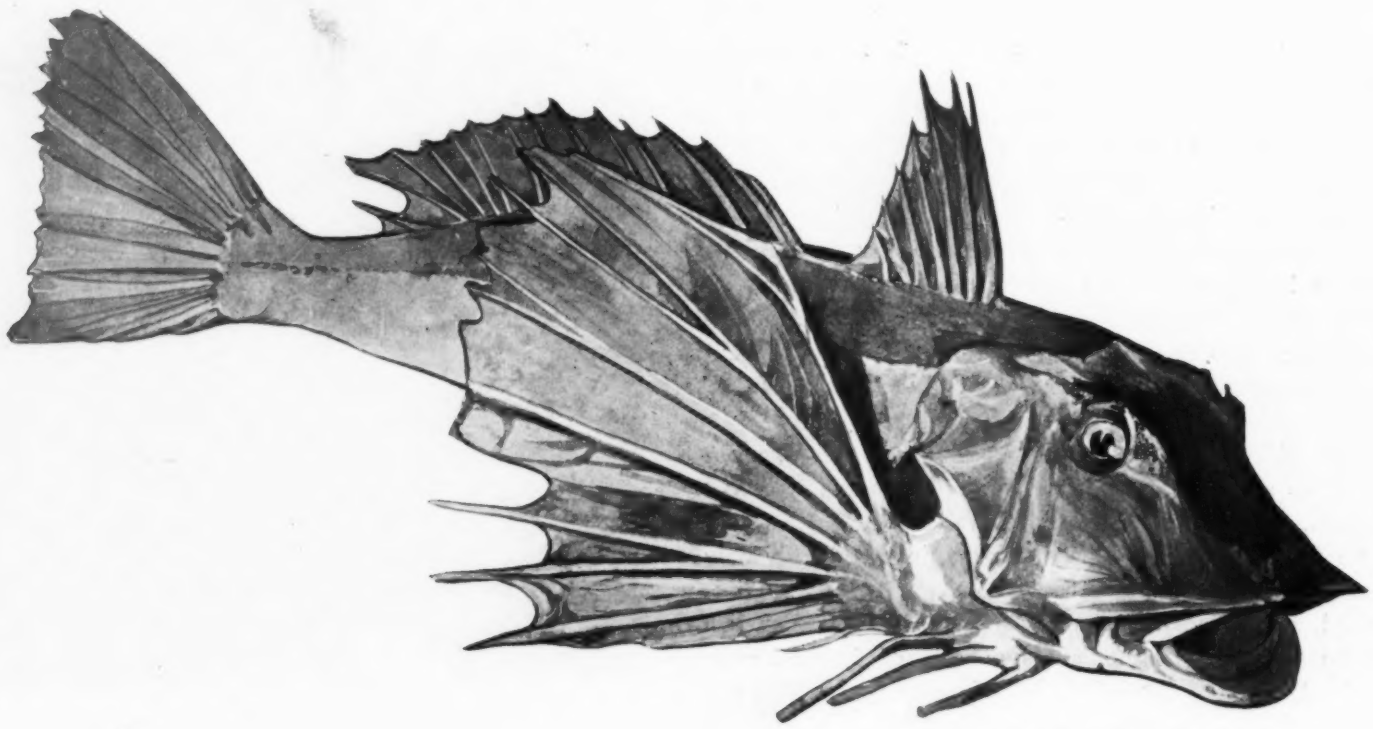
THE days of fortunate picture "finds" at Christie's are not yet over. On February 29, at the dispersal of the late Lord Young's gallery, a canvas catalogued under the name of Rembrandt, and as a portrait of his son Titus, 43½ in. by 33½ in., went to Messrs. Lewis and Simmons for 205 gs. They felt fairly sure that they had secured a prize. On the advice of Mr. Humphry Ward, it was sent to Professor Hauser of Berlin, who, with Dr. Bode concurring, pronounced it to be a genuine Rembrandt. The picture has since changed hands, it is said, at about £6,000. One shrewd Scottish connoisseur regarded it, by the way, as from the brush of Carl Fabritius. This fortunate discovery of an authentic Rembrandt reminds us of a very different story. Some time ago several spurious modern portraits, with a false Rembrandt signature painted over, were shipped to America. The interested parties caused a letter to be written to the American Custom House authorities, saying that an attempt was to be made to pass genuine Rembrandts as modern copies. It was suggested that the master's signature would be discovered beneath some obvious over-painting. Experts were called in, and they so pronounced. On the strength of this the pictures are said to have been sold for very large sums, the purchaser having no redress. The least we can say is that the plan showed resourcefulness.

MISS WINIFRED SANDYS, whose charming portrait-studies of a girl we reproduce, is a daughter of the late Frederick Sandys. Her miniatures and drawings have attracted attention at various exhibitions. The 'Gertrude' was in the Glasgow Institute last year, and later at the Portrait Painters' show in the New Gallery.

"THIS is not the end of a life. I have expressed through my physical means that I am capable of expression, and I am about to lay this aside." This was the note written by Charles Maurice Detmold prior to his death in painful circumstances on April 9. He and his twin brother, Edward, were born on November 21, 1883. Brought up by a relative who possessed a fine collection of old Japanese prints, the brothers early indicated their remarkable skill as draughtsmen. At the age of thirteen they were exhibiting at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours and at the Royal Academy, since when work by them has been seen at many important exhibitions. From the first Hiroshigi, Hokusai and other Japanese artists influenced them, until, indeed, Japanesque vision became far more natural to them than that of the Western world. Dr. E. B. Shuldham, their uncle and guardian, owned, too, pictures by W. E. F. Britten, Mr. H. M. Livens, and Mr. R. W. Macbeth, but sight of these does not seem to have affected the Detmolds. In 1905 the brothers were elected to associateship of the Painter-Etchers, where their delicately decorative studies of fish, plants, birds and beasts, attracted great attention. Henry E. Detmold, who exhibited at the Academy from 1882 to 1898, was a relative of the twin brothers.

SIR THOMAS GIBSON CARMICHAEL, who has been appointed Governor of Victoria, will be greatly missed in art circles here. He has been a Trustee of the National Gallery since 1906, is on the Council of the National Art-Collections Fund, and an active member of the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Sir Thomas was spoken of by some in connection with the Directorship of the National Gallery when Sir Edward Poynter resigned.

THE fourth Annual Report of the National Art-Collections Fund shows what excellent work it continues to do, though, of course, it has not this year a Rokeby Venus, so to say, to stick in its cap. The reproduced pictures include Alfred Stevens' fine bust portrait of John Morris-Moore, which caused a stir at the Old Masters exhibition of 1901, said to have been secured for £500, Wilkie's



By Charles Maurice Detmold (1899)



GERTRUDE.

BY WINIFRED SANDYS

'A Picnic,' and a landscape with sheep by Mr. Mark Fisher, presented to the Birmingham Corporation. The annual general meeting of the members of the Fund met at the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, on May 6, and Mr. L. Harcourt, First Commissioner of Works, made the important announcement that the Government had accepted an offer from Mr. J. Duveen to build an additional wing to the National Gallery of British Art, Millbank, for the purpose of forming a true Turner Gallery.

MR. EDWARD A. GOODALL, R.W.S., born on June 8, 1819, who died on April 16, was a brother of the late Frederick Goodall, R.A. His first oil-painting was a Guiana subject, to which Turner, who was on the Hanging Committee at the time, gave a first-rate place in the Academy. In the Crimea Edward Goodall was artist correspondent to the *Illustrated London News*. "By Jove! this is like the thing. I know every sand-bag in that battery," remarked an officer on looking at one of his sketches. Three important drawings by Mr. Goodall are in the Sydney Gallery. The death is also to be recorded of Martin Rico, the brilliant Spanish artist who, with his countryman Vièrge, influenced many black-and-white men to-day, and of Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch, the distinguished worker in silver and gold, the informative writer on French painters, in whose arms Bastien Lepage passed away.

THE profoundly lamented death of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman reminds us that to the present exhibition at the Glasgow Institute he lent Matthew Maris' wonderful



A Study.

By Winifred Sandys.

'Outskirts of a Town,' said to have been picked up by the late Prime Minister some years ago for £200. This dream-picture was painted in Paris in 1872, not long after the siege, when, works of art being unsaleable, Matthew Maris joined the National Guard, receiving 1·50 francs a day so that he might not be a burden on his brother James. As Professor Holmes has said, surely there has not been a less martial recruit since the time of Coleridge. The 'Outskirts of a Town,' in whose prophetic twilight heaven and earth seem as it were to have a trysting-place, is one of about half-a-dozen well-nigh flawless landscapes by this artist. It is an open secret that had Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman lived he would have been approached with an appeal to present it to the Glasgow Corporation Gallery. Others hoped that the picture might finally go to our National Gallery, or to the Scottish National Gallery in Edinburgh.



The "New" Rembrandt (p. 186).

SUBSCRIBERS are reminded that the coupons for the Premium Plate 1907, an original etching of a landscape subject by Mr. C. O. Murray, R.E., should be sent to the Publishers by July 1. The Premium Plate for this year is an original etching by Mr. Robert W. Macbeth, R.A., number 1,477 in the present Royal Academy Exhibition.

PARIS has recently been celebrating the centenary of the death on April 15, 1808, of Hubert Robert, often called Robert des Ruines. Born in 1733, he passed several years in Rome, and on his return to Paris he was made a member of the Academy, later Director of the Museum of the Louvre. He it was who first arranged the pictures according to schools. Diderot, Voltaire, and Greuze were among his admirers. At the time of the Revolution Robert was imprisoned, and obtained his freedom only through the mistake of a gaoler, another prisoner of the same name being guillotined in his stead.

THE sale recently for 550 gs. of a set of the seventy-one published plates of the Liber Studiorum recalls how Turner was in 1806 urged by his old friend W. F. Wells, the drawing master at Addiscombe, to employ some of his leisure in thus rivalling Claude. After long-continued persuasion, Turner exclaimed, "Well, Gaffer, I see there will be no peace till I comply; so give me a piece of paper. There, now! rule the size for me, and tell me what I am to do." Wells suggested that the subject should be divided into Pastoral, Marine, Elegant Pastoral, and so forth. Seventy-one only of the hundred prints were finished and published, but Mr. Frank Short has of course admirably completed the series. The original numbers, each containing five plates, were issued at 15*s.* for prints, 25*s.* for proofs, the subscription price for a set of proofs being £17 10*s.* Wornum states, however, that no complete set of proofs was ever issued. But a good set fetched 850 gs. at the sale of the artist's works in 1873, and it is asserted that as much as £3,000 has been paid privately. Charles Turner, who engraved some of the plates for about five or seven guineas, received shortly before his death £1,500 for a number of proofs and trials. Others had been used to light the fire! With tears in his eyes he exclaimed, "Why, good God, I have been burning bank notes all my life."

London Exhibitions.

Royal Academy	140th Exhibition (p. 161).
R.W.S.	150th Exhibition.
R.B.A.	129th Exhibition.
New Gallery	Summer Exhibition (p. 171).
" "	Ridley Art Club.
University of London	Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.
French Gallery	95th Exhibition.
Leicester Gallery	J. Buxton Knight.
" "	Harrington Mann.
Carfax Gallery	Max Beerbohm.
Brook Street Gallery	London Sketch Club.
Gutekunst Gallery	Adolphe Appian.
Baillie Gallery	John Finnie.
Messrs. van Wisselingh's	Mr. and Mrs. Louis Davis.
Messrs. Dowdeswell's	George Marks.
Messrs. Manzi, Joyant's	Louis Le Nain.
Messrs. Hodgkins'	Sèvres porcelain.
Ryder Gallery	Corrall Farmer.
Fine Art Society	Mrs. Allingham.

R.W.S.—There is no "sudden flame" in the energy of the "Old" Water-Colour Society, but there is also no fear that the "abhorrëd shears" of extinction will close on the life of a society that renews its vitality by wise election. The summer exhibition of the R.W.S. contains for the first time flower-paintings by Mr. Francis James, elected at the same time with Mr. J. H. Lorimer, whose distinguished art is, however, not represented. Mr. James is an addition to the true strength of the society, the strength which derives from regard for the special and lovely qualities of water-colour, and vision of nature and life that can be rendered most fitly by this medium. The group of twenty drawings by William Callow, many of them dating from the 'forties, commemorates a fine and simple past of water-colour art, now, with the death of this painter, become veritably of the past. It is good that in the exhibition which contains Callow's steadfast and sensitive art for the last time Mr. James should be a new presence.

The work of both these artists stands for the essential art of water-colour. Its exponents are fewer in number than the painters who, by some quality or other, command attention in the exhibition. Among these Mr. Cadogan Cowper with his skilful but somewhat strident 'Rapunzel sings from the Tower,' and his genuinely-expressed 'Morning of the Nativity' is prominent. Technically one may cavil at Mr. Cowper's use of water-colour, but his 'Nativity' tells effectively both to sight and thought. He has imaged something of the deep significance of the theme, the homage of wisdom, and glory and power to the Child born in the stable of the inn. Miss Fortescue Brickdale is another neo-pre-Raphaelite whose work reinforces the imaginative element in the exhibition, which gains less than usual from Mr. Anning Bell and Mr. Louis Davis, neither of whom shows at his best. Miss Brickdale's 'Ten Virgins,' five erect and vigilant, with steadily burning lamps, five reclining in deep sleep, is a rhythmical composition, and expressive of the idea. The 'Little Goose Girl' of Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Henry Henshall's observant 'Hope of the Family,' Mr. Walter West's dainty renderings of dainty subjects, the terse human documents of Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Dollman's 'Temptation of St. Anthony,' the 'Midsummer Eve' of Mr. E. R. Hughes, with Holman Hunt-like vividness of detail in the elfin lights and forms that throng the grassy woodland paths, are figure subjects not to be overlooked. Mr. Curnow Vosper is admirable in two interiors, especially in the 'Market Day,' charming in bright homely detail. True power to "glance with the eye" has gone to the making of this little drawing, as it has in full measure to Mr. Edwin Alexander's delightful 'Gleaners,' quick, bright-eyed mice nibbling a purplish mangel root, amid ears of barley that shine delicately in the light.

Imagination, the style that is the expression of enthusiastic and deliberate purpose, distinguish certain landscapes in the exhibition, notably Mr. James Paterson's 'Edinburgh Castle' and 'St. Andrews,' and Mr. Clausen's 'Autumn Moonlight,' woven of coppery-gold, of pale silver, of shadows



(French Gallery.)

The Six Windmills.
By James Maris.

that reinforce the gleam of the stars in the grey sky and the "heavenly alchemy" of the moonlight on tree and field and stack. Mr. Paterson uses the grey veils of the rain to enshroud the lower levels of the great rock fortified by Edinburgh Castle. The blending of the haze and blur of the swift rain with the massive stone houses at the base, and the towering rock, is an idea as well as a fact. Even more impressive is 'St. Andrews—Dusk,' with the great fragment of the ancient cathedral figured in gaunt height on the stormy sky. The ably-particularised paintings of quiet green country by Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Eyre Walker's delicate and spacious 'Virginia Water,' Mr. R. W. Allan's veracious work, Mr. Robert Little's expressive 'Siena—Early Morning,' Mr. Hemy's strenuous marines, Mr. Hopwood's spirited sketches of sunlight in the white streets of Biskra, the contributions of Sir Ernest Waterlow, Mr. Walter Bayes, Mr. Albert Goodwin, Mr. Matthew Hale and Miss Alice Swan are among other drawings attracting notice. Needless to say, since his work has not been mentioned, Mr. Sargent is an absentee, as, too, are Mr. D. Y. Cameron and Mr. J. M. Swan.

R.B.A.—Mr. Alfred East, the President, heads the most important section of the 129th Exhibition with an important work. Landscape, though figure-subjects are of increasing interest in the Suffolk Street Galleries, is still the foremost art in the society. Mr. East's large canvas 'Faith: A symbolic decorative landscape,' owes its symbolism to the subject, its quality as a decoration to the artist. The great statue of the Virgin and Child on the high



(R.W.S.)

Virginia Water, Windsor Forest.
By W. Eyre Walker, R.W.S.

pinnacle of rock which dominates the valley of Le Puy is symbolic to every earnest observer. The processions of pilgrims to this great shrine, the effect of late light shining on the statue, when the monastery and near tall trees are dark, are symbolic realities, and in rendering these it cannot be maintained that Mr. East has added to their essential significance. His decorative aim has decreed some quenching of the brilliance of the sunshine, and the processions fail in movement and splendour. He has composed the scene to an impressive gravity of structure, and harmony of line and tone. But for the enchantment of the actual Le Puy something less ardent, less vivifying is substituted.

Landscape in Suffolk Street shows the influence of many conventions. Mr. Foottet maintains his impressionistic convictions in a large 'Richmond.' Well-planned designs and agreeable essays in tone are Mr. Hayley Lever's 'Landing Fish,' Mr. Talmage's painting of the lamp-lit night in Trafalgar Square, Mr. Lenfestey's 'Ponte Vecchio,' Mr. Murray Smith's finely-lighted 'Showery Day,' Mr. Padwick's sincere 'On a Common,' and Mr. Foweraker's picturesque 'Segovia.' Mr. Laidlay's 'Left to the Winds and the Waves' has a sea of living quiet, Mr. Elphinstone's 'Bend of the River' is firmly composed, and the practised skill of Mr. Spenlove Spenlove in 'January Night in Flanders,' Mr. Gardner Symons' strongly-expressed 'Winter,' Mr. Elmer Schofield's frank and sure 'Spring on the Somme' are good things in the gallery. Mr. William Wells in his 'Pasture Gate' achieves authority by the thoroughness of his work, the intentness and verity of his perception. There is no patent appeal in his subject or handling. The rough tree-trunks, the masonry, the poultry in the yard, are studied in "dry light," with intellectual as well as æsthetic perception of their qualities of substance, surface, colour. It is a picture of remarkable worth.

Sir Hubert von Herkomer, with his forcible and imperative self-portrait in the crimson robes of a Doctor of Civil Law, Oxon, and Mr. Graham Robertson engaging sight with a decorative fantasy of little 'Mlle. X.' traversing the country of the Quest of the Grail, furnish the two chief arresting points, apart from landscape. Between these practical and poetical portraits are the fluently handled studies of Mr. Laszlo, Mr. Fergusson's 'White Hat'—the hat, itself, a *tour de force*—Mr. Emil Fuch's obviously attractive 'Miss Rosie Edwards,' Mr. Palin's clever small portraits and capable



(R.B.A.)

Faith: A Procession at Le Puy.

By Alfred East, A.R.A.

costume-piece, Mr. Blundell Thompson's studies of men, and Mr. Sheard's sympathetic study of a flower-woman. Sculpture by Mr. Courtenay Pollock and Mr. Paul Montford, water-colours including a dignified 'In Hertfordshire' by the President, and effective work by Mr. Burleigh Bruhl, Mr. Lenfesty, Mr. Hawksworth, are also part of an admirably presented exhibition.

Ridley Art Club.—For the first time the pleasant annual show of works of art by members of the Ridley Art Club was held at the New Gallery. Among over 400 works, well arranged and seen to advantage, were not a few that showed the club to be a living art-organisation. In the West Room were portraits by the late Alexander Mann—also represented by landscapes—by Mr. Richard Jack, Mr. John da Costa, landscape by Mr. Lenfestey, Mr. Alfred Thornton, Mr. Bellingham Smith, Mr. Moffat Lindner, Mr. Talmage, Mr. Terrick Williams, Miss Beatrice Bland; water-colours by Mr. Anning Bell, Mr. Haité, Mr. Fred Stratton, Miss Sylvia Drew, and drawings by Mr. Cecil Rea, were among the interesting things. Silver work and jewellery by Mr. Nelson Dawson and Mr. Hadaway, and sculpture by Mr. Gilbert Bayes also added to the value of an exhibition which was worth seeing.



(French Gallery.)

Grie..

By Josef Israels, Hon. Foreign R.A.

Mr. Louis Davis.—Decorative art is so neglected a quantity in this country that to have two exhibitions of decorative painting open simultaneously is a most unusual event. Comparison, would however, be misplaced between the tender and intimate designs of Mr. Louis Davis for various chapels and halls, and Mr. Edwin Abbey's eight valiant compositions for the decoration of the dome of the Capitol of Pennsylvania. Mr. Davis's studies for mural decorations and stained-glass windows were only a part of the collection of his work at Mr. Van Wisselingh's gallery, a collection which revealed clearly and graciously the sweetness and light of his art. His dreams are in fair keeping, they are tended by peace and gladness. Child-angels, child-spirits of eagerness or awe, company the saints, or share the life of the birds and the woods. Cupid, 'Slayer of Hearts,' 'Nisi Dominus Frustra,' an inspired child-interpretation of Holman Hunt's 'Light of the World,' are drawings of jewelled colour that speak the joy and the gentleness of Mr. Davis's vision of the child as symbol. Delicate studies of flower and leaf, romantic landscapes such as the grave and subtle 'The Dell,' the glowing 'Waxwell Farm,' the 'October Showers,' designs for masque-costumes, were part of what was beautiful and memorable in the galleries. Of the banner worked by Mrs. Louis Davis (p. 183) notice is taken elsewhere.

Mr. E. A. Abbey, R.A.—Mr. Abbey's decorations for the Pennsylvania Capitol are the second big decorative achievement to which he has been called. Ten of the fifteen paintings of the 'Quest of the Holy Grail' for the Boston Public Library were seen in London before they crossed the Atlantic. The present series grapples with harder problems of expression. The spiritual mediævalism of Malory is an ordering of life to beauty and pageantry. Decorations that commemorate mining industries, the toil of the blasting-furnace, the oil-field, the forces that guide men to power, freedom, wealth, must win their own order of form and spirit from difficult material. It cannot be said that Mr. Abbey has evoked a unity by bringing old forms of classic imagination—Fortune with her wheel, Vulcan, Abundance—into masculine designs that owe something to Meunier, and farther include such realities as gaunt derricks, and blast furnaces. The modern mind is no maker of Gods and Genii. Of the decorative effect of the four great lunettes it was impossible to judge in the narrow galleries of the Imperial Institute, but that they have force and definition is at least certain, and the colour schemes are both striking and varied. Four circular panels separate these four compositions. Each contains a female figure of religion, law, science and art on a gold ground lettered with a suitable device.

French Gallery.—The ninety-fifth exhibition of French and Dutch pictures is on a high level, and has some supreme examples of the masters of Barbizon and Holland. There is an Israels, 'Grief,' which presents his art at its highest, a large 'Six Windmills' of J. Maris that is a spell of peace, and besides these consummate works two Monticellis showing his full resources of tone shot through and through with colour, a large and small Troyon, both solid works, a Harpignies, fresh from the inspiring earth and sky, a strong Diaz, a lithe, strong-limbed 'Woman washing Clothes' by Millet, and works by Corot, Mauve, Daubigny, Rousseau. The 'Quay at Antwerp' by Clays is characteristic. The Israels is a peasant interior receding from the tiled hearth to a shadowed recess where the steady flame of a candle burns beside the coffin. The watchers, a white-coiffed peasant woman whose head is sunk on her right hand, and the little bare-footed girl who gazes steadily, pitifully towards the coffin, are poignantly expressive, yet the hush of sorrow is here expressed in silence like to death. There



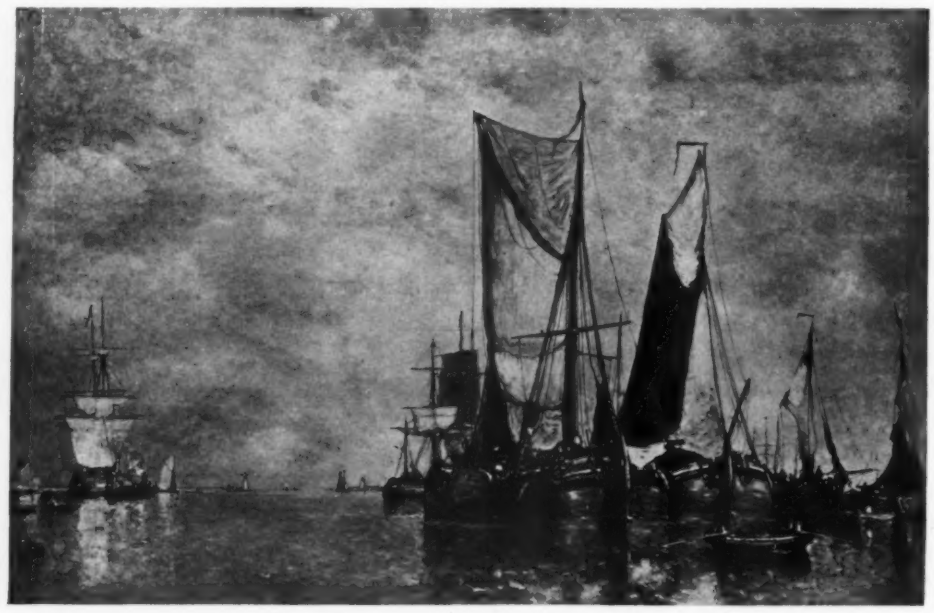
(R.W.S.) Market Day in Old Wales. By S. Curnow Vosper, A.R.W.S.

is no excess. It is a still picture, and the stillness is of the depths of life. The 'Six Windmills' is more nearly akin to the art of Matthew Maris than are the more picturesque works of the painter. Intimately, with welcome for the gracious influences of light on the timber-grays of the mills and long town, and the calm reception of light in the still wide waters from the peaceful sky, this vision of quietness was evoked from the Holland that has dowered art with so many far horizons.

Leicester Gallery.—Three-and-twenty canvases, mostly portraits, by Mr. Harrington Mann, and water-colours by the late J. Buxton Knight are one-man shows of exceptional interest. The water-colours of Buxton Knight need to be studied to be appreciated. Initially their honesty, the open-sightedness of the artist make themselves felt, but also a lack of unity between admirable parts, a certain incoherence. They lack the heartiness of his oil-painting, and they have not a compensating allurement of fair surface and tint. But when once the moving tides of the two Poole pictures, the over-arching skies, the use of masts and shipping and quay-side buildings are seen, appreciation of the reality and fineness of Buxton Knight's expression in water-colour is assured. Certain drawings, notably the pastels, look crude, but the best are of the enduring heritage of art that Buxton Knight has left to us.

Mr. Harrington Mann's portraits, especially those of little girls, stand admirably the test of collective exhibition. The poses are in all cases animate and unconstrained, the freshness of little living faces, the open glance and freedom of limb, are happily expressed. 'Mona,' cross-legged on the floor with her doll family, the little sitter in 'Diabolo' with the admirably rendered flexible wrists and eager face, Esther of the shining eyes, Kathleen, erect and ardent with the red apple in her hand, are delightful child-pictures, and the group, 'A Fairy Tale,' is the pictorialisation of an enchanted hour of childhood. 'Mrs. Harrington Mann' is a harmonious, if less spontaneous work, and there are other portraits, including one of Mrs. Evelyn Thaw, commendably unsensational, but of no strong quality.

Carfax Gallery.—The wit of Mr. Max Beerbohm ranges over the political, artistic, academic, social, legal worlds. He is our one caricaturist who is neither partisan nor assailant, except as irresistible fancy takes him. His cause is inimitable derision. In one witty drawing the caricaturist receives "an influential though biased deputation" including some prominent victims, which urges him "in the cause of our common humanity and of good taste to give over." In another, 'My Craving for Knighthood,' he enquires raptly of "F. C. G.," "Is one born, or can one become amiable?" So he transfixes the notion that caricature should be harmless; and then proceeds in fifty other drawings to make imaginative fun of many popularities and reputations. Mr. Sargent looking out of the window of 31, Tite Street, at the queue of beauties, Jewesses, Peeresses, and place-keeping messenger-boys; Mr. Bernard Shaw viewing the symmetrical espaliers in Mr. Walkley's garden understands why *The Times* critic does not like his plays; Mr. Rudyard Kipling, under Olympian clouds which enthrone Meredith and Swinburne, grasping the money-bag of the Nobel Prize with a shout, "Lord God, they ha' paid in full," while Mr. Hall Caine keeps a sour silence; Mr. Asquith having kissed hands, setting to work to acquire personal magnetism; Mr. A. C. Benson vowing eternal fidelity to the obvious—these are a few of the flights of wit that proclaim the freedom of "Max" from subservience to deputations.



(French Gallery.) Quay at Antwerp. By P. J. Clays.



Jason Ploughing the Acre of Mars.
By Gilbert Bayes (1900).

Mr. Gilbert Bayes.

By Rudolf Dircks.

THE modern movement in English sculpture is one of the most interesting phases of contemporary art, and the work of Mr. Gilbert Bayes is an engaging feature in the movement. To the general current he comes as a sort of contributory rivulet, through pleasant country of hill and dale, romantic country which bears its tale of fantasy and legend. It is indeed a pleasant thing to find a temperament like Mr. Bayes', generally imaginative and artistic, seeking and finding—and finding with grace and fluency—expression in the art of sculpture. It bears testimony to the breadth and life of the movement. If there was anything that was particularly absent in our sculpture until quite recent times it was the very qualities which may be found in Mr. Bayes' work: a certain feeling of artistic gaiety and lightness of touch, a free handling of romantic and lyrical ideas, decorative animation. However one may judge his work, it is certainly never dull; it never bores you. The adequate apprehension of all that lies within the competence of plastic art, its susceptibility as a medium for the expression of all sorts of emotions, the breadth of its psychological range, has never before been so manifest in England as it is to-day. And it is perhaps due to this larger view that we find many men sculptors who might have found expression equally well in other arts, in painting or in words. And it may be also in a considerable measure due to the comparatively few restrictions that are imposed on the sculptor's art, to his freedom from the material temptations which assail the painter, the novelist or the dramatist, to be less than themselves, to accommodate their views to a general and not always discriminating public, or to a censor of morals, or to what Mr. Sutro styles, in the case of the dramatist, the pay-box. The sculptor has nothing to gain by appealing to the sentiments of the gallery, and the quality of his work is not determined by the taste of the libraries. He makes appeal to a comparatively small number of persons, whose taste and judgment may be sufficiently various, but in any case a serious taste and judgment, which are not at all likely to influence a sculptor to take a cynical view of his vocation, as is largely the case with most other artistic vocations just now. And it may be surmised that this comparative freedom from

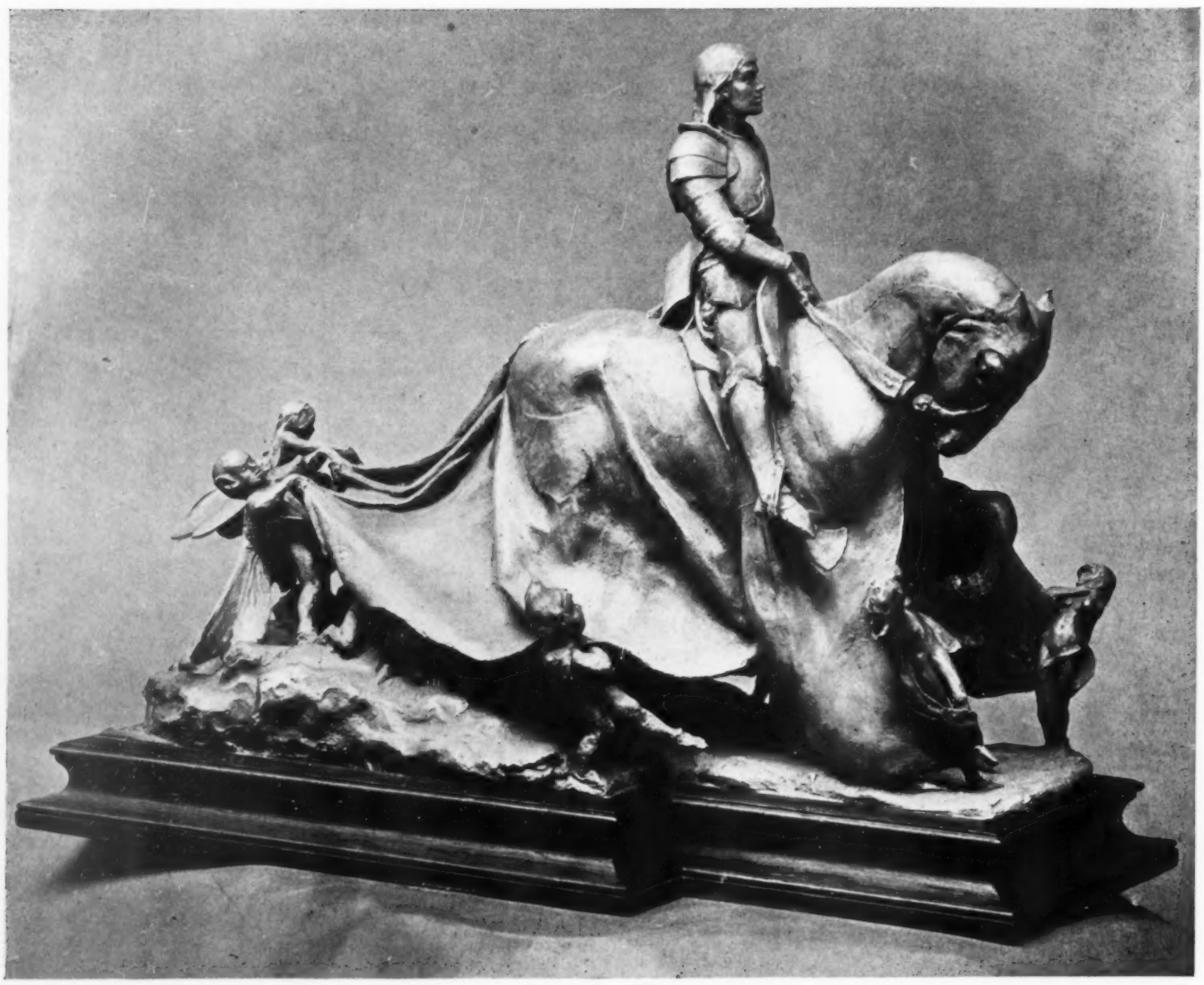


The Coming of Spring.
By Gilbert Bayes (1904).



The Road to the Tournay.

By Gilbert Bayes.



A Knight Errant.

By Gilbert Bayes (1898).

exterior influences which militate against independent and free expression accounts largely for the flourishing and progressive state of sculpture in England at the present time.

Since Mr. Bayes' early successes at the Academy Schools, where he gained the gold medal, which confers the travelling studentship, he has engaged the interest of those who care about sculpture. His group of 'Æneas Fleeing from Troy,' which won for him the distinction at the Academy (1899), was an achievement both in idea and execution for a young sculptor of the nineties. It was derivative in idea (most of us remember the 'Blind carrying the Paralytic' at the Luxembourg); it was technically excellent in its realistic modelling, in its fidelity to the actual observation of the human figure, which has counted so much in the progress of modern sculpture both in France and England. The strenuousness of the two figures is relieved by the introduction of the child Ascanias, the son of Æneas, who follows behind, dragging the fallen branch of a tree, the decorative line of which helps the whole composition. In connection with the winning of this prize it should also be mentioned that the Academy purchased from Mr. Bayes an anatomical figure which he executed at the schools. He also gained the First Armitage Composition,



Gold Medal given by the Royal Geographical Society to Captain R. F. Scott, R.N. (Antarctic Expedition).

By Gilbert Bayes.



The Top of the Hill.

By Gilbert Bayes.



"For the Right."
By Gilbert Bayes (1906).

the Silver Medal for life modelling and the Landseer Scholarship.

On the strength of his studentship Mr. Bayes travelled for two years in France and Italy, and the testimony of his studies which it was necessary to submit to the Academy was 'The Fountain of the Zodiac Belt,' a monument conceived with both sculpturesque and architectural feeling. The graceful lines of the nude figure which is the chief ornament of the Fountain are assisted by the lines of the symbolic belt decorated with the signs of the Zodiac terminating with the Scorpion. The fountain itself, with the base, is modelled simply and with effect. This composition, charming and effective as a whole, leaves one with some regret that the authorities who have the control of the decorative features of our parks and public places do not more frequently commission such pleasant art as Mr. Bayes'. As we have already said, the sculptor conceived and designed this monument as a whole, the figure, the fountain itself, and the base: and he has rarely conceived a figure in his later work, whether it be intended for monumental purposes or not, without taking these features into account as an essential and integral part of the whole composition.

In later years Mr. Bayes has largely departed from the tendencies which manifested themselves in the 'Æneas' and 'The Fountain of the Zodiac Belt.' Throughout his career his fancy seems to have been caught particularly by mediæval legend and romance, by subjects which give him plenty of opportunity to express his delight in romantic sentiment, in animals, and in decorative movement. 'The Top of the Hill,' a small group of three mounted knights, visored, armed cap-à-pié, charging with set lances just as they have reached the bend of a hill, is designed with admirable breadth and with a feeling for atmosphere somewhat rare in sculpture. 'A Knight Errant,' a single mounted figure, with attendant fairies crowding round the trappings of his horse, a somewhat debonnair expression of sentimental valour, evokes all sorts of pleasant ideas in relation to poetic romance. Then there are 'The Sirens of the Ford,' 'St. George and the Dragon,' 'For the Right,' 'Knight Roland,' and many others, the last being suggested by Morris's "Father John's War Song":—

> 'Father John, you have got you a son,
> Seven feet high when his helm is on.'

In the decoration of each of these statuettes are interwoven symbols of the period of chivalry. Again, at last year's Academy Mr. Bayes exhibited 'Amor Victor,' a large relief in which we have the unbonneted figure of a mounted knight, in the act of charging, his lance shattered, a happy victim to the laughing cupid at his back holding him by a chain of roses. The whole relief is conceived in a rollicking decorative spirit, and would seem to be almost the last note in animation.

Since Mr. Bayes designed 'The Fountain of the Zodiac Belt,' his excursions into the nude have not been frequent,



A Royal Horse Artilleryman.
By Gilbert Bayes.

and then mostly in the smaller scale of statuettes. One of the most successful of these is the 'Greek Dancer,' which portrays the stooping figure of a girl holding a large hoop, which encircles her, and which contrasts with the softer lines of the graceful figure of the dancer. A companion statuette entitled 'Fate' is another example of the undraped figure, winged and kneeling, and reflecting in her mischievous expression the symbol which is suggested by the title as well as by the two little puppets on a string with which she is playing. Mr. Bayes' very small statuettes, 'The Top Spinner' (which suggests a Tanagra sort of Greek feeling) and 'The Wings of the Wind' must not be forgotten. 'The Wings of the Wind,' exhibited at last year's Academy, is a delightful instance of Mr. Bayes' work to a small scale; the idea of the horse preening the feathers of his wing is fanciful and happy. Another group, to a larger scale, 'The Irish Elk,' portrays an animal which lends itself to the intricacies of dexterous modelling, a picturesque model with its extensive and gnarled horns. A figure of Artemis is mounted on the Elk, between whose horns rests the circle of the moon, symbols which are typical of Mr. Bayes' taste in such matters.

Mr. Bayes has done many panels in relief. His 'Amor Victor' has already been referred to. Working in this



Greek Dancer.

By Gilbert Bayes (1905).



The Fountain of the Zodiac Belt.

By Gilbert Bayes (1903).

method, his feeling for movement, his lightness of touch and fancy, are expressed pretty much in the same decorative manner as in his work in the round. Three of the most effective examples of his technique in another and more severe kind are: 'Jason ploughing the Acre of Mars,' the relief of Assyrian art, which is now one of the chief decorative features of the Art Gallery at Sydney, and the panel 'Spring.' In the first, we have a picturesque and free conception of the Greek myth. The bulls of brazen feet and horns, vomiting forth clouds of fire and smoke, are an excellent instance of Mr. Bayes' skill in modelling. And if the introduction of the vultures behind the figure of Jason is not perhaps according to the myth, they are quite in harmony with its story. The relief of Assyrian Art represents Assur-bani-pal and his Queen watching the building of his palace at Nineveh. The magnificent series of Assyrian reliefs depicting incidents in the life of Assur-bani-pal, as well as other Assyrian kings, at the British Museum are sufficiently well-known. Mr. Bayes has caught much of the spirit of his subject, and this relief (12 feet by 8 feet) is one of his most successful, as it is one of his largest panels (ART JOURNAL, 1906, p. 31). Virtually the whole of the strong modelling in 'Spring' (culminating in the horses' heads against the deep-cut perspective) is confined to one half of the panel, the balance of the decorative scheme being preserved in the other half by the "darks" of the two birds against the perfectly flat wall surface.



Amor Victor.

By Gilbert Bayes (1907).

There are various other reliefs of Mr. Bayes: 'The Mule Cart of Siena,' for example, which suggests in its picturesque quality a drawing of Daniel Vierge: 'The Goal,' a group of racing chariots, a splendid stampede of horses, in which again we find Mr. Bayes' love of the picturesque and movement; his 'Laissez Aller,' and many others.

The memorial figure of St. Hugh for the Catholic Church at Lincoln, designed for the niche above the entrance porch; his memorial reliefs of Henry Sidgwick, Dr. Yellowlees, and Dr. Adamson, represent other and more literal phases of Mr. Bayes' art. Mr. Sidgwick's relief has a colour-scheme of its own, the portrait being of silver, enclosed in a bronze frame with panels of lapis lazuli. In the 'St. Hugh' one observes how effectively the delicate modelling of the face contrasts with the simple forms of the cowl, while the stole emphasises the vertical lines of the drapery and adds height to the figure.

Mr. Bayes' accomplishment is, therefore, as we have seen, of a wide range; it is the expression of a mind influenced by romantic and poetic ideas, by animated and graceful forms, by a lyric feeling for line and movement, by perhaps, above all, a feeling for pattern in natural forms. His work possesses a certain sensitive charm; much of it, as in 'The Goal' and other panels, a certain sensitive strength. And, within the limits which he has set for himself, Mr. Bayes' art always seems to hit the mark, to give adequate expression to the idea which he particularly wishes to convey.

Works shown at the Royal Academy.

1889. The Fortunes of War.
A Lancashire Milk-horse.
1890. The Pet of the Ring.
1891. 'Houp-là.'
The Forge.
An Arab Fantasia.
The Last Load.
1892. Carting Sand, France.
'A farmer went trotting upon his grey mare.'
Young Horses, Barnet Fair.
The Goal.
A Favourite Watering-place.
1893. A Sea Frolic.
Showing his Points.
The End of the Furrow.
Probable Starters.
1894. The Ride of the Valkyries.
1895. In the Tilt-yard.
1896. Door Panels.
The Banners of the Faithful.
1897. Panel for Fireplace.
1898. The Valkyries.
A Knight Errant.
1899. The Sirens of the Ford.
1900. Æneas Fleeing from Troy.
Jason Ploughing the Acre of Mars.
The Dragon Slayer.
1902. The Derelict.
A Knight.
1903. Pegasus.
The Fountain of the Zodiac Belt.
Portion of Memorial to Dr. Yellowlees (Gartnavel.)
1904. Panel from Memorial to Professor Adamson, University of Glasgow.
The Coming of Spring.
1905. Memorial to Professor H. Sidgwick (Newnham College, Cambridge).
Greek Dancer.
The Gallopers.
1906. 'For the Right.'
1907 Amor Victor.
The Wings of the Wind.
1908. The Crown of War.



St. Hugh.
(In the Catholic Church, Lincoln.)
By Gilbert Bayes.

John Downman, A.R.A.

SOME of the portrait-drawings by John Downman seen lately at the Graves Galleries had autograph inscriptions by the artist. None was so caustic, however, as the "Very pretty, but empty-headed" which he added to the portrait of one eighteenth century damsel. In the seventies, specimens of Downman's delightful art could be picked up for a few shillings, in the eighties for £3 or £4. Now, however, good portraits of men are worth £100, of women, if comely, £400 or so, while nearly £1,000 has been paid at auction for one of his rare groups.

A Note on Mr. Monk's Etchings.

By Frederick Wedmore.

MR. MONK is, one hopes, but in the middle of his working days. I don't remember noticing any print of his executed more than fifteen years ago, and those that I remember best are well within that period. The 'Lichfield'—issued with this number of THE ART JOURNAL—is quite one of the prints most likely to be popular. Like the 'Bow Church,' with all the bustle of Cheapside in sunshine—Cheapside a little rose-coloured, gay and festive, not only with the greenery of June—'Lichfield' reflects the geniality of its author's view. Mr. Monk's Muse is not tragic. 'Lichfield' is seen in sunshine, with flourishing foliage—there is Landscape in the plate and there is Architecture. The public will like the piece. I myself like the piece, and I throw no doubt on its acceptability when I venture to say of it one critical but not one disparaging thing—it might have been yet better had Mr. Monk allowed either the landscape or the architecture to dominate. As it is, the landscape is too important to be held as mere foreground or *repoussoir*, leading up to the great building whose details and the beauty of whose ensemble we are to contemplate; and the stately fane is too important, far too important, to take its place as mere background. With this qualification, 'Lichfield' may be given a good place in Mr. Monk's work. The etching is a realised picture. On many walls it may take up an agreeable place.

When it becomes a question, not of wall effect, but rather of retention and enjoyment in portfolio or in solander-box of piece after piece by the etcher, no doubt some briefer, more simply spontaneous memoranda—and often memoranda of humble things—may be given the preference. Thus there is, in a collection I have had the benefit of seeing, an extremely vivacious, interesting, cleverly-caught street scene called 'Pitch Kettles,' and there is again, hardly less admirable and piquant, 'The Precarious Street'—it is a "precarious Row" rather: house after house on one side of the thoroughfare propped up lest it fall. That is a subject that would have interested Mr. Muirhead Bone—the like of it has often interested him. Again, a subject that we all know has interested Mr. Bone, is St. James's Hall during demolition; and of St. James's Hall during demolition—and happily at the most effective moment in the long process of demolition—Mr. Monk made an extremely well-arranged and dexterous print, the exhibited impression of which I found it undesirable to resist buying, at the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, a year or two ago. It is an excellent and most original sketch on copper, of quite the happiest composition.

Then, a few years ago, there was a little series of Hampstead subjects, for the most part vivid and delicately charming—'Jack Straw's Castle' best of these, in my opinion. Here was Mr. Monk in the most genial of his moods again—a June day, I suppose; the air, the sunshine; how legitimately optimistic Mr. Monk became! But if the occasion demands it, he is capable of severer chronicle. The 'Old Market Hall at Amersham,' for example—at Amersham in the county of Bucks, where he lives—that is a print to be praised for other qualities than those I chance to have most dwelt upon. But indeed the 'St. James's Hall' is, as much as anything, an abiding and acceptable record.

Of three larger enterprises in which Mr. Monk has been engaged—and one of them, I hope, may still for many a year occupy a little of his thought and time; I mean the 'London Calendar'—it occurs to me to say a few words. The other two are, first, the *Oxford Almanacks*—he has contributed his share to an Oxford publication which students of Fine Art are bound to know, were it only by reason of the association with it, more than a hundred years ago, of the art of Turner and the art of Basire—and, second, the work upon the scenery and antiquities of Ireland which Messrs. Virtue issued only lately. In that series there were reproductions of drawings and reproductions of etchings. The print of 'Bishop's Gate, Londonderry,' I put in the same category as the 'Market Hall, Amersham,' and consider it quite as excellent. Firmness is its characteristic—firmness of handling, and a certain majesty in its theme, which the treatment has not lost sight of. My friend, Mr. Elkin Mathews, publishes every Christmas a 'London Calendar'—a sheet that bears, on its lower half, indispensable information, and on its upper an etching of some noted London view or London building: now 'Clifford's Inn Hall': now 'St. Paul's from Fleet Street': now (and it is surely the best of the set, thus far) a certain 'Old Westminster' that shows charmingly a few Georgian houses that, on the way from Millbank to the Abbey, still face the wharf and the River. The spirit of that place is understood and its aspect arrested in Mr. Monk's print.

Etchings for The Art Journal.

THE Editor will be pleased to see etchings for printing in THE ART JOURNAL. The work, not dry-point, should be on copper, and the subject may be either an original composition or a reproduction of a picture. If a topographical subject is chosen the print must not be in reverse. The etched surface of the plate should be as nearly as possible 10 × 7 inches, with margins of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch at the top and sides and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch at the base.

The Art Journal 1908 London Virtue & Co



An Original Etching by William Monk, R.E.

Lichfield Cathedral



Netherlorn and Its Neighbourhood.*

By Patrick H. Gillies, M.B., F.S.A. Scot.

"A characteristic still more distinctive of the Irish monks, as of all their nation, was the imperious necessity of spreading themselves without, of seeking or carrying knowledge and faith afar, and of penetrating into the most distant regions to watch or combat paganism."
—MONTALEMBERT, *Monks of the West.*

THE history of the Garvelloch Islands carries us back to the early centuries of the present era, to a time when the misty legends of the heroic age of the Gael were being replaced by the more or less authentic details of written story. And yet, in a country where oral tradition was carefully kept alive by trained reciters, these tales would for centuries be quite as credible as the annals of written history, and perhaps run less risk of being corrupted.

The Western Isles had often been visited by the Gael and Cruithnigh of Ireland before the permanent settlement of Dalriada, and the legend which tells of the doings of the sons of Uisneach is one of the most beautiful in our literature.

Cathbad, a Druid of the Cruithnigh of Ulster, had three daughters: the eldest was the mother of Cuchullin, the second, Albe, was the mother of Naisi (Nathos), Ardan and Ainle, the three sons of Uisneach, while the third was the mother of Conal Ceatharnach. These young men were sent to Skye to be trained in the art of war. On attaining manhood the children of Uisneach returned to Ireland, and Naisi fell in love with Deirdre, a beautiful girl the ward of Connchubar King of Ulster, who was bringing her up in a secluded palace with the intention of making her his wife. Naisi takes her away by stealth, and, accompanied by his brothers and a chosen band of followers, settles in the district betwixt Loch Etive and Loch Creran in Lorn. Their place of dwelling is still known as Dun-mhic-Uisneachan; in the guide books it is called Beregonium. Here they spent a romantic life, straying in their expeditions over central Argyllshire, delighting in the chase and sylvan sports, and glorying in the scenery of a country which Nature has endowed with unstinted hand. But Connchubar, their relentless enemy, determined to be revenged. Making specious promises, he invited them back to Ulster, but they, suspicious of the man whom they had offended, refused to go unless Cuchullin or Conal Ceatharnach, the greatest champions of the age, would ensure their safety. This these warriors refused to do: but Fergus,

* Chapter VII. 'The Holy Islands, their history.' Scarba, Coirebhreacain.
Continued from p. 181.



West coast of Scarba, looking towards Easdale.

By A. Scott Rankin.

another hero, agreeing to do so they return to Ireland. On leaving Alban, Deirdre pours forth her regret in impassioned language—*the Lament of Deirdre.* Indeed, as Dr. Skene says, "it (the lament) contains such a tender recollection of, and touching allusion to Highland scenery, that it is hardly possible to suppose that it was not originally composed by a genuine son of Alban." These events happened in the third century.

Dean Munro in his description of the Hebrides, speaks of Dunchonail as "ane iyle so namit from Conal Kernache, ane strength, which is alsmeike as to say in Englische, ane round castle." The ruins of the "strength" testify to its former importance; the island, the most northerly of the Garvelloch group, presents a practically unclimbable scarp all round, with the exception of a little defile above the landing-place, which was defended by a thick stone curtain. The summit of the rock, about 90 feet above sea-level, shows traces of numerous hut circles, and a deep well. The castle became the abode of powerful chiefs and was a residence of the early kings of Alban or Dalriada; while it continued to be a royal fortress until at least the fifteenth century, and may be so still, the hereditary keeper of which would be MacLean of Duart, as descended from Lachlan of Duart, who received from Robert III. this royal castle and others to guard and keep for the King.

With the dawn of the sixth century the authentic history of the Gael in Alban begins: the invasion of Southern Argyll, and the founding of the kingdom of Dalriada by the Scots under Fergus, Loärn and Angus, the sons of Erc, about the year 500, marks an epoch in our history. The narrative, though still garnished with extravagant tales, begins to show a connected sequence.

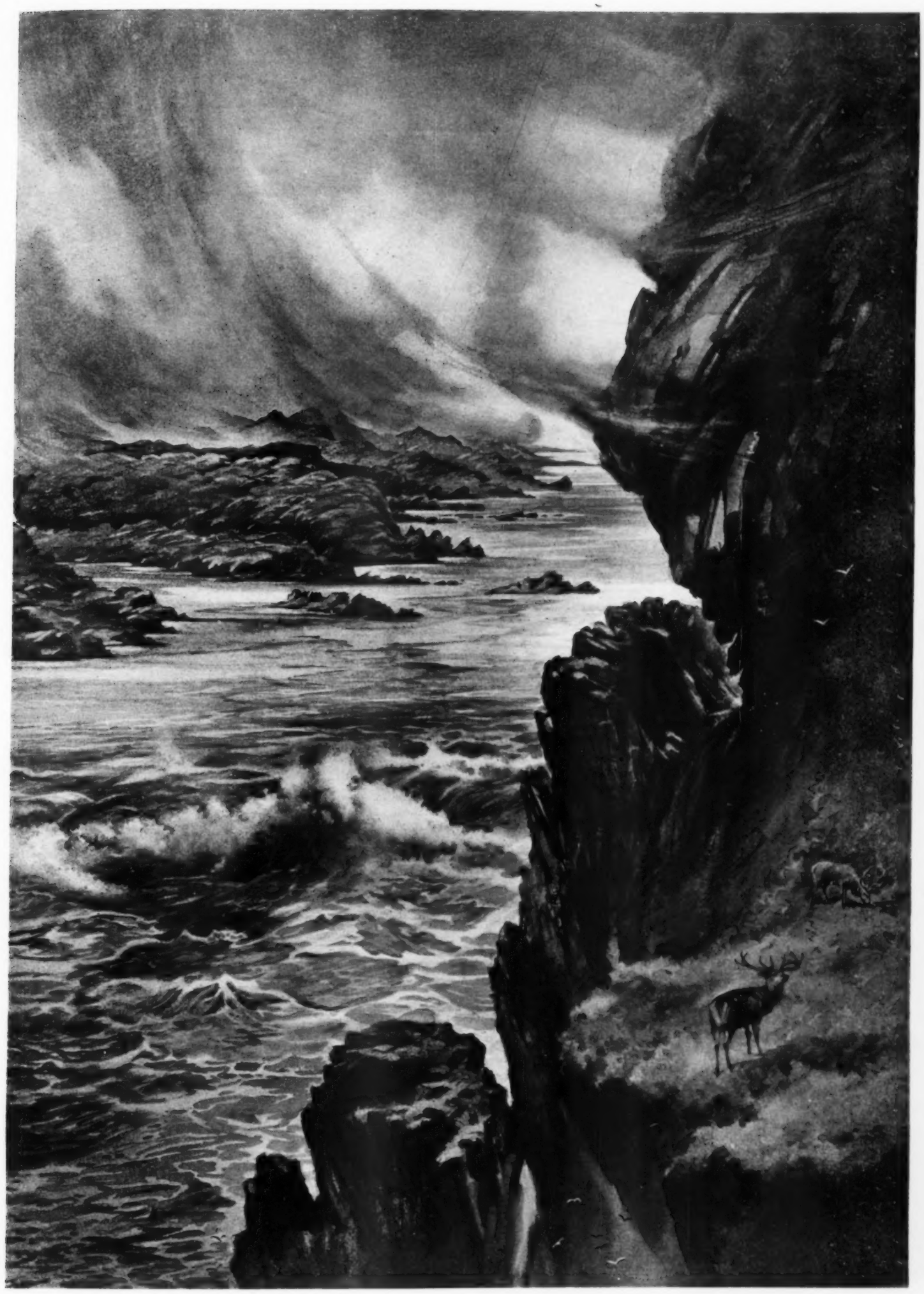
Fergus mòr Mac Erc was succeeded by his son Domangart, who was succeeded by his son Comgall, who died in 539. These kings of Dalriada are called in the Annalists Righ Albain (Kings of Alban) and they seem to have quietly and effectually extended their territory until it included the greater part of old Argyllshire. Comgall was followed on the throne by Gabran, Righ Albain, and his reign was a stormy one. The Cruithnigh of Northern Pictavia, who until then had treated the Scots leniently, were ruled by Brudei, son of Maelchon, a strong man and great statesman. He, foreseeing the dangers of the growing power of Dalriada, went to war with Gabran; and we find the following significant entry in the Annalists under the year 560:– *Bass Gabrani m. Domangairt R. Albain. Teichedh do Albanchaib ria m Brudei mc Maelchon R. Cruithnechaib* (Death of Gabran, son of Domangart, King of Alban. Flight of the Scots before Brudei, son of Maelchon, King of the Picts).

Conall, son of Comgall and nephew of Gabran, was the next king, and, as showing the low ebb of the fortunes of the Scottish colony, he is called Righ Dalriada, not Righ Albain: king of a colony, not of a nation. But greater misfortunes were to follow, until at the end of Conall's reign the territory of Dalriada was restricted to a portion of Kintyre and some of the neighbouring islands. Now it was, when the fortunes of the kingdom were low and its future appeared dark and hopeless, that Columba and his band of twelve faithful disciples crossed from Scotia (Ireland) to Alban (Scotland). St. Columba was of princely race. He was related to Diarmait, the reigning King of Ireland, both being descended from Nial Naoighiallach (Neil of the Nine Hostages), one of the demi-gods of ancient Irish history; his great-grandfather, the son of Nial, was Conal Gulban, a great



Hinds on the Shore, Scarba.

By A Scott Rankin.



Coirebhreacain.

By A. Scott Rankin.



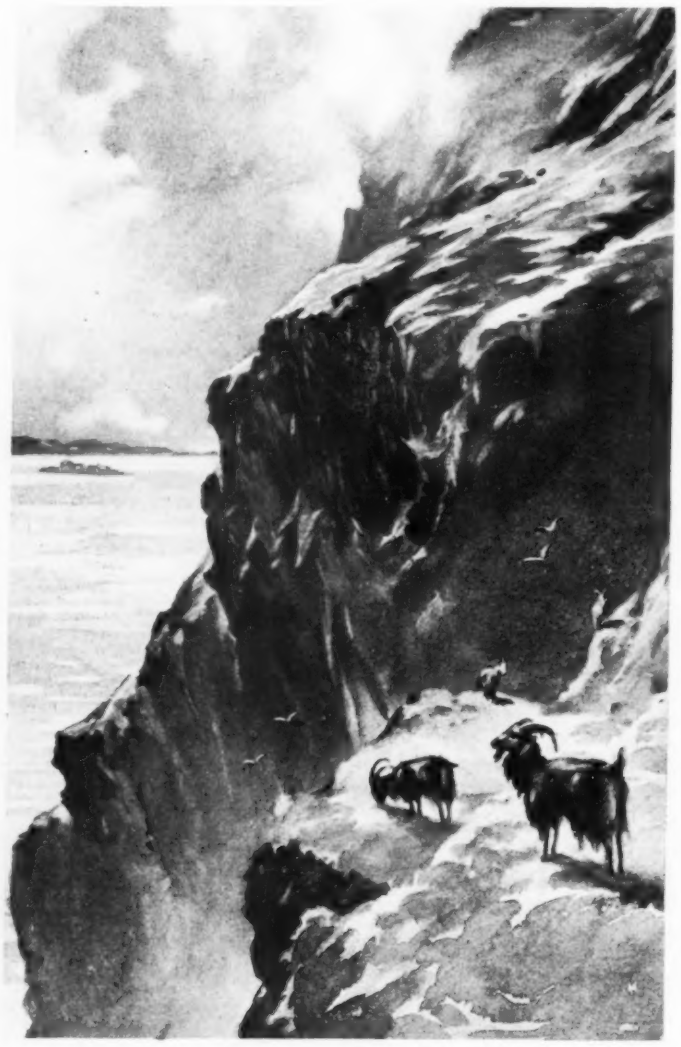
Scarba, from Luing.

By A. Scott Rankin.

warrior and the hero of many West Highland Tales; while through a female alliance he was kin to Conall, the reigning King of Dalriada; and it may have been from a desire to help by his presence and counsel his relation Conall, whose kingdom was then in dire strait, that he passed over to Kintyre, thereafter getting a grant of the island of Ii (Iona). Many facts in the history of the time support this view, and Columba's first monastic settlement is said to have been at the head of Loch Killisport in Knapdale.

But another cause has been assigned for the Saint's self-imposed exile. The story of the events which led up to the battle of Culdreimhne is well known. That battle, so disastrous to his enemies, so destructive to his reputation as a saintly monk, and so damaging to his self-respect, was the outcome of Columba's pride and Celtic impetuosity, and shortly thereafter he decided to leave for ever the land of his birth and labours, to go into an unknown and barbarous and hostile country, there to expiate his sin by the conversion of other nations to the Christian religion, by the winning to Christ of as many people as he had caused to be slain in battle. If this story be true it helps to support the tradition of the route chosen for the voyage. It is said that the exiles came first to Oransa; but St. Columba, being able to see Ireland therefrom, built a cairn —*Carn cul ri Erin* (Cairn of exile from Ireland)—and set sail for Eileach a' naoimh. Here he dwelt for some time, but one day, being on the topmost peak of the island, he saw faintly outlined, beyond the western shores of Islay, the outline of Malin Head, and, leaving his uncle Ernan with his mother Aethne, sailed for Iona, where he arrived on Pentecost eve in the year 563. There also he built a *Carn cul ri Erin*, to remind him of the past, and to keep before him the memory of his great sin. His life thereafter was a busy one. He founded monastic establishments in many of the Western Isles; in the Long Island, in Tiree, in charge of which he placed Baithen, his successor in Iona. His follower Donan founded one in Eigg; another was founded in Canna. He visited Inverness and Aberdeen, Christianised Northern Pictland, Brudei, the King, becoming his especial friend. He journeyed to Clydesdale, and spent many days there with Kentigern (St. Mungo), the great missionary of the Britons of Strathclyde. These and many details may be found in the old historians, Adamnan Cumineus, Bede and others.

In Adamnan's Life of the Saint, frequent mention is made of Hinba (*Insula Hinbinæ*): in one edition of the work, and in Cumin's Life, it is called Himba. This island was a favourite retreat of Columba when he wished to depart for a while from the busy stir of Iona. We read, for instance, that at one time four holy founders of monasteries, Brendan amongst them, came from Scotia to visit St. Columba, and found him in Hinba. They all wished, with one consent, that he should consecrate, in their presence, in the church, the holy mysteries of the Eucharist, and during the celebration St. Brendan saw a ball of fire like a comet burning very brightly on the head of St. Columba,



Wild Goats, Scarba.

By A. Scott Rankin.

and thus it continued during the consecrating of the holy oblation.

At another time, when the saint was living in Hinba, "the grace of the Holy Ghost was communicated to him abundantly and unspeakably, so that for three days and as many nights, without either eating or drinking, he allowed no one to approach him, and remained in a house which was filled with heavenly brightness."

On the death of Conall the king, the succession reverted to the sons of Gabran. Now Gabran had five sons; and St. Columba, who by this time (A.D. 574) had acquired great influence and seems practically to have had the nomination of a successor, preferred Eoghan to Aidan. We read that while the saint was staying in Hinba he saw in a vision an angel sent to him from heaven bearing a book of glass (*Liber vitreus*), regarding the appointment of kings; the venerable man began to read it, and when reluctant to appoint Aidan, the angel struck him with a scourge, the marks of which remained on his side all his life. The saint then, in obedience to the command, sailed to Iona, and there ordained, as he had been commanded, Aidan to be king.

Again, we find his uncle Ernan, an aged priest, being sent by the saint to preside over the monastery founded some years before in Hinba. We further read of one Virgnous, years after the saint's death, spending his later days on Hinba, in the hermitage of Muirbulcmar. Another story is told relating to the misdeeds of a certain man who was called "Manus dexter" (or in Gaelic, *Laimh deas*= right hand). "On one occasion when St. Columba was living in Hinba, and set about excommunicating some persecutors of the churches, amongst them the sons of Conall the son of Donald, one of whom was called Joan, one of their associates was instigated by the Devil to rush upon the saint with a spear on purpose to kill him. To prevent this, one of the brethren named Findlugan put on the saint's cowl and interposed, being ready to die for the holy man; but in a wonderful way the saint's garment served as a strong and impenetrable fence, which could not be pierced by the thrust of a very sharp spear, though made by a powerful man." Laimh Deas was killed in a battle fought on the island of Luing exactly a year from that day, his death being foretold by the saint.

Joan, the son of Conall, the son of Donald, of the royal race of Gabran, probably had for his headquarters the castle of Dunchonail, which is about two miles distant from Eileach a' naoimh. On his return voyage from a piratical expedition to Mull, where he had plundered the house of Columbanus, a dear friend of St. Columba, the latter had called down upon the marauder the wrath of heaven, with the result that the pirates' boat and all it contained were engulfed in a raging sea which arose between Mull and Colonsay, "and in this wonderful manner by such a singular storm, while the whole sea around remained quiet, were the robbers miserably but justly overwhelmed and sunk into the deep."



Waterfall, Coast of Scarba.

By A. Scott Rankin.

Now from the time of Adamnan, who died in the year 704, we find few references to Hinba, and these merely quotations from the early historians. The identity of the island was completely lost. Apart from the very few who studied the ancient manuscripts, even the name was unknown. No mention of Hinba is made by Fordun, Munro, Boetius, Buchanan, Martin, Pennant, MacCulloch, or others who wrote descriptions of the Hebrides; and this is an extraordinary fact when we consider that to St. Columba it appears to have been as dear as his beloved Ii. If Ii was the place of his labours, Hinba was his resort for repose. In the crisis of his life, when a false step in the settlement of the throne of Dalriada might have lost him the fruit of his life's work, and been the ruin of his nation, it was to Hinba he retreated for meditation and that intense devotional introspection which produced the state of ecstasy or trance in which he beheld the vision of the angel with the "book of chrystal"; while we read of his strenuous life as an evangelist, of his adventures in field and flood, and amongst foreign and savage tribes, it is in Hinba we find him in that closer communion with God and halo of sanctity which the credulity of the time in the course of a generation converted into a personal intercourse with the Almighty in chambers filled with heavenly light; a light which human eyes could not see without the risk of blindness. No wonder that Dr. Reeves says, "The identification of Hinba is the great desideratum of Hebridean topography."

There can be no doubt that Hinba lay to the south of Iona. As already mentioned, St. Columba placed his uncle Ernan in charge of the monastery there. It is very unlikely that he would have placed an aged relative in a position of trust and importance further north; for Iona was on the confines of the territory of the Picts, and the Picts at the time were hostile to the Scots. Again, this retreat would be in all likelihood nearer the seat of Dalriadic power than the outpost on Iona: it would be between Iona and the district of Lorn and Knapdale, and was evidently within easy access of Iona. Again, when Brendan and other founders of monasteries came to visit the saint they found him, unexpectedly it would seem, in Hinba. What more likely than that Brendan, who must have been close upon ninety years of age at the time, took the easiest and safest route from Ireland, passing along the coast of Kintyre, through the sound of Luing and then crossing the comparatively small space of open sea to Iona? Calling at the old foundation of Ailech on the way and finding the saint unexpectedly there, they were so delighted with the meeting that immediately arrangements were made for the celebration before alluded to. Eileach a' naoimh was undoubtedly the Ailech (*Ail*, a stone; *Ailech*, a stony heap or mound) of St. Brendan. Fordun, writing in the fourteenth century, calls it "*insula sanctorum*," and mentions the fact that it contained a monastery; and yet, in the space of three-quarters of a century which elapsed between his description and that of Dean Munro, we find the latter passing it by with the mention of its name and the comment "ane very little ile." It must have been deserted about this time, and we need not wonder at this, for life and property were at that period of little account in the islands, and since then the island has been uninhabited. It may safely be said that the Ailech a' naoimh (the mounds of the saints) of Brendan was the same as the Ii naomha (Hinba, Holy Island) of Adamnan. There is no other island on the west possessing such unique relics of antiquity; their extent shows that the establishment was of great importance; they are certainly the oldest Christian monuments in the Western Isles; that they have been so well preserved is due to the secluded nature of their situation. We can therefore picture the quiet retreat of St. Columba, the last resting-place of his mother Aethne. We see the chapel in which, with his friends, he celebrated the holy mysteries of the Eucharist; the house on the hill in which he saw the incomparable vision, and which was filled with heavenly brightness; the monastery of Ernan; and the anchorite's lowly cell at Muirbulcmar, where the saintly hermit Virgnous spent the evening of his days.

On a fine day, when the atmosphere is clear and a gentle wind from the west deepens the blue of the sea, the prospect from Dun-Bhrenain is enchanting beyond description. On all sides stretch the broad waters of the Firth of Lorn, while, with the exception of the space between Mull and Colonsay on the west, the circle of the horizon is occupied by islands and highlands of varied hue and form. On the north and east, softened by distance to a remarkable uniformity in height, peak after peak of the Grampians and their spurs, relics of the old central plateau, riven and scarred by a thousand glens and corries, rear their purple heads over a veneer of the grassy hills of Netherlorn, while on the south, many miles away, the smooth, undulating form of Islay appears in the leaden-coloured haze of distance, tempering the transition from the light-blue of the firmament to the deeper azure of the ocean.

Amidst a galaxy of natural beauties the massive form of Scarba appears conspicuously, its glittering cone attaining a height of 1,490 feet. On the north and west the steep slopes exposed to the fury of the spray-laden blasts of the tempest are devoid of vegetation, the bare quartzite gleaming like burnished silver. Skirting the base of the precipices, and about 150 feet above sea-level, there is a broad belt of raised beach, densely carpeted with rich grass, but towards the autumn concealed by a forest of bracken, which grows to enormous proportions in the hollows, attaining a height of seven feet or more.

Six beehive cells, of a nature similar to those found in Eilach 'n Naoimh, but in a more ruinous condition, are clustered together on a sheltered depression leading down from the terrace to the bay called Iurach, the only landing-place on this side of the island. It may be that these cells formed the hermitage of Muirbulcmar; no such name has been preserved to us in the place-names of the district; but the probable derivation of the words (*Muir*, the sea; *bolg*, surging or soft; *mor*, great: the great surging sea) would indicate proximity to such a wild ocean as may be seen so frequently from this spot, caused by the rush of the tidal waters of Coirebhreacain.

The descent from the upper 150 feet to the lower 25 feet terrace, with the exception of the depression alluded to, is sheer; and here a magnificent waterfall, of one unbroken leap of 120 feet, may be seen.

The eastern shores of the island slope gently, and are covered with large plantations of pine. On this side are the only habitations on the island—a gamekeeper's house at Rudha-na-maol, and a shooting-lodge at Kilmory. A short

distance from the lodge is the old burial-ground of Kilmory (*Muire*, Mary), where at one time a church dedicated to the Virgin stood; or, as Fordun has it, "Ubi capella beatae Virginis, qua multa fiunt miracula." No trace of the chapel remains, and the graveyard, neglected, is fast being obliterated by fallen trees and a growth of coppice. The last interment took place about fifty years ago.

In 1797 there were fourteen families on the island, now two game-watchers and their families are the sole occupants, if one except the herds of deer and flocks of wild goat "that roam over the plain," for the island is now a deer forest.

The Making of Carpets.—III*

By Alexander Millar.

A STATEMENT of the conditions which govern the production of designs for carpets, and of the influences, harmful and otherwise, to which manufacturers are subjected, may have some interest for readers of THE ART JOURNAL.

Chief among the harmful influences are those of a negative character, such as want of interest in the subject and of attention to it in the training of art students. For the cause of these we have not far to seek. It mainly lies in the fact that schools of art are paying more attention to the training of craftsmen than of designers. And in the making of carpets craftsmanship has practically no scope. In other branches of applied art, such as wood-carving, the step is not a very great one from the designing to the actual carrying out of the work. For it is of such a nature that there is full scope for all the trained faculties which go to the making of a design, together with the enormously increased interest, pleasure, profit, and repute which flow from the completion of the finished product by the designer who has conceived it.

Now there are only two branches of carpet-making in which this is possible—the weaving of hand-knotted carpets, and of those made by the method of tapestry. In these it would be quite possible for the designer and weaver to be united in one person. But as a matter of fact they are usually, if not invariably, separated. Fortunately for human happiness there are many who, quite incapable of invention, are yet contented and interested in carrying out the ideas of others; and to this class must always, I venture to think, be committed the task of actual fabrication. It is scarcely conceivable that a designer capable of creating a fine composition in form and colour could submit to what, for him, would be the monotony of tying in knots or passing threads to and fro, as the main work of his life. No doubt he could make the work more congenial by introducing variations in form and colour, and he could thus make the product much more interesting, and, to the discriminating purchaser, more valuable. But it is very unlikely that the difference between such individualistic products and those of the mere copyist-weaver would be so generally recognized as to command a price which would compensate the artist-weaver for the tedium of his work.

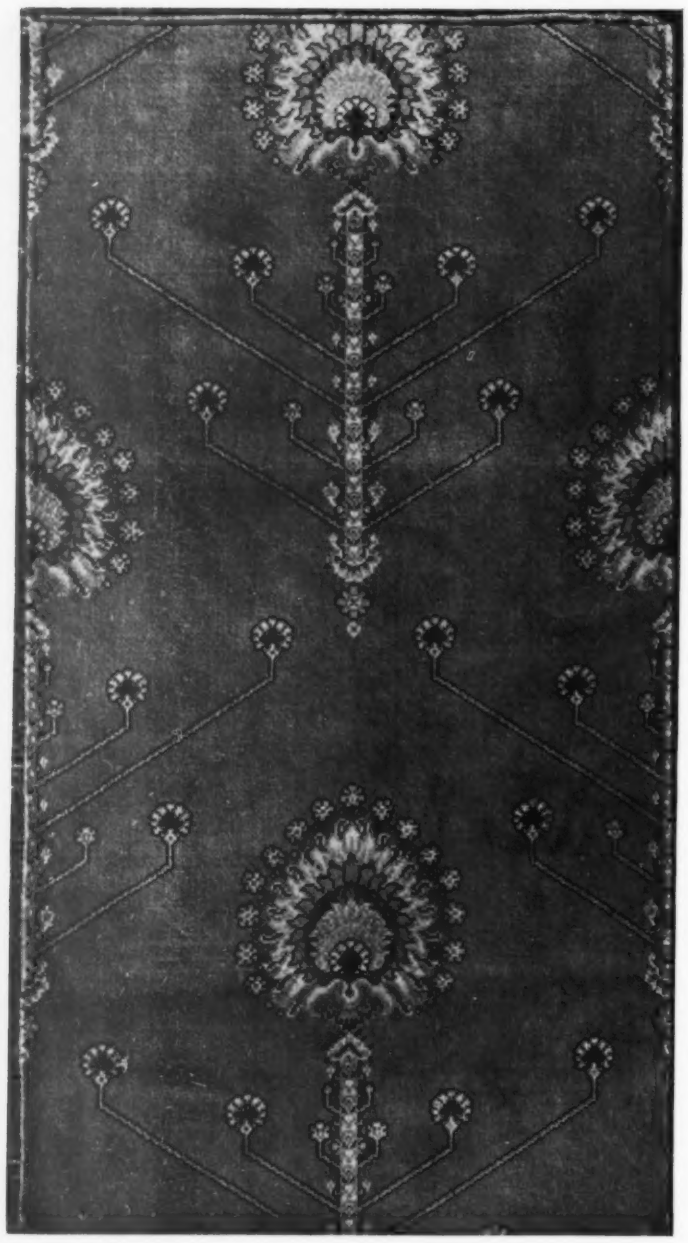
As these are the conditions of hand-weaving, and as those of manufacturing are such as entirely to differentiate the designer from the weaver, it results that in the making of carpets there is no room for the art-craftsman; the production of designs and their realization in the fabric must remain distinct callings.

Now as those who have the direction of the training of decorative artists are throwing the whole weight of their influence into the making of craftsmen, it follows that we



21. By James Humphries & Sons.

* Continued from page 104.



22. By James Humphries & Sons.

seem to be further than ever from attaining the end which at one time seemed to be within reach, the bringing of schools of art into closer touch with the manufacturer.

Let me say that personally I have the most whole-hearted sympathy with the encouragement of handicrafts. To be or to have been a manufacturer does not necessarily disqualify one for appreciating the inimitable and delightful qualities which belong to objects of good design, carried out by the designer himself. But while one may yearn for such a Utopia as William Morris dreamed of, one must recognise existing conditions. It is the fate of some of us "to long for whirlwinds and to have to do the best we can with the bellows."

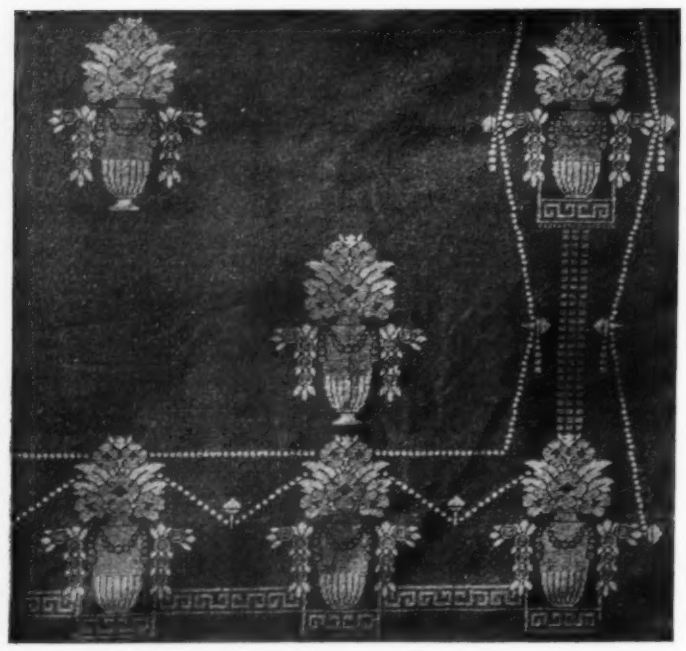
With great regret I find myself obliged to say that the following paragraph is as true as when I wrote it in 1894, notwithstanding what has since been done by a few manufacturers to avail themselves of the assistance of distinguished artists.

"In the matter of design, carpet manufacturers have been very much left to their own resources and have received very little help from outside. Many attempts have been made by them to enlist the services of great decorative artists, but for the reasons I have given they have almost always ended in failure. Large sums of money have been spent with results discouraging alike to manufacturers and designers. And if the former have not of late years sought the aid of those who are foremost in other branches of decoration, it has been because of their dearly-bought experience." *

One great disadvantage with which carpet manufacturers have to contend is that they have no opportunity of bringing the whole of their productions before the retail purchaser, who usually sees only what the dealer has found himself able to select for his stock. A wallpaper manufacturer can put samples of a whole year's production of designs into a few pattern books; a purchaser can go through these in a short time, and if he so wishes, can see everything that has been produced in any one season. For several reasons this cannot be done in the case of carpets. The bulk of the samples is so great, and their number so large, that if those produced by the leading makers were brought together, they would require an enormous show-room to hold them, and several days would be needed for even a rapid survey of them. The cost, moreover, of providing such sets of samples for every dealer would be prohibitive, as carpet samples have a considerable intrinsic value. Thus, for good or evil the system under which the dealer is the final judge of the manufacturer's products is a necessity.

And it must be freely admitted that on the whole the dealers do their work well. A considerable amount of culture has of late become pretty general among them, and in some cases this has reached the point of making them thoroughly competent critics of form and colour. A few of them are in the happy position, through catering solely for a cultured *clientèle*, of being able to allow their artistic feeling to govern their choice. But all are not so fortunate, and many must subordinate their personal preference to commercial considerations. A good many are willing to run some risks in trying to "educate the public" by putting before them designs which, though good, are too novel and unfamiliar to

* *Journal of the Royal Society of Arts.* Vol. xlii, p. 434.



23. By Alexander Morton & Co.

be acceptable to more than the discerning few. But, in the main, saleableness is the quality which must govern the dealer's choice. And the problem set before the manufacturer is to provide, year by year, designs which will possess this all-important quality. To effect this it is necessary for him to sink his own predilections, and to do his best, while giving to the dealers, and through them to the public, what they will buy, to keep the highest standard of excellence in view, and to put into every pattern all that it is capable of in good form and colour.

A carpet manufacturer is not a mere capitalist, sitting in his counting-house and giving directions to clerks and foremen. To an extent which, I think, cannot be equalled in any other branch of trade, he must personally look into the smallest details, not merely of manufacture, but of design and colour. He must keep himself thoroughly well informed as to what is being done in other branches of decorative art, must constantly be on the look-out in museums and art galleries for suggestions, must acquire an extensive library of works on decorative art, and form a collection of beautiful objects which may suggest colour schemes; and as a matter of fact he becomes, not by any systematic course of instruction, but simply by incessant



24. By James Templeton & Co.



25. By James Templeton & Co.

attention to chromatic problems in detail, a thoroughly trained colourist. It would be strange if it were not so, for he lives in an atmosphere of colour, and willy-nilly he must give unremitting attention to the subject, for his success mainly depends upon it. So important is it that he cannot depute the task of controlling it to anyone, though of course he surrounds himself with a trained staff, whose natural gifts he guides and fosters. The results of this collaboration will be found in the splendid colour effects to be found in many shop windows by those who have eyes to see them, and to dissociate them from the unsuitable designs with which in many cases they are combined.

For the manufacturer is obliged, if he would live and thrive, to produce many designs which he himself considers altogether unsuitable for floor coverings. There is, for instance, a permanent demand for what are called chintz designs, combinations of natural or semi-natural flowers with eighteenth century ornament. Many of these are very beautiful in themselves, and would be so recognised if a single representation of the motive were framed and hung on a wall—by all, that is to say, except those to whom the French Renaissance styles are anathema. All that the manufacturer and his staff can do with these is to clothe them with the best colouring of which they are capable, and this is done exceedingly well. The pity of it is

that much of this colouring is far too dainty and delicate for a floor covering. Its beauty disappears in the first few months, behind the inevitable veil of dust, and the manufacturer is blamed for the fugitiveness of his colours. The dealers, in many cases, are in fault for not warning their customers, and they often get into trouble in consequence. In a dispute over a question of this kind I once heard a County Court judge decide that the dealer had undertaken to deliver a carpet which should match the walls in colour, "and continue to do so"! He had placed himself in the position of being unable to dispute this imbecile judicial dictum, through having failed to give an "express warning." Such cases go to show that *caveat venditor* is a maxim as necessary for the dealer as is *caveat emptor* for his customer.

It might be thought that the most ordinary exercise of common sense would prevent people who know that a light article of dress is quickly soiled, from laying on their floors



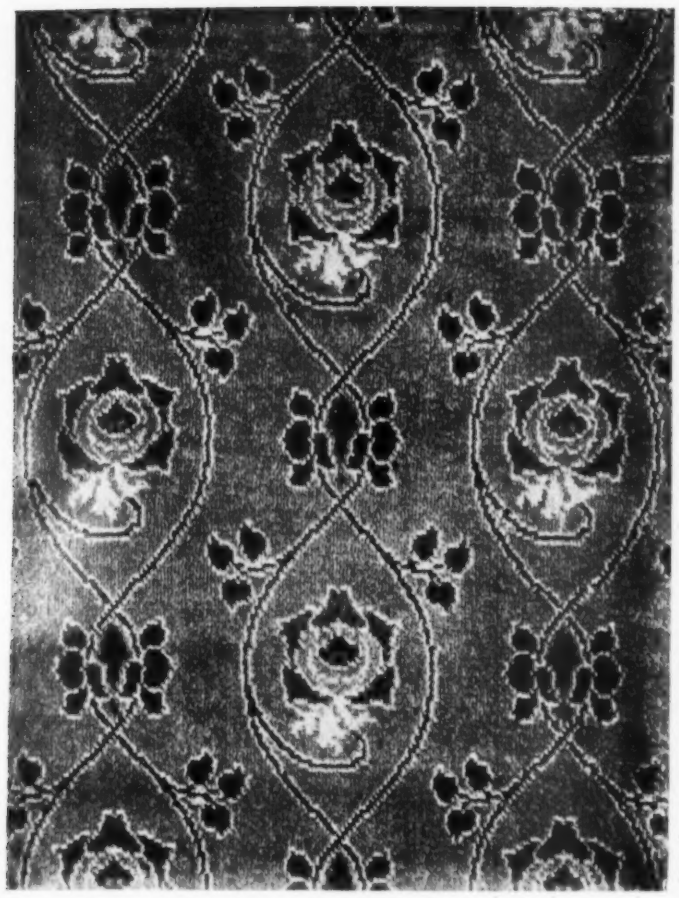
26. By John Crossley & Sons.



27. By John Crossley & Sons.

carpets of the most ultra-delicate colours, expecting that they will be dirt-proof. They know that their furniture must be dusted daily, but they seem to forget that the same amount of dust (not to speak of what is brought by foot-wear) settles on the carpet daily, becomes imbedded in the fibres, and cannot be removed by sweeping.

It is not easy to see what is to be the remedy for the existing state of matters. Until public taste has been educated to the point of seeing that ornament in relief and in delicate colours is unsuitable for a floor, so long will these be reproduced in carpets. To take one specific instance of the influences which control the manufacturer, the rapid multiplication of theatres and music-halls has caused a considerable demand for carpets which are considered suitable for them by their proprietors. And, partly because of the supposed necessity of conforming to the style of the decorations, partly because of a blind following of what has been done in other cases, but perhaps most of all from a genuine liking for the florid and the flamboyant, it usually happens that no designs are acceptable but those which have ornament in relief, usually of a Renaissance character. So the manufacturer must produce designs of this kind, or go without the orders.



28. By H. & M. Southwell.

The manufacturer is on artistically safe ground when he adheres to the traditional Oriental styles. But even here he finds it hard to please his critics. If he makes a facsimile of an Eastern rug he is reproached with copying. If he modifies and adapts Oriental forms, he is charged with destroying their spirit and character. If he tries to evolve new forms, based upon nature, but treated in the Oriental manner and spirit, his efforts, though approved by the artistic few, are not appreciated by the many who prefer variations on familiar themes. It is expected of him that he should create a new style, not in any way founded on the past, but equal in merit to the finest results of traditional art. This may not be said in so many words, but it is implied in the destructive and sometimes contemptuous criticism to which his efforts are subjected. Much of this criticism proceeds from the architects who have of late claimed the right, for the exercise of which their training has not specially qualified them, to speak with authority on all matters pertaining to decoration and furnishing.

It seems to me that modern architects are the last people in the world who should blame others for adhering to historic styles. Here once more I think I cannot improve on what I wrote fifteen years ago. "Are architects expected to design their buildings absolutely without reference to anything that has gone before? How do they train themselves for their work? Do they not study the great examples which have survived from the past, saturate themselves with their spirit, and fill their sketch-books with their details; and when they are called upon to design a modern building, do they not simply draw upon the store of material thus laid up, and evolve something which is suited to the special requirements of the case, but which, in all its main decorative features, is simply a reproduction of what they have assimilated, with something of their own superadded, the amount and quality of which is the measure of their originality?"

"To compare great things with small, the cases of architecture and of carpets run on all fours. In each there was a great period when the art was living and progressive, and during which great typical examples were evolved, specimens of which still survive, and which are the despair of modern imitators, ... and in each there has been a revival founded on the past."* Let me add that at the present time we seem still further from the creation of an original architectural style than when these words were written. London and other large towns are being disfigured with public buildings in which, instead of originality in detail, we have some of the worst features of debased Renaissance architecture repeated with painful monotony.

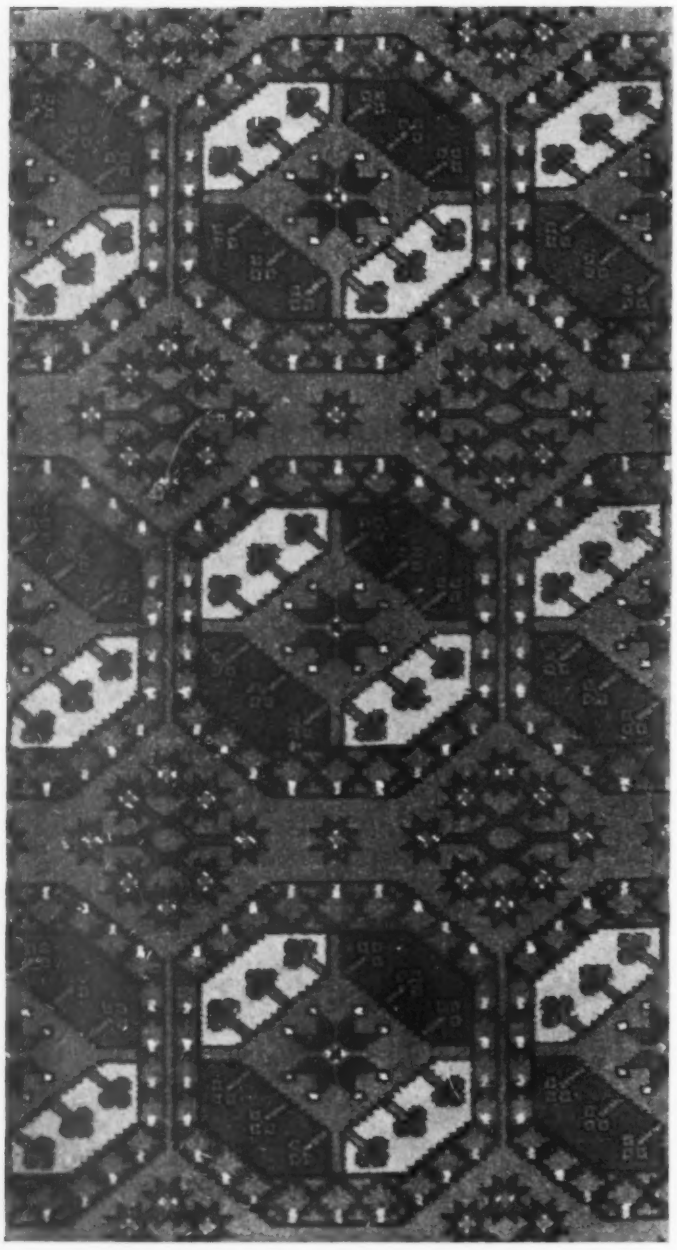
A *tu quoque* argument is a poor defence, but the parallel I have adduced is enough to show the immense difficulty of creating a new style in any branch of decorative art. Carpet manufacturers must be content to accept the conditions imposed upon them, in common with others, by Nature's law of evolution.

They labour under the great disadvantage that their productions are regarded as subordinate to everything else in the house. The decoration of the walls and the fabric for

* *Journal of the Royal Society of Arts.* Vol. xlii, p. 434.



29. By Tomkinson & Adam.



30. By Tomkinson & Adam.

the hangings are invariably decided upon first, and a carpet design, no matter how good in form and colour, has no chance if it does not harmonise with these. Thus the carpet manufacturer cannot lead the way; he is bound to take his time from the decorator. And so it comes about that after a short period of eclipse, when other influences had the upper hand, the French styles of the eighteenth century have resumed their ascendency, carpets in those styles are once more in demand, and the demand must be supplied. Those who look on from the point of view of the craftsman, secure in the possession of individual talent, and of a small but sufficient public who will buy his productions, cannot appreciate the pressure which bears upon the manufacturer, compelling him to fall in with the prevailing mode. But it is from this craftsman's standpoint that he is judged by those who have the training of art-students in their hands. If he pleads that he and his work-people must live, the answer is usually on the lines of the French cynic's—"Je n'en vois pas la nécessité," which opens up a number of questions, deeply interesting, no doubt, but outside the scope of this article.

To sum up, there does not seem to be any chance of improvement, except what the manufacturers themselves may be able to effect, until renewed attention be given to the subject by the best authorities, with full recognition of the fact that the making of carpets cannot be a handicraft, and a frank acceptance of the conditions under which the vast bulk of them must continue to be produced.

Once more, in the illustrations accompanying this article, the Oriental type preponderates, for the reason previously stated. No. 21 has a novel aspect, by reason of the wavy line, which suggests an influence from the "New Art." But this may not have been the source of the line in question, which is commonly found in the so-called "cloud" form in many sixteenth century carpets. Its use here as a structural line seems therefore legitimate. The powdering of small figures is particularly happy. The lines of No. 22 are as rigid as those of the other are flowing. The Oriental character is well preserved, and the balance and spacing are excellent.

No. 23 is an example of a somewhat novel style which has been evolved to meet the demand for carpets suited to "Georgian" rooms. The vase forms and the upward growth will be objected to by purists, but the severely flat treatment may atone for these. A totally different motive for the border might be an improvement; in the repetition of the same form one misses the contrast and reinforcement which a border should give. No. 24 is a successful adaptation from an Oriental carpet. It suffers very much in the illustration through the impossibility of showing the complete design. The character of the detail has been exceedingly well preserved, a matter of great difficulty, seeing that the reproduction is very much coarser in texture than the original.

No. 25 is another adaptation, of a more useful everyday type. Some of the values are not well given in the illustration, the stem-work being unduly prominent. The original is well balanced in form and colour. In No. 26 we have a type of design constantly in demand for rooms decorated in the "Adam" style. If ornament of this character can ever be admissible for the floor, it could not be better treated than in this example. The necessary shading is reduced to a minimum, and there is no objectionable relief. No. 27 is an excellent example of the quiet, unobtrusive type, constructed on good lines, full of interesting detail, the whole balanced and blended so as to produce the all-over bloom which is so pleasant and so desirable from a utilitarian point of view when rooms are small and full of furniture. No. 28 is a very pleasing arrangement of a few simple forms. The plan at first sight seems to involve the risk of objectionable striping, but this has been cleverly avoided, and just so much is left as to give a character which would be lost if the familiar device of intertwining the stems had been adopted. No. 29 is an excellent variation on the well-worn but never uninteresting pine theme, which in this case has been so treated as to produce an all-over effect, in which the pine form is at first sight lost, though it is there when we look for it in one of its best variations. Altogether a very clever arrangement of familiar material. No. 30 is an example of Turcoman design, which is at a disadvantage in the absence of the fine colour of the original. There is, perhaps, a tendency to cross-striping, but this has a certain character, and in narrow carpets, for which the design is suitable, would not be noticed.

The Edge of the Wood.*

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

TO the lover of Nature's detail there is no place so rich as the edge of the wood. In the wood itself the tree stems are bare and the undergrowth is limited to the shade-enduring plants; out in the fields and meadows man's hand has limited vegetation to such as he requires, except for "weeds," those pertinacious growths that often prove too strong for him and always hang about cultivated land; on the commons and moors exposure is again a limitation, the winds permit only dwarf growths on the sandy soil, which make such a close matted covering to the earth that only that which is of the hardiest can penetrate. But at the wood's edge all kinds among the denizens of the plant world meet under possible conditions. In the narrow belt of the outskirts of the wood the light-demanding trees, driven outwards, have a chance to grow and blossom and so to multiply; the little growths that would be strangled on the moor find more open space; and man, at least in England, lets alone this intermediate land, leaving it to its own internecine struggle. That struggle is severe; all through nature the fight for existence is extremely bitter, there is no unselfish giving up of advantages for the sake of a neighbour, but each fighting keenly for its own hand, does its best to choke everything that impedes its progress, and triumphs after a career of ruthless cruelty and slaughter or succumbs to some stronger rival. It is hard to realise that our beautiful wild flowers are a set of unscrupulous enemies to each other and even to their own kind, but each uses its every resource, without regard to others, in the fulfilment of its mission, the mission of self-reproduction. The little daisy on the lawn, the children's friend, spreads over and blots out the grass, then pushing up fresh plants in the space thus prepared, spreads out again in a widening circle, blotting out more grass and preparing more ground for its own growth. The grass is not beaten without a struggle; between the daisy leaves fresh blades shoot up wherever there is an opening, and if the daisy be removed, how eagerly it will rush in to recover the lost territory. Such warfare with varied combatants goes on continuously at the edge of the wood, with, as result, a glorious tangle of all kinds of growth and a numerous flora reaching up their many-coloured blossom triumphantly above their fallen foes.

In the winter it is already a tangle, a tangle of browns and greys, a tangle of innumerable twigs alive and dead, and lower, of the decaying plant stalks and dry grass gradually sinking, as their tissues perish, into the mat of last year's leaves, or hanging in the prickly embrace of the bramble, which still wears, ragged and weather-beaten though it be, his suit of last summer. Nothing looks more drearily dead than the brown stalk of the cow-parsley, which has resisted the autumn blasts and chills and the winter's frost and snow, and still stands with its little branches hanging down, limply dangling the skeleton remains of one of its wonderful umbels. But the branches and twigs of the trees and shrubs are alive, and show a gloss and neatness, taking on a warmer tint as the winter draws to an end, and, before it is well over, the sallow will be showing its yellow catkins, and the dark branches of the sloe will be spangled with little white stars.

The edge of the wood is the country of miracles, and the warm breath of spring is the motive power that makes the first ocular demonstration of them. For perhaps most wonderful of all are the hidden powers, the dormant life that dwell in that tangle of browns and greys that, when awakened by spring's rising temperature, burst forth into visible life. No pen—not that of R. D. Blackmore, or even that of Richard Jefferies—has done, nor perhaps will any



Docks and Cow-parsley.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

* Nature-Study series, continued from p. 142.



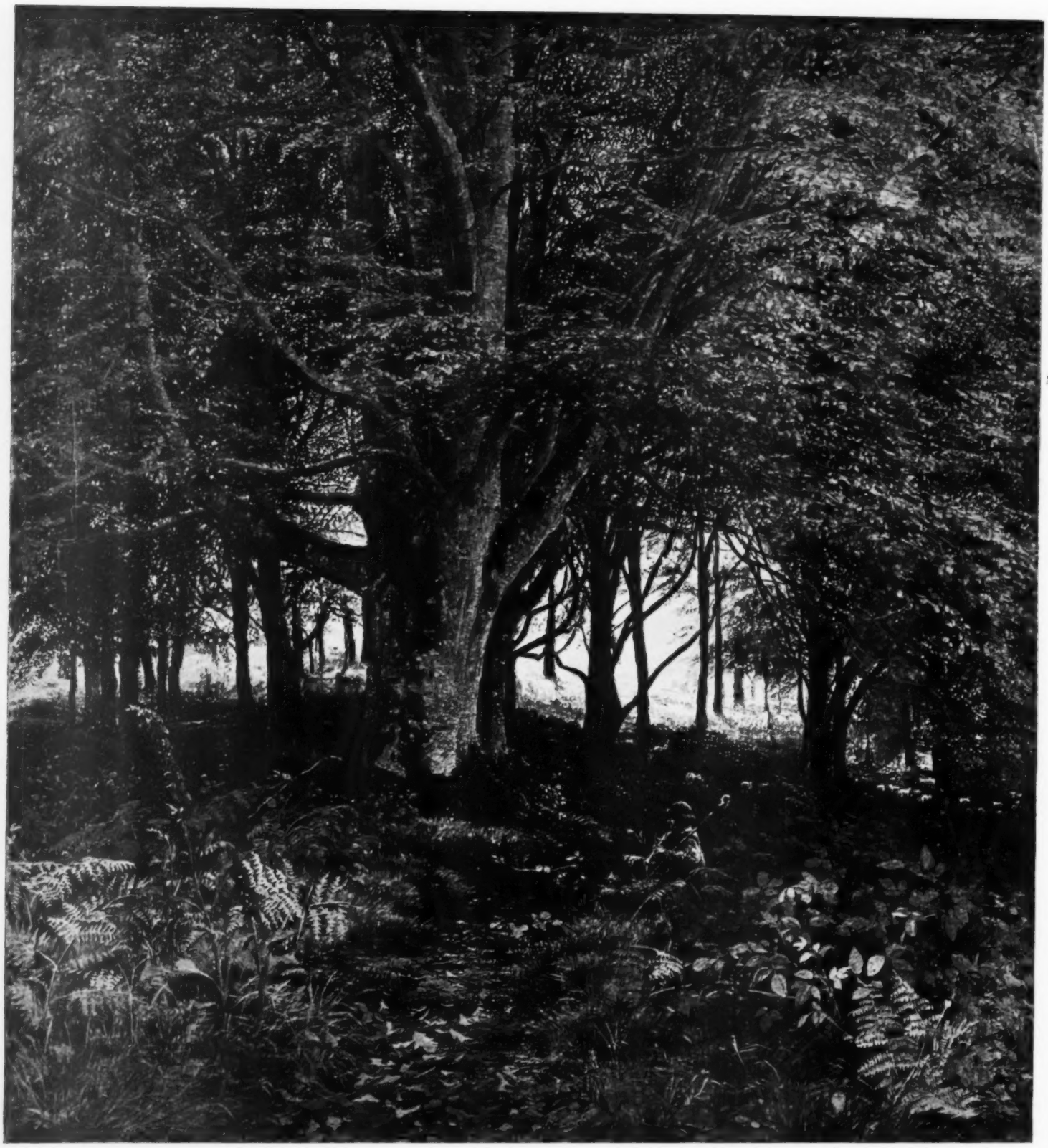
At the Edge of the Wood.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



Bird Cherry (Prunus padus).

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



In the Wood.

By Edmund G. Warren, R.I.

be found to do, justice to that miraculous green mist, unpaintable, impalpable, that creeps over the apparently inert mass of timber and sticks in the early spring, and, intensifying day by day, gradually develops into foliage and flower. Little plants spring up from the ground; to this we are accustomed. A seed has germinated, and, following its natural course, is growing to a plant. We more or less understand the process, even if we cannot realise the motive power; but that a great baulk of timber, apparently lifeless, spreading abroad immense gnarled limbs, a thing of power fit to sustain great weight and resist great strains should, at an appointed time, cover itself with minute buds of brilliant green, which, gradually unfolding, develop tender leaves, whose delicacy seems unfitted to stand the late frosts and chill winds that are yet to come, is a miracle indeed.

The landscape painter may, at any season, look upon the edge of the wood with a feeling akin to despair, for possessing as he must largely the indefinable sympathy with nature which produces awe, and the admiration of her ways which creates reverence, he has the added desire to express her adequately so far as the limitations of his medium may permit. And that difficulty of expression is at its greatest



ON THE SKIRTS OF THE FOREST.

BY JOHN ("OLD") CROME.

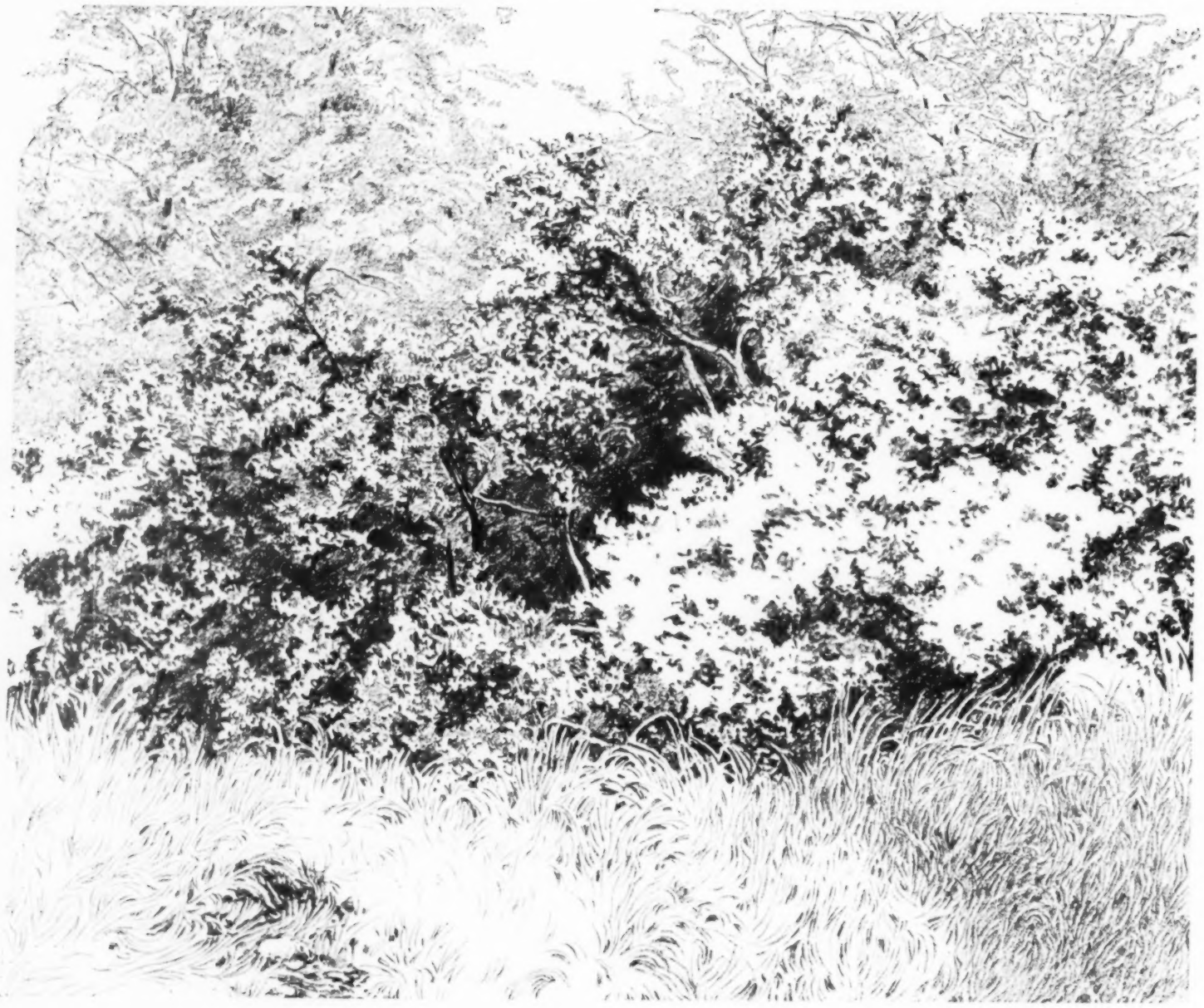
in treating such a subject, to convey to his canvas the quantity, to suggest the innumerable which cannot be drawn, to keep the various planes and directions of the separate but intertwined branchings, to set the near white flower behind the nearer, to catch the thousand hues and forms of the flowers, and harder still of the foliage, may well tax the most skilful. The more sober harmony of winter is difficult enough, the brilliance of spring is well-nigh impossible, for who shall portray the larch as its brown tangled hair is becoming gradually covered with the most vivid green ever made by Nature?

In the outskirts of the wood, before the actual edge is reached, the trees are farther apart and it is more open; here we come upon the trees with conspicuous flowers, those beautiful wild fruit trees in which England is so rich, the wild plums and cherries, apples and pears. One of the prettiest is the Bird Cherry (*Prunus padus*), which in the spring, as it unfolds its dainty foliage, opens too its conical bunches of little five-petaled white blossoms. Sometimes these flower spikes stand up like miniatures of the horse-chestnut blooms, but more often hang down. The stem and branches are dark, and form decorative lines broken by the delicate green of the leaves and the white of the flowers, and while the tree is decking itself in green and white a succession of colours appears and passes away in the lush grass at its foot. After the pale Lent lily has faded the dark purple of the wild hyacinth takes its place, with here and there three or four flamboyant blooms of the dandelion by way of contrast. The patch of anemones a little farther off disappears before the bluebells begin to pale to mauve, but near by the cowparsley, rising in a bank of luxuriant green lacework, is beginning to echo the white note in the tree on the upper surface of its widening umbels, which is struck again in a lower key by the ladysmock before its mauve attains full strength.

With steps placed carefully where there seems least likelihood of crushing the delicate creatures of the spring, steps wary and hesitating in pity of those beauties that are necessarily trodden down, the actual edge of the wood is reached, and the delicate harmonies of pale colours have little prepared the wayfarer for the sudden blaze of the gorse's sunlit gold. Though so early in the year the grass is already getting tall, and only in the barer patches by the furze can the little dog-violets be seen; the stitchwort is already stretching upward its slender stalks and hanging its white stars in the bushes, and here and there a downy frond of bracken is beginning to uncurl. Already showing foliage, the dog-rose will soon be ranging its exquisite pink blooms along its curving branches, and the honeysuckle, even now beginning its climb, will be offering its rich honey stores to the insects. On the skirts of an old forest it is often found that the ground is more in the possession of mosses and short grass, but outside this younger wood innumerable wild flowers blossom in succession as the year advances, and the process of seed-production and ripening follows, and still it is all a tangle. But the tangle has been an ever-changing one, has assumed and harmonised every known colour, eventually turning again to browns and greys. And while these changings are going on in the plant-world animal life progresses too. Here the partridge has hatched her eggs and hidden her chicks beneath the brambles when a hawk has appeared in the sky; the young rabbits have learnt to nibble the herbage here before venturing farther afield; the jay has flown to and fro, her screeching filling with terror the heart of the sitting thrush; the hum of insects is incessant. On the outreaching branch overhead the nightingale has sung that most passionate of all nature's music, the song that he sings on a hot afternoon, and here too has been heard his sweeter, but less powerful, serenade at night. Later the harsh, rattling notes of the young nightingales give little promise that they will change and mellow into the song that has charmed the world. The silence of the animals, their dumbness as compared with the bird choir, is nowhere more noticeable than here—except for the bark that is heard at times over in the sheltered hollow where the vixen plays with her cubs and the occasional chattering of an angry squirrel, the animals are practically unheard. If the rabbit makes a sound it is mostly the sign of a tragedy, a swan-song, as when a stoat has run him down, whereas in the trees the birds make joyous music at all hours of the day.

As the early months pass there is no vacant space. Where the rubbish was cast down in the autumn the docks and the keck and stinging nettle, "weeds" all, hasten to seize on the space, all the sore places are quickly covered up except in the opening of the burrow, where the rabbits pass and repass to their home. It may be that the tree roots protruding from the ground were at first bare but for moss, but ere full summer is reached they are buried deep beneath a tangle of verdure, of roses and brambles, of vetches and bracken, if only the shade of the overhanging branches be not too dense. Here the hazel hangs its catkins in the spring, and its tiny crimson pistilate flowers develop into the summer crop of frilled nuts—the white cymes of the dog-wood and the cottonwood and the guelder rose give place to polished berries; the wild clematis changes from a white mist of blossom to an almost equally white mass of silky down, the two bryonys trail over all, and the wild hops climb the trees and hang down from the branches in graceful festoons. The large leaves of the burdock and the still larger ones of the butterbur, if the ground be marshy, spread themselves out, overpowering and smothering all beneath them. If there be water and wet places, the moisture-loving plants and the sedges triumph and the forgot-me-nots and rushes flower.

To enumerate the inhabitants of this woodside jungle would be to catalogue the greater part of the English flora and fauna—here where the spreading meadows meet the dusky wood, where the flowers of the field, the buttercups, the oxeyes and the poppies creep up and mingle with the woodland hordes, the wind flowers, the wood-sorrels and the foxgloves, and join the fray with those flowers of the hedgerow that seem always to love the shelter of trees without their shade. Walking round a wood of any size, the various kinds of soil met with seem to have each a flora of its own, and each aspect, too, its own particular denizens; nay, the same plants assume a different character on the wood's southern side to that which they bear on the northern. Besides the flowers proper, that fascinating order of flowerless plants, the Fungi, has many representatives at the edge of the wood, growing, as they do, not only on the ground and the other vegetation, but, cannibal-like, on each other. The mosses, forming soft cushions on rock and tree root and in the moist places, and the ferns waving their aristocratic



Gorse (Ulex europæus).

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

fronds aloof from their plebeian brethren, the bracken, are two more races that contribute to the beauty of the wood-side. The butterflies and moths may sport here protected from the wind, yet spreading their wings in the sunshine; the bee finds not only shelter, but knows that here he may gather in a rich harvest of sweet nectar, as do the other sweet-loving flies and insects.

From the time when the growing of the vegetation in the Spring may almost be heard till the acorn drops, and the dead leaves that have done their work and the winged seeds that have theirs yet to do flutter down, the whole place is teeming with life of all kinds and comedies and tragedies are being enacted. The latter perhaps predominate, but it seems that if a caterpillar has any sense of humour he must, when he has assumed the resemblance of a twig, laugh as the hungry bird in search of food passes him by, but the laugh is with the other side when the keen eye of the bird penetrates his disguise. Not only is force necessary for survival in this woodland world, but wily stratagem: not only must the caterpillar look like a stick and the snail like a bud scale, but the bird must hide away its nest, and the weasel study the wind and the cover in his hunting, and the plants must hang out the right advertisement of colour and scent to attract the particular kinds of insect that alone can fertilise them, at such a time as those insects may be on the wing.

The National Galleries of Scotland.

MR. T. CORSAN MORTON, who has been appointed to the new office of Keeper of the National Galleries of Scotland, is a native of Glasgow, the son of a well-known medical man, and one of the founders of the Glasgow school. After studying at the Slade under Legros, he went to Paris, where his teachers were Boulanger and Lefèvre. Mr. Morton is generally represented at the R.S.A. and the Glasgow Institute, and he is a corresponding member of the Munich Secessionists.

London Exhibitions.

Burlington Fine Arts Club	Illuminated Manuscripts.
Dering Yard	New English Art Club.
Grafton Gallery . . .	Sorolla y Bastida.
Carfax Gallery . . .	John S. Sargent, R.A.
Goupil Gallery . . .	Tom Robertson.
„ „ . . .	Sir William Eden.
Leicester Gallery . . .	Mark Fisher.
Fine Art Society . . .	Ella du Cane.
„ „ . . .	Wilmot Pilsbury.
Messrs. Obach's . . .	French and Dutch Masters.
Messrs. Dowdeswell's .	Byam Shaw.
Messrs. Graves' . . .	Peel Heirlooms.
Messrs. McLean's . .	Modern Dutch Painters.
Messrs. Van Wisselingh's	J. R. K. Duff.
Messrs. Connell's . .	John C. Johansen.
Messrs. Grundy and Robinson's	Edward Hughes.
Paterson Gallery . . .	Fred Mayor.
Rembrandt Gallery . .	Laura Coombs Hill.
Baillie Gallery . . .	Robert P. Bevan, Morley Roberts, J. Hamilton Hay.

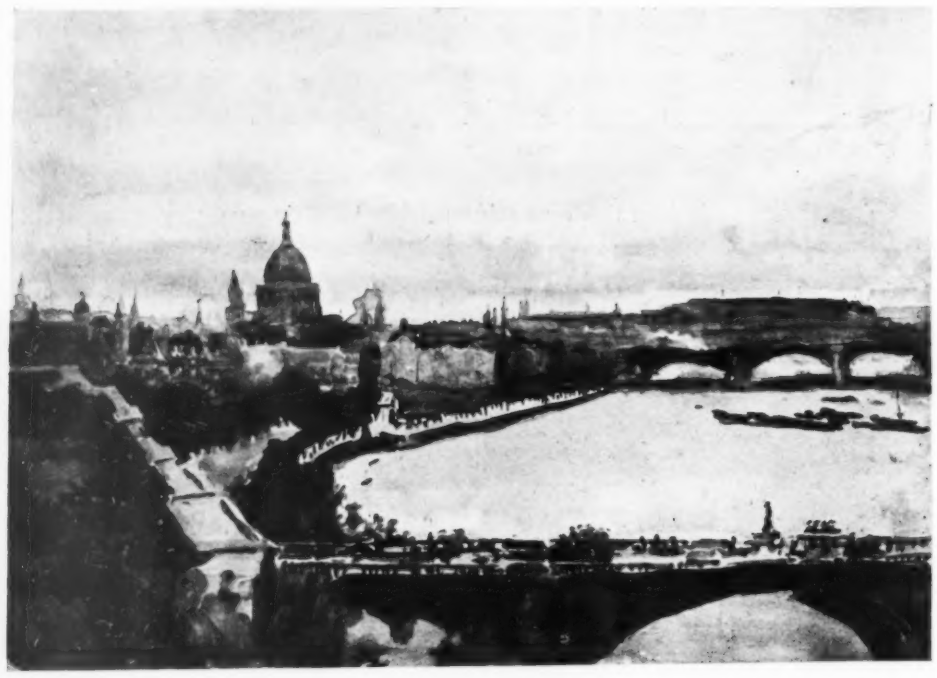
New English Art Club.—At the Burlington Fine Arts Club, in a priceless exhibition of the chief schools of illumination, are eighty volumes which celebrate Old English Art. In the Dering Yard gallery New English Art, in the body of its most representative organisation, is on exhibition. The childlike vision which entered into Paradise by gentle ways of daily gladness and faith is veiled from us moderns. Inner and outer perplexities lie between us and the centuries of the English illuminators. Yet one can go from these shining pages of the old English artists to some of the pictures by new English artists and feel that vision is still ours, and ours that greater reverence may ensue. The light of common day is as an apparel of celestial light to some seeing eyes, and some dower of dreams is given to us, as well as the noonday labour and desire of getting to know the significant relationships of the living to life. Of such noonday labour Mr. Orpen's art is an admirable example. His portrait of Professor Mayor has significance that one feels to be a permanent expression of sight. Without any adventitious aids, merely by educing the beauty of black robes, grey hair, a black-gold curtain and gleaming chair, and the shining glasses of spectacles, held in the sitter's hand, Mr. Orpen has painted a picture in this grave portrait. A capital painting and entertaining picture is his 'Bloomsbury Family.' The head of the Bloomsbury family, Mr. William Nicholson, invokes the entertainment. In his trailing coat of black spotted with white, in his cravat, in his attitude, in the magenta frock and pantomimic expressiveness of his youngest child, in the *bric-à-brac* of the fine old room, Mr. Nicholson re-creates the Regency period as a dwelling-place. Modern children, briefly but delightfully painted, sit at the table, and a splendid tabby cat is a reality. Only the lady who stands by the door is somewhat extraneous to the eager mood of the picture. Mr. Orpen presses into to-day. Mr. A. E. John, in 'The Infant Pyramus,' uses his resources of intimate knowledge of facts to attain independence of their actuality. Unlike Mr. John's other painting in the exhibition, the queer inscrutable 'Olilai,' remoteness seems of the essence of the conception, and though the influence of Puvis is frankly acknowledged, the figures and dawn-landscape belonged together in the mind of Mr. John before they came to canvas. The naked baby with his thatch of lint-white hair stands, all uncertain of his legs and purpose, for the first time on the green earth, in entire perplexity. A kneeling, Puvis-like woman in white holds her hands close to him to prevent a tumble. A second woman, lithe and slim, in a blue jacket and skirt, exults over him with lyrical joy, and gazing into the still lake is a third woman, slovenly in attitude. It is the infancy of humanity seen with fine detachment. Mr. John has also two fine drawings, and one comic one.

Little in the exhibition is negligible, but after calling special attention, as is their due, to these uncommonly interesting pictures, brief note only can be taken of other



(N.E.A.C.)

Girl with Concertina.
By Albert Rothenstein.



(Goupil Gallery.)

London from the Savoy Hotel.
By Sir William Eden.

important exhibits. Mr. Wilson Steer in a landscape of tall trees, 'The Outskirts of a Town,' and in a sun-flooded figure-painting, 'The Morning Room,' accomplishes once more fine feats of painting; Mr. Will Rothenstein shows a searching open-air portrait of Mr. Berenson; Mr. Nicholson's two little works, portrait and landscape, are salient, both of them; Mr. Tonks is forcibly sure of himself in 'The Temptation'; Mr. Philip Connard, Mr. F. H. S. Shepherd, whose 'The Errand' is realised with thorough finish, Professor Fred Brown, Mr. Muirhead, Mr. Walter Sickert, Mrs. McEvoy express their individual art in studies of interiors, and Miss Clare Atwood, painting a law court instead of the domestic interior, scores another success of ordered observation. Mr. Von Glehn's 'Antoinette' has gleaming charm, and his vigorous 'Le Jet d'Eau' is among noteworthy landscapes, as are Mr. Hartrick's blithe 'Spring in England,' though the man and child gambol more clumsily than the lambs; Mr. W. Russell's two pictures, Miss Alice Fanner's gleaming rivers, Mr. Alexander Jamieson's picturesque Paris pictures, and, especially, the two mountain pieces by Professor Holmes, romantic 'Rougemont' and 'Biasca,' austere, yet brilliant.

Besides Mr. Muirhead Bone's two pastels of Sussex down-country, fundamentally true, he shows two drawings, 'Soho,' rich in effect, and 'Arundel,' which should be the preparation for a fine print. Mr. A. W. Rich, Mr. Francis James, Mr. MacColl, Mr. Francis Dodd, Mr. Walter Sickert and M. Lucien Pissarro are of those who make the section of drawings remarkable. Mr. Albert Rothenstein draws with close truth East London types, giving scrupulous Von Menzel-like details to the 'Girl with Concertina.' Mr. Sargent has an oil-painting and a drawing, but though the fair blue sky is beautiful through the pillared courtyard of 'Villa di Papa Giulo,' neither work has his full authority.

Carfax Gallery.—Some of Mr. Sargent's holiday paintings to be seen at the Carfax Gallery are, however, among the most unflagging energies of his brush. The massive, gleaming beauty of the fountain of Bologna, the tawny marble basin of the fountain of the Villa Castello against cypress and intense sunlit blue, the various studies of Bedouins, deep-laid fire in their dark eyes, the 'Vagrant,' forcible study of the homeless type, the reticent colours of a great pavement in 'Opus Alexandrinum,' are some familiar and new water-colours that are final art in this kind. Of the oil-sketches the 'Rock Graves, Jerusalem' is triumphant, a rendering of blue translucent shadow laid coolly on sun-blanched sand and stone, that is of the fairest, most persuasive, vision of the painter.

Sorolla y Bastida.—In the Grafton Galleries the pictures of this artist, of continental fame, were, for the first time, shown to Londoners. He is the chosen painter of the Spanish Court, but it is not as a modern prototype of Velazquez that this downright, amazingly vivid artist showed his mastery. He can paint gravely in expressing character, as in 'Señor Don Aureliano de Beruete,' or gaily, with the



(N.E.A.C.)

The Errand.
By F. H. S. Shepherd.

joy of absorption in the living life of his subject, as in 'My Children,' or gracefully, as in 'My daughter Mary.' But his warm-blooded, copious art finds little to do in the function of court-painter. Only where his sitter leaves the precincts of state and walks out into the flashing sunlight, he enters the real domain of the painter. The portrait of the King of Spain in the uniform of a Spanish Hussar belongs to the pictures that assail one with their strong illusion of heat and light. Some of the sketches of flashing seas, with sunlit dancing-figures, come nearer than one would credit as possible to realising the glee of dancing waves, and the parks and wild country of Spain are painted with illusion of the open-air, the southern noonday, that determines once and for all Señor Sorolla's place among modern plein-artists. But what of deeper pleasure than the sudden delight of seeing the warm South? Where is the soul of this 'art of hand and eye'? Some of the big pictures, 'Beaching the Boat, Valencia,' 'Peasants of Leon,' 'The Return of the Fishing Boat,' have stability and force of design, but in no mood of the painter does he impress one with his capacity to see not only more sharply than less gifted sight can see, but also more deeply and essentially.

Messrs. Obach's.—The exhibition of pictures by French and Dutch masters of the nineteenth century is one to be enjoyed picture by picture. Certain beautiful things come first. The Millet 'Inspirations d'Amour,' perfect by the triple test, "simple, sensuous, and impassioned," the exquisite 'The Fisherman' of Corot with its lovely quiet spaces of living air and water, the Harpignies 'Hérisson' of 1875, where the water holds so richly the still deep image of the woodland and the woody bank, the interior by James Maris, with the inspiration of out-of-doors sunshine beyond the shadowed beauty of the room—these perhaps, are the most beautiful. Diaz is importantly seen in a landscape of larger size than usual, in which, it may be because of the clear sky-space behind the trees, the foliage seems more precisely articulated, more Dutch, than in the Sous-bois pictures, of which the exhibition has two delightful examples. Other fine things are 'La Nievre à Nevers' by Harpignies, a finely designed Jacque, 'Sheep grazing near the Forest,' the impressive 'Passage du Ravin' of Géricault, imaginatively true, 'Good Neighbours' of Israels, a serious example of his later period, pictures by Daubigny, Jules Dupré, and the 'Bowl of Roses' by Fantin.

Goupil Gallery.—In general exhibitions the effect of Mr. Robertson's pictures is always distinguished. It is no fresh perception that he has seen the spirit of night moving upon the face of the waters, that he has felt as well as seen the beauty of still waters lighted supremely by the moon and by the humbler warmer lights of fishing-boats and little sea-shore towns. Yet the twenty-seven pictures, grouped under the title of 'Moonlit Seas and Breton Boats,' show farther that the beauty he perceives has many aspects. The profound colour of the night, some of the many colours that belong to changing hour and season and weather, are apprehended. The hours of the half-lights, the deep midnight, mist and shine, the low and the high light of the moon, yield endless themes of beauty to contemplative sight. Mr. Robertson expresses much of that beauty. Where, as in 'The Lonely Mill,' 'The Crimson Moon,' the many pictures in which fishing-boats, dark, or grey-sailed, are upon the water, he approaches the difficulty of persuading definite form to right relationship within the merging night he also achieves interesting designs and schemes of colour.

The 126 water-colours by Sir William Eden in the upper gallery show the vivacity and acuteness of his sight in almost too great range. He has an eloquent talent, and where the picturesque offers itself, whether in Cashmere, Egypt, the Riviera, London, or English country places, he seizes a salient image of its colour and illumination, Structure is usually less forcibly suggested, but 'Dolce Acqua, Bordighera,' 'Windlestone, East Front,' 'St. James's Club, Piccadilly' 'The Thames Embankment,' 'The Mahometan Temple' are some of several drawings that show the artist's gift for characterising architecture when it interests him. The drawings, if they just lack inimitability, have uncommon charm and significance. Capital are the still-life studies of pictures, masterpieces of furniture and of porcelain.



(Goupil Gallery.)

The Moonpath.
By Tom Robertson.



(Messrs. Obach's Gallery.) A Dutch Interior. By James Maris.

Leicester Galleries.—A room of water-colours by Mr. Mark Fisher is convincing once again of the force and radiant freshness of his art. He is supremely good in not a few of the drawings in this latest exhibition, in such water-painting as is a joy to the sight in the beautiful 'Boys Bathing,' or the painting of horses standing under a willow-bordered stream: in the sun-lighted studies of cattle in the fields, of green 'Pasturage' with long tree-shadows, or the water-colour for his picture now at Burlington House. These really bring sunshine and nature-freshness directly to the eye, and they are a few only of drawings that give pure delight.

The collection of water-colours by deceased and living artists at the same gallery begins incomparably with a Gainsborough study of a girl, imbued with his rare grace. It includes another characteristic drawing by him, 'The Wheelbarrow,' a Cotman landscape which is distinctive, if it suggests the drawing-master, a sturdy De Wint, and drawings by many of the chief men in the long sequence of water-colour art. Of considerable associative interest is the pencil drawing, made 'in a Paris Café,' of Whistler in slouch hat and ringlets, by his fellow-student of the fifties, Sir Edward Poynter.

McLean's Galleries.—The Modern Dutch School has its masters, and its school. One of the greatest of the masters, the greatest imaginatively, Matthew Maris, is represented at Messrs. McLean's by an early work, a coast scene, dated 1854, which shows him in fine pupilage to the past tradition of his native art. A Bosboom Cathedral interior is not entirely characteristic of another of the masters, but is rich, strong painting, and a 'Canal Wharf,' by James Maris, has true colour-beauty. William Maris, least of the brothers, Israels in an early unindividual manner, Mauve, also at his beginning, Blommers, Mesdag, Neuhuys, Kever, are other artists represented.

Graves Galleries.—The exhibition of Peel heir-looms proved an act of honour to Sir Thomas Lawrence. The portraits of the Earl of Liverpool, standing with National Gallery papers in his hand, of the first Sir Robert Peel, with the happy touch of blue above the buttoned coat, of Baron Stowell, a shrewd painting of age, the famous portrait of Lord Eldon, the commanding head of the Duke of Wellington, show a Lawrence who could paint the force of a man. Against such portraits—though pictorially they show the decline of the assured art of canvas-filling—no charge of inadequacy can be brought. A half-length of the Archbishop of Canterbury is, perhaps, the finest picture among them; the cathedral interior, a distant background to the figure, has something of Bonington's quality. Lady Peel in the park is the only fashionable Lawrence in the collection, and the portrait of Southey, the only superficial one.

Percy Reliques.—Mr. Byam Shaw is a vivid and picturesque illustrator, and the exhibition at Messrs. Dowdeswell's of water-colours illustrating the stirring ballads of Percy's Reliques brought much of their bravery to the eye. The scale of work suits a talent which lacks finesse, but has a gift of obtaining a rich and romantic effect, and if a resourceful quaintness rather than true imagination aids the artist's invention, he is at ease in furnishing forth scenes of adventure, of gallantry, of morality from the ages of pageantry. 'The Gaberlunzie Man' is a robust drawing, and 'The Bailiff's Daughter,' 'The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter'—somewhat recalling Windus's 'Burd Helen'—the admirable 'Boy and the Mantle' should be noted as specially effective.

Other Exhibitions.—The art of Mr. J. R. K. Duff has made its mark in general exhibitions, but the collection of his paintings and pastels at Mr. Van Wisselingh's strengthened the impression of it. Concentrating almost entirely on one subject, the life of flocks and herds, Mr. Duff has wrought out his observations in more than one striking design. 'Sheep in Danger' is one example, a genuinely expressive rendering of the dangerous impulse of the flock crowding to the brink of the high cliff, and 'The Shepherd,' 'Shearing the Rams,' 'The Day of Shearing' have force. Smaller works are, technically, freer, but the artist makes his conception tell even through somewhat monotonous paint. Seven portraits by the late Edward Hughes, whose portrait of Queen Alexandra is shown by her request at the Franco-British Exhibition, were at Messrs. Grundy and Robinson's. His art aimed deliberately at idealistic presentment, and he used his dexterity to an end that is perhaps the most widely appreciated in portrait art. Mr. Johansen, an American artist, in an exhibition at Messrs. Connell's called 'Mornings in Venice and Florentine landscape,' proved himself a painter of considerable gifts. He has largeness of sight, and, while attaining a decorative effect, he keeps the sunshine and bright air in his picture. When so many miniatures degrade the dainty art below the general level of professional photography, it is worth calling attention to the genuine portraits in miniature by Miss Laura Coombs Hill, of Boston, U.S.A., which were shown at the Rembrandt Gallery. The delicacy here is not mere prettification, but shows the capacity to realise truth in little.

Passing Events.

IT is to be hoped that the appeal of the National Art-Collections Fund for money to buy Millais' portrait of Tennyson from the executors of Sir James Knowles will meet with the necessary response. The option to purchase at £3,000 expires at the end of June. Millais ranked this three-quarter-length life-size presentment of Tennyson as his masterpiece in portraiture. It was done in 1881, when he was fifty-two, and the Poet Laureate seventy-two. No more fitting 'In Memoriam' could be secured, though in connection with the artist's estimate of it as his finest effort, some will remember 'Hearts are trumps,' 'Mrs. Bischoffsheim,' and 'Sir James Paget.'

THE memorial exhibition of works by the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens at the Metropolitan Museum of New York proved so successful that it was prolonged for a month. Sir Purdon Clarke seems to be making the Museum a living centre of interest.

MR. JOHN FULLEYLOVE, R.I., Vice-President of the Institute of Oil Painters, who died at Hampstead on May 22, was born at Leicester in 1847. Originally trained as an architect, his inborn gifts as a painter of architecture compelled him to abandon the one profession for the other. By general consent, Mr. Fulleylove ranked among the most distinguished architectural draughtsmen of our time. He worked in a fine tradition; knowledge and skill of hand enabled him to unite in pencil drawings, in water-colour, in picture, the thoughts and emotions by which he was moved. In the person of Mr. Edward Hughes, who died on May 14, at the age of 75, we lose a veteran portraitist than whom none was more popular in certain circles. Millais, a fellow-student at the Academy Schools, affirmed that "very many artists can paint a portrait of a man, but very few can paint a portrait of a lady, and Edward Hughes is one of those few." Since in 1895 Mr. Hughes did a portrait of the Duchess of York, now Princess of Wales, he four times portrayed the Queen. That of Her Majesty in her Coronation robes hangs in the State Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace. Several other members of the Royal Family sat to him. The artist exhibited at the Academy from 1847 to 1884, since when he rather prided himself on not having contributed.

THE Chantrey Trustees made three additional purchases in the middle of May. These are Mr. Clausen's 'Gleaners Returning' (£200) and Miss Mary Gow's large water-colour, 'Marie Antoinette' (£300) from the Academy, and from the Royal Institute Mr. Frank Dadd's 'Gold lace has a charm for the fair' (£105). Miss Gow is a sister of Mr. A. C. Gow, R.A., and for long her daintily executed drawings have been a feature at Burlington House and at Messrs. Agnew's exhibitions. No work for the Chantrey Collection had before been bought from the Institute.

MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON has been commissioned to paint a portrait of the Prime Minister for the National Liberal Club, where already are Mr. Colin Forbes' portraits of Campbell-Bannerman and Gladstone. Another portrait of interest, that of Mr. William A. Smith, founder of the Boys' Brigade, by Mr. Alexander Roche, is to be placed in the Kelvingrove Galleries, Glasgow.

THE memorial to the officers and men belonging to Leicester and Leicestershire who fell in the South African War, originally entrusted to Mr. Alfred Gilbert, has in most regrettable circumstances had to be transferred to Mr. C. McClure. The Leicester Corporation have agreed to give a site in the Town Hall Square for the monument, which is to cost £1,200.

WE understand that Sir Charles Holroyd, in order to make the new issues in the National Gallery catalogues as scholarly and accurate as may be, has availed himself of the services of Mr. Maurice W. Brockwell. This is an eminently wise course to have taken.

THE prizes offered for the best design by the Worshipful Company of Makers of Playing-Cards—a first prize of 15 gs., a second of 10 gs.—are not sufficient to attract the most gifted worker in this kind, Mr. William



(Goupil Gallery.)

Rye.
By Sir William Eden.

Nicholson. Some of his original and beautiful playing-cards are shortly to be reproduced in an édition de luxe by Messrs. Marchant.

A PARISIAN critic writes enthusiastically of the portrait of Queen Alexandra, recently done by M. François Flamang. "C'est une véritable féerie que ce portrait, féerie par la grâce exquise et souveraine de la femme et de la reine, féeri aussi pas l'arrangement et l'exécution . . . est une œuvre des plus brillantes, et qui fait le plus grand honneur à son auteur." The Queen is represented in white satin robe, with the blue ribbon of the Garter, against a background of the park and towers of Windsor.

THE Royal British Colonial Society of Artists, founded in 1886, under the title of the Anglo-Australian Society of Artists, with the aim of holding picture exhibitions of educational value in the colonies and of extending the market for works by native artists, elected half-a-dozen new members in May. They are Walter Langley, Harold Knight, Mrs. Knight, F. Spenlove-Spenlove, Herbert A. Olivier, and F. Stuart Richardson. A similar society, entitled the Société Coloniale des Artistes Français, has just been founded in Paris.

A NOTABLE exhibition has been organised at the Walker Art Gallery. It is the first attempt to do justice on an adequate scale to the art of Liverpool since its beginning in the 18th century—for the local art society was founded one year only after the Academy. The success of the show is in large part due to the zeal and resourcefulness of the Curator, Mr. E. Rimbault Dibdin.

THE Manchester Art Gallery is to be congratulated on the purchase of Buxton Knight's 'Mid-Day,' one of the finest pastorals of the British school produced during the past few years. At the 1894 Academy it was on the line next Leighton's 'Fatidica' in the first room, and the strange thing is that it did not go into a public collection long before. From the exhibition of water-colours at the Leicester Galleries, South Kensington acquired Buxton Knight's 'Ramsgate' and the boldly-planned 'Norman Tower, Old Mill, Oxford.'

MISS ELLA DU CANE'S sojourns in Japan yield a financial as well as pictorial harvest. Most of her freely-rendered water-colours at the Fine Art Society's found purchasers, four of them being selected by the King.

INSTEAD of closing on June 20, the 129th exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists will remain open till July 18. Thus foreign visitors to the Franco-British will have an opportunity to see the show.

AT last the Société des Artistes Français has carried out its two decades old project to ensure a "repos pour leurs vieux jours aux disciples des arts que la fortune n'aurait point favorisés." In May the Home was inaugurated near the forest of Montmorency, the Government contributing 60,000 francs. There are studios for sculptors, painters and gravers, and altogether some bitterness from the sting of unrecognition and want will here in the evening of life be removed.

MR. E. A. ABBEY, when entertained at lunch by the Pilgrims in recognition of having completed his series of decorations for the dome of the Pennsylvania State Capitol, recalled how in 1878 he was entertained at Delmonico's prior to his journey to England. There were, he said, "moments in the immediate future when the reflection was forced upon me that the money the breakfast had cost would be an agreeable thing to have." Mr. Abbey despatched from Stratford-on-Avon his first parcel of drawings to Harper insufficiently stamped, and then asked for his hotel bill. Instead of receiving the expected remittance for the drawings, he had a notice to the effect that the package was held at the Washington Dead Letter Office, and would be forwarded only on receipt of the balance of postage! Those penurious days belong to a dim past. For instance, Mr. Abbey is said to have received £8,000 for the Coronation picture which was presented to the King. This sum, of course, included the copyright, an important factor in the arrangement.

WE find that the last words written by Mr. C. Maurice Detmold were not as printed on page 186, but, "This is not the end of a life. I have expressed through my physical means all that they are capable of expressing, and I am about to lay them aside."

AT a special general meeting of the Allied Artists' Association the members of the hanging committee for the inaugural exhibition to be held at the Albert Hall in July were elected. Mr. Brangwyn headed the painters' poll with 169 votes, and there may be named Messrs. Dudley Hardy (122), Walter Sickert (109), Walter Crane (101), F. Cayley Robinson (74), A. E. John (66), Francis Bate (64), Gerard Chowne and Theodore Roussel (63), P. G. Konody (50), W. J. Laidlay (32), Alfred Priest (26). The hangers for the sculpture and decorative sections are Messrs. Nelson Dawson, John Tweed, Adrian Jones, Henry Holiday, H. Hampton and Harold Stabler.

THE Great Western Railway Company, who offer unrivalled advantages for travel to some of the best painting grounds in England, are developing their cross-Channel service to Brittany *viâ* Plymouth and Brest. Artists will do well to become acquainted with the special facilities.

ACCORDING to a report from Paris, M. Claude Monet, dissatisfied with the series of plein-air pictures which, since 1905, he has been painting at Givernay, seized his largest brush and painted them out. This "high conscientiousness" is said to involve a money-sacrifice of £20,000 or so.

MR. LAVERY'S exhibition at the Goupil Gallery is refreshing after the big "shows" of the moment, and no visitor to London, interested in art, should fail to see it.



Cottage at Lergiechoniemore.

By A. Scott Rankin.

Netherlorn and Its Neighbourhood.*

By Patrick H. Gillies, M.B., F.S.A. Scot.

"Or where the northern ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest Thule, and the Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides."
—THOMSON, *Seasons*.

THE dominant position of Scarba in the landscape of the country has been more than once referred to; and the somewhat hazardous boat journey and arduous climb are well repaid by the bird's-eye view of the Netherlorn plateau and islands, and a wide extent of territory from the Irish coast in the south-west to Ben Nevis in the north, which is obtained from the summit. The east side is usually selected as the landing-place, and there are numerous sheltered bays affording good anchorage for small boats. Many rolling ridges and long stretches of moorland have to be crossed ere the Cruach (summit) is reached, but the slopes from this side are gradual. Each new ridge surmounted, unexpected and entertaining views are displayed, and the climb, though tiresome, is pleasant. The island itself, apart from its environment, has many interesting features; in the glades of natural woods noble specimens of the royal fern are still to be got; the tactics and habits of the red deer are a never-ending source of amusement and conjecture; while on the bare scalps and crags of the back of the island myriads of gulls, so unacquainted with the presence of man that "their tameness is shocking," find a resting-place. The deep ravines display striking sections of rock where the geologist may find ample material for study. The beautifully distinct bands and arches of silvery quartzite superimposed upon the dark slate make striking pictorial effects. Many of the small fragments of quartzite display curious blood-red plumose markings resembling fossil plants, or pressed fronds of dulse. These curious imitative effects are but an arborescent deposit of earthy oxide of iron; they are called dendritic markings, and are found on the divisional planes of fine-grained rocks. The deposit is usually confined to the surface of the fissure or plane, and seldom takes place within the stone.

The following description of Scarba and its wonders may give one an idea of how they appealed to the imagination of an enthusiastic Highland schoolmaster sixty years ago.

* Chapter VIII., "Scarba; Gulf of Coirebhreacain." Continued from p. 207.

The extract is taken from a letter to a friend in the south, which was published in the *Greenock Advertiser* in 1845. The periphrasis is occasionally ludicrous, and some of the words were constructed by the dominie himself:—

"I am now to endeavour to give you a representation of the islands you entrusted me with; but I am sorry to confess that you cannot expect it in any way mellifluent, given you from such an imperfect describer. But I shall take it for granted that you will be content for the will in place of the deed.

"Scarba is of a triangular form. One angle bears east, another bears south, and the third bears west; and since I did not circumnavigate it altogether, if you had the advantage of seeing its map, you shall have the goodness of forgiving me if I am mistaken. It rises, from the east and south-east, gradually into hills and valleys towards the top of it, of which hills and valleys some of them very gramineous and are computed very good for nourishing lanigerous cattle, of which the inhabitants have a great flock. The top of the mountain is very rugged, and is rendered almost useless, owing to the number of water ponds, of which there are no less than twelve, and also to its producing no grass, owing to the conglaciousness of the air in general; for although the califactiousness of the sun would cause people to produce sudor almost towards the shore, you would find water conglaciated upon its top. From the east point of it round towards the west, and from that to the south point, it is generally inaccessible with rocks and precipices, insurmountable by wild goats in general, excepting birds of prey, of which there are a great many that dwell among the stupendous cliffs, which are very dangerous to the quadrupeds called lambs, owing to their carnivorous nature (I mean eagles). There was one lately killed by a lad that had fired at it in its nest in time of incubation, that measured from the point of one wing to the other no less than seven feet; of which there was found in its nest seven heads of the lamb race.

"Upon the north side of it (Scarba) lies that area of the ocean nomenclated *Beallach a choin ghlais*, whose stream goes with incredible rapidity, and between Scarba and Jura there is a conglomeration of tremendous billows connubritiated by the power of those elements called wind and water, and are rendered so terrificial where conquabated by the strength of said elements as to become an object of terror to those of a seafaring line when they would approach it. And as for the west and south-west sides of it, it is out of my power to describe it, for it would almost at times dishearten a hero, owing to its being shelterless in any part of it; tides and eddy-tides circumvolving it on all sides so as to render it dangerous almost at all seasons, if not aware of it. But of all the objects of dread (of which there are many) the only one of note is the whirlpool of *Cailleach*, whose fame is spread over Europe, owing to its being so dangerous in itself and its being the cause of many dangers forby. The cause of its (*i.e.* Cailleach's) effervescence (if I may call it) is as yet unknown; but we must believe that there is a miraculous submaritime vortex that causes a constipation of billows so as to cause them to reverberate in the calmest of weather."

The author, Archibald Sinclair or Maighstir Sgoil Crubach (the lame schoolmaster), was parochial schoolmaster in the neighbouring parish of Kilbrandon. He called his school the "Netherlorn Academy," and prided himself upon being the first dominie in the Highlands to introduce a course of physical exercises into a school curriculum, or "curricuculum," as he called it. The meagreness of the schoolmaster's salary and his own improvidence forced him to end his days in the poorhouse.

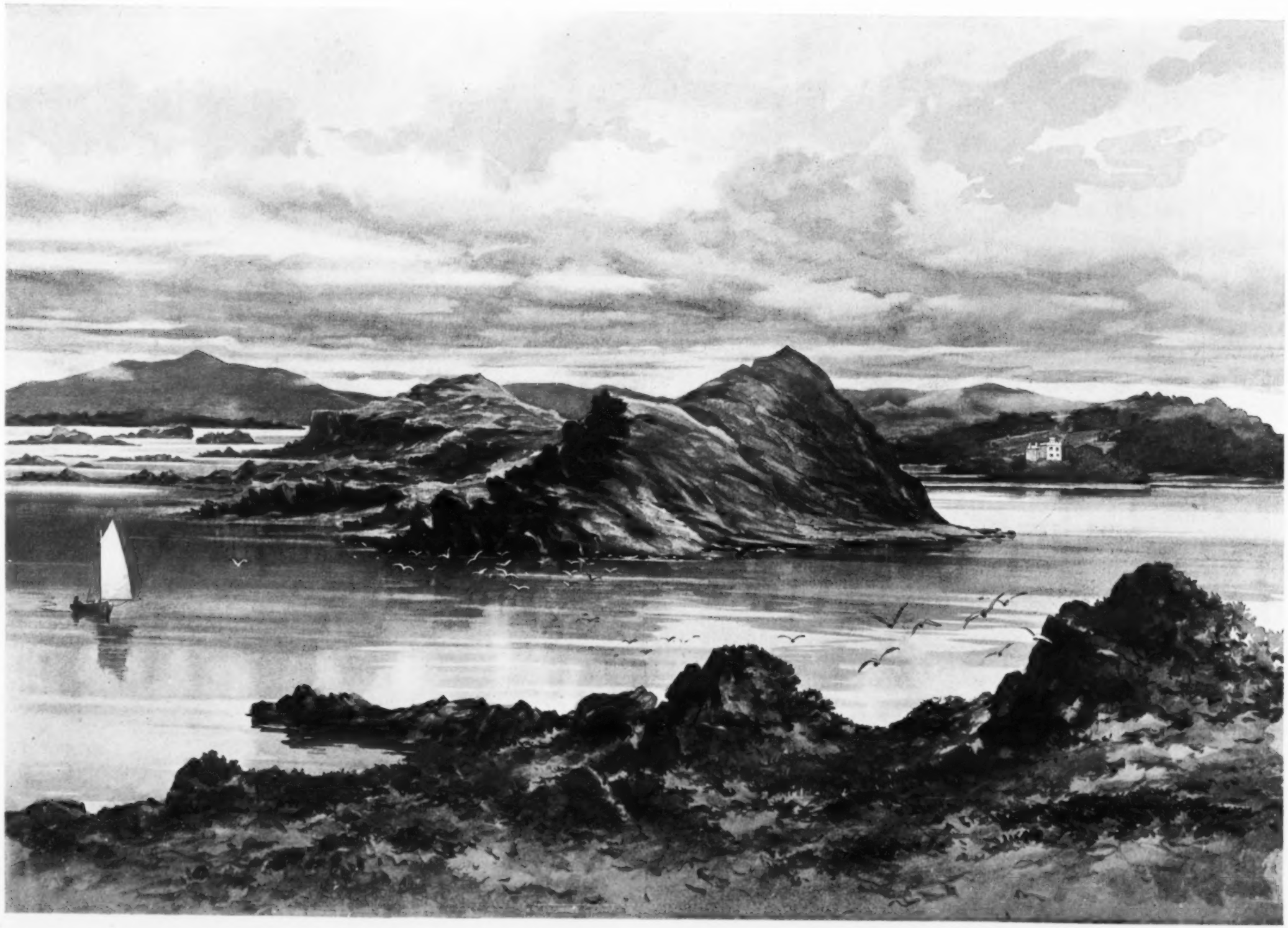
The channel between the north of Scarba and the island of Lunga is known as Bealach a choin ghlais (the Strait of the Grey Dog) or the Little Gulf; while that betwixt Jura and Scarba is called the Great Gulf or the Gulf of Coirebhreacain. The former is about a cable broad, and the stream of water during the greater part of ebb and flood rushes along the narrow pass with much violence. So great is the overfall on the current, that even during moderate tides it is impossible to force a boat through.

The Great Gulf is six cables broad at the narrowest part, and, unlike the Sound of Luing, which is long and sinuous, it is a short, straight, rim-like exit. This fact, and the enormous disproportion betwixt the capacity of the outlet and the volume of the seas which are forced up against it during the rise of the tide, combine to make the passage of the waters the most turbulent and dangerous on our coasts. In the long, narrow channels of the sounds of Luing and Clachan the obstruction to the tidal current is sustained for a considerable distance, and a measure of equilibrium is maintained so that the speed of the efferent stream seldom exceeds six knots, the average being four



A Peep of Loch Craignish.

By A. Scott Rankin.



Sound of Shuna, Loch Beg and Craignish Castle.

By A. Scott Rankin.

and a half. In the Gulf, however, which is the main outlet for the huge tidal wave from the Irish Channel banked up in the wedge-shaped basin formed by the convergence of the chain of islands, Islay, Jura, Scarba and Luing, on the one side, with Kintyre, Knapdale and Craignish on the other, the passage is sudden, so that there is a great overfall and race on the flood, the current attaining a maximum speed of nine knots. In some parts the soundings are 150, 90, and 50 fathoms, but at one place about 300 yards off Bagh Bàn (White Bay) on the shore of Scarba, a blunted pyramidal rock shoots up to within 15 fathoms of the surface. The presence of this sudden obstruction causes the breaking sea which, except at the turn of the tide, is never absent from the spot; and when the stream is at its greatest velocity a huge broad spout of green water appears to shoot up from the depths, breaking in a cataract of foaming surging sea as it descends on the further side of the obstruction and appears to bore its way down to the bottom of the ocean. The presence of powerful eddies on each side, but especially one on the Scarba shore, known as the Saobh-shruth Mòr (Great Eddy) causes innumerable whirls, but these are not very large or dangerous in themselves, apart from the risk that they might carry small craft into the raging cauldron above the sunken reef. With strong contrary winds the agitation of the water is very much increased, and the impression of stupendous, remorseless power, together with the loud, hoarse, angry roar of the seething maelström, makes the scene awe-inspiring and sublime.

This natural phenomenon is known as Coirebhreacain —a word which has been translated as the Cauldron of the Speckled Seas. The natives speak of it as the Cailleach (the Hag).

> "Of Corryvreckin's whirlpool rude,
> When dons the Hag her whiten'd hood—
> 'Tis thus our isles-men's fancy frames,
> For scenes so stern, fantastic names."

But even as long ago as the seventh century, the name Brecan appears to have been a personal one. Adamnan speaks of the *Charybidis Brecani*. The ancient topographical work—the Dinnseanchas—says, "it is the confluence of many seas, each pouring itself into the place of the other, until they are swallowed down to the bottom, and until it is like an open cauldron, sucking in and disgorging its draughts; so that its roaring is like the distant thunder. And it was into this that Brecan, the son of Partholan, was drawn, and was drowned, with his fifty boats, when he fled out of Erin from his father." In Cormac's Glossary it is said, "the seas whirl round like revolving compasses, each taking the place of the other, like the paddles of a millwheel, until they are sucked into the depths, so that the *Coire* remains with its mouth wide open; and it would suck even the whole of Erin into its yawning gullet. Brecan, son of Maine, son of Nial Naoighiallach, had fifty curraghs trading between Erin and Alban. They fell afterwards on that *coire*, and it swallowed them altogether, and not even news of their destruction escaped from it."



Loch Craignish from near Barbreck.

By A. Scott Rankin.



Barbreck Post Office.
By A. Scott Rankin.

Although from the text of these writings the name might be said to apply to the passage between Islay and Ireland, later writers—Fordun, Munro, and others—applied the name to the present situation. According to popular tradition, the gulf owes its name to Brecan, a son of the King of Lochlin (Norway). This prince, to prove his devotion to his love, agreed to pass three days and nights in his galley at anchor in the Coire. Acting upon the advice of the wise men of Lochlin, he had three ropes made, one of wool, another of hemp, and a third of the hair of women of spotless fame. With the aid of these he anchored in the terrible sea. During the first night the woollen rope broke, during the second night the hempen rope parted, and—alas for Breacan and his hopes!—his fearful vigil was almost completed when the hair of some frail one proved unequal to the strain, the remaining strands gave way and the true lover and his ship were engulfed in the sea which has ever since borne his name. The body of the prince was afterwards dragged ashore by his faithful black dog which had accompanied him, and was buried in Uamh Bhreacain (the cave of Breacan) on the shores of Jura.

Many fearsome stories are told of the dangers of the gulf. How ships in full sail deserted by their crews have gone down and been cast up unharmed on the shore of Bagh na Muc in Jura; how boats have been saved from the treacherous whirlpool by the simple expedient of casting a cap or a piece of cork into the vortex, the gaping vortex immediately collapsing and allowing the frail craft to pass through in safety; of mariners closing the hatches and remaining below until the ship was whirled to the bottom and vomited out again. These stories remind one of Poe's description of the "Descent into the Maelström," but are equally fanciful; for except as regards small vessels and open boats there is no danger; and with these, ordinary prudence and the observation of the old injunction to "tak' a lang spune to sup wi' the deil" have made tragedies in the Gulf unknown.



Duntroon Castle.
By A. Scott Rankin.

"King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid."

Painted by Sir E. Burne-Jones. Etched by Luke Taylor, A.R.E.

"Her arms across her breast she laid;
She was more fair than words can say:
Barefooted came the beggar maid
Before the King Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stept down,
To meet and greet her on her way;
'It is no wonder,' said the lords,
'She is more beautiful than day.'
As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen:
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been:
Cophetua sware a royal oath:
'This beggar maid shall be my queen!'"

TENNYSON, *The Beggar Maid.*

THIS picture, first exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1884, is by some critics regarded as the masterwork of Burne-Jones. At the International Exhibition held in Paris, 1889, it had the place of honour in the English gallery, and after rousing the enthusiasm of French connoisseurs was awarded a first-class medal, the Legion of Honour being conferred on the artist the year following. The story on which the picture is based is to be found in Percy's Reliques. A mythical, enormously rich king of Africa, who "disdained all woman-kind," saw from his window one day a bare-footed maid:

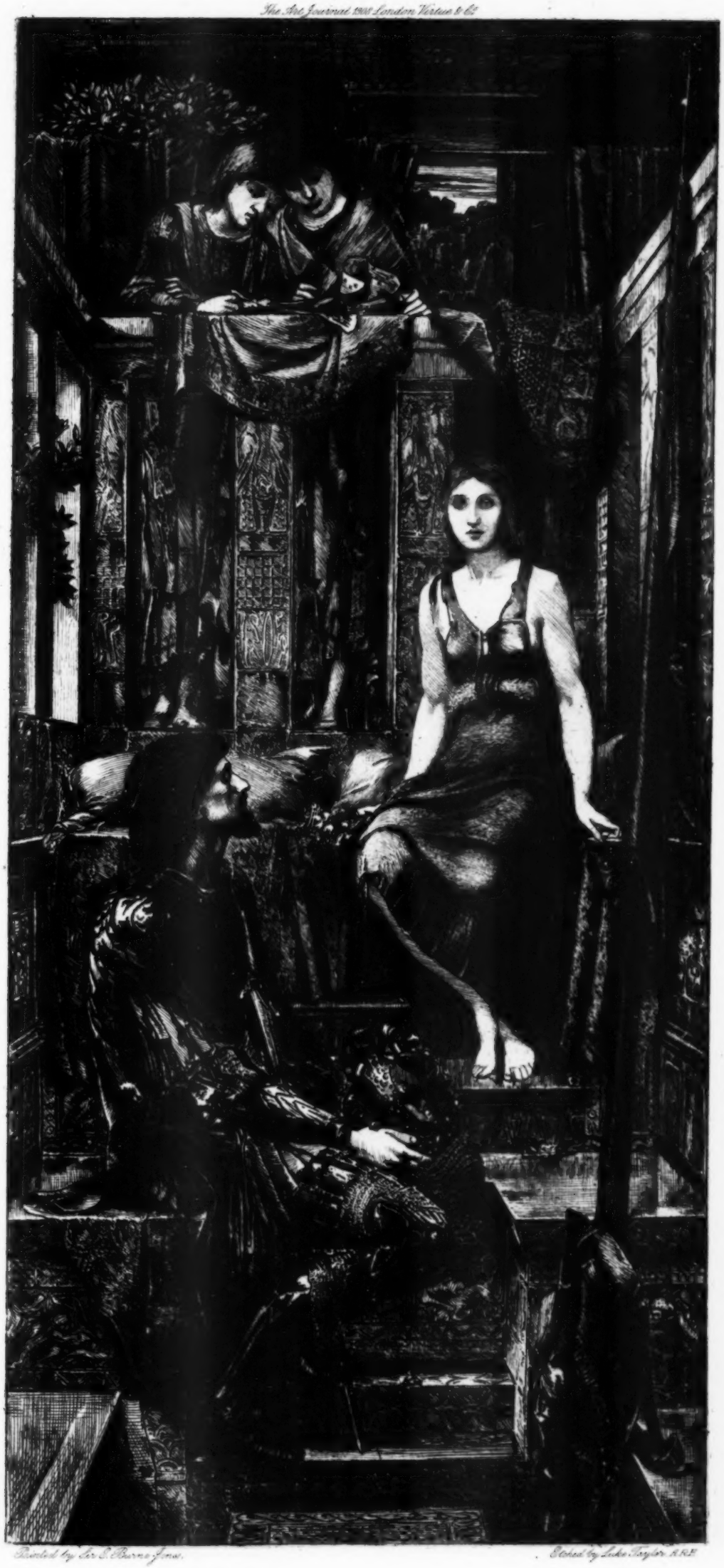
"The beggar blusheth scarlet red,
And straight againe as pale as lead,
But not a word at all she said,
She was in such amaze."

Burne-Jones depicts the moment when the maid has been brought into the golden palace—a place of hushed splendours minutely realised—at the command of the king, whose figure, though differing in attitude, bears a strong likeness to the Marquis of Mantua in Mantegna's 'Virgin of Victory.' Burne-Jones was essentially a painter of other-worldliness, of "fair passions and beautiful pities, and loves without stain." Apropos of Swift's affirmation, as to the high service of the man who makes to grow two blades of grass where before was one, Burne-Jones commented that whoever adds a new window into the world of the imagination, and puts before us new lights of wonder and beauty, does a like essential service to his country. "Rossetti gave me the courage to commit myself to imagination without shame—a thing both bad and good for me. It was Watts much later who compelled me to try and draw better." That little bit of autobiography is pregnant. It holds the key to the artist's "beautiful romantic dream of something that never was, never will be"; it suggests that his research of form was in the nature of an imposed task rather than a process felt to be essential for the authentic imaging of his dream. It was not the essential side of Burne-Jones' art that Gilbert caricatured in his "greenery-yallery, Grosvenor Gallery, foot-in-the-grave young man." At his best Burne-Jones was, as someone has said, the poet-painter of serenity triumphing over exterior and interior conflict. Instinctively he was convinced of a place of peace in the human soul, and again and again he tried to mirror that peace in the faces and attitudes of the figures he painted. He was of those who hold that the capacity to wonder is a gateway to sovereign power. He was constantly reaching out towards the invisible realities, which in the nature of things can be hinted at only in picture. "If nobody ever went beyond the tether of a rule," he said, "we should all stand still, and the state of the world be stereotyped in imperfection." As will be recalled, 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid' was in 1900 bought from the executors of the Earl of Wharncliffe for £6,500, and by a group of the artist's admirers presented to the nation. The etching by Mr. Luke Taylor, who has done much good work of the kind, is sure of a cordial reception.

The Liverpool School of Painters.

THE Historical Exhibition of Liverpool Art which was opened at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, on 23rd May, presented in its 1,318 exhibits a very complete review of the Art of our first provincial city since its beginnings in the eighteenth century. The impression made by it was in the nature of a surprise: few people credited Liverpool with much artistic importance, except as the pioneer in municipal encouragement of art, and the owner of the principal municipal art gallery in the country, in which the most important annual exhibition, out of London, is held. It now appears, however, that for more than a century and a half Liverpool has never been without painters of importance, and that it has made some important contributions to British Art. Among these was the influence on animal painting of George Stubbs, R.A., the anatomist of the horse, with whom that branch of art began, and after him, of his follower Charles Towne. Later came Richard Ansdell, R.A., and William Huggins—the former scarcely important, though well known; the latter very important, but little known. Liverpool's best claim to the gratitude of art lovers, however, was its sturdy encouragement of the pre-Raphaelites in their early days; and from this, which practically saved the chief Members of the Brotherhood from emigrating like Woolner, there sprang a local school of pre-Raphaelite workers, chiefly interested in landscape. Various untoward accidents broke up the brilliant group before it attracted general notice, and their works are so largely and steadily held in local collections that they are

The Art Journal 1908 London Virtue & Co



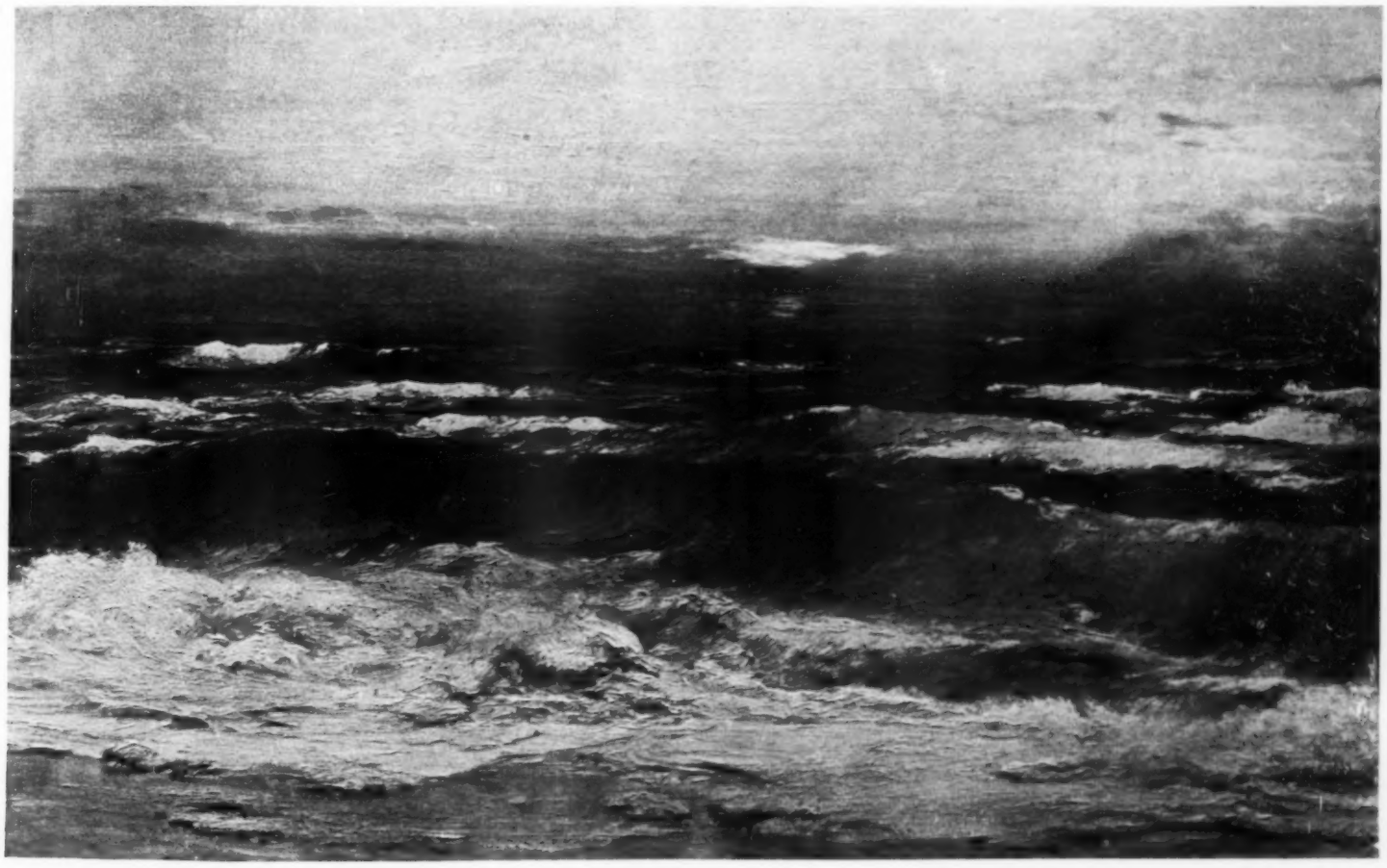
Painted by Sir E. Burne Jones. Etched by Luke Taylor, R.W.S.

King Cophetua & the Beggar Maid.

seldom seen. The chief charm of the exhibition was the splendid selection of the work of this period which Mr. Dibdin made. W. L. Windus, known chiefly by two pictures and Ruskin's illogical praise of one and dispraise of the other, was represented by practically all—with one exception—that he achieved. 'Too Late,' *pace* Ruskin, clearly approved itself one of the most brilliant productions of the P.R.B. methods. William Huggins, of whom there must be nearly one hundred examples, was revealed as a painter of animals superior to any of his contemporaries, a landscapist of surprising versatility, a sensitive and brilliant portrait painter, and a pioneer in regard to impressions of light and colour. He lived and died obscure, but his eventual fame as a "little master" is secure. William Davis, also fully represented, gained less by the exhibition. His wonderfully intense vision of nature atoned for his lack of imagination, and his poor sense of design, but those defects are more apparent in the mass. Robert Tonge, the brother-in-law of Windus, would, but for his early death, have surpassed J. W. Oakes, A.R.A.; though the early productions of the latter promised rather more than he accomplished under the influence of prosperity. W. J. J. C. Bond has much sterling work to his credit, some of it showing the influence of Turner; and, greatest of all in landscape, comes Alfred W. Hunt, who was not so fully represented as some of his contemporaries, because a complete Hunt Exhibition was held in the gallery eleven years ago. For a similar reason John Finnie was seen in only a few examples.

Important men, not associated with the group, who were thoroughly illustrated in this very complete and satisfying exhibition, were Stubbs and Towne, the erratic genius W. Daniels, who found his chief inspiration in Rembrandt, Ansdell (whose 'Fight for the Standard' was included), the inspired dreamer in water-colour, D. A. Williamson, and the anecdotist, H. B. Roberts. The three rooms devoted to present-day painters served to show the importance of the contemporary water-colourists of Liverpool, and also reminded us that such men as Sir Luke Fildes, Walter Crane, T. B. Kennington, Terrick Williams, and Norman Hirst are natives of the city. Three notable pictures by the first named—'The Doctor,' 'The Penitent's Return,' and 'The Village Wedding'—served as great popular attractions to an exhibition which, however, needed no extrinsic interest to make it successful in the city, for which it created a great and well-deserved reputation, as the seat of a local provincial school scarcely, if at all, second to any other in England.

THE two little marines by the late David Farquharson which are at Burlington House are just a thought reminiscent of Courbet. 'The Close of Day,' on this page, has the intimacy of a study, and was done in a mood of animate sincerity. It is far better than many of the Scottish painter's more ambitious efforts.



The Close of Day.
By David Farquharson, A.R.A.

A Defunct "British Institution."*

MOST cordially is Mr. Algernon Graves to be congratulated on the completion of a third monumental catalogue. The corresponding Dictionaries relating to the Royal Academy and the Society of Artists are indispensable in every art library, whether public or private, and the present volume, much larger than any of its predecessors, is equally valuable. Mr. Graves is a born researcher in such a field as this, and few if any could with so much exactitude have transcribed from catalogues now difficult to obtain, entries relating to over 28,000 works. Identification of given pictures is facilitated by the measurements, outside of the frames, being given up to 1852, after which date the prices originally asked frequently appear. Thus one or two James Hollands are priced at 200 gs., while his 'Venice,' which fetched 1,150 gs. at the recent Holland sale, is no doubt that exhibited in 1847. Examples by Sir John Gilbert and Frederick Goodall are in the late fifties valued at 500 gs. The British Institution, founded in 1805, took over the Shakespeare Gallery built by Alderman Boydell, which with its contents was disposed of by lottery, the lease of the building being bought for £4,500 by a number of patrons of the Fine Arts. The site, now occupied by the Marlborough Club, is that where once was the famous Almack's. With advantage, Mr. Graves might have added a few associative details of this kind. So far from being inimical to the Royal Academy, many prominent R.A.'s contributed to the B.I. Thus Constable sent on from the 1835 Academy to the succeeding exhibition at the Institution his 'Valley Farm' (National Gallery No. 327), of which he said—"I have preserved God Almighty's daylight, which is enjoyed by all mankind." Turner's 'Sun rising through vapour' (National Gallery No. 479) was at the B.I. in 1809 after being at the 1807 Academy. There are dozens of similar instances. Of many other R.A.'s represented one may note Landseer, Lawrence, Maclise, Mulready, Opie, John Phillip, David Roberts, James Ward, Wilkie. Though the Institution was dissolved in 1867, a few artists still living contributed to its spring exhibitions—Mr. Graves' Dictionary does not embrace the annual loan collections of Old Masters. We find, for example, the names of Sir W. Q. Orchardson, Messrs. James Aumonier, H. W. B. Davis, W. P. Frith, B. W. Leader, G. D. Leslie, and William Strutt. The only picture sent by Tom Graham was the masterly 'Young Bohemian,' 1865, recently acquired from Mr. Sargent by the National Gallery of Scotland. Once only, again, was the great Delacroix a contributor: this in 1828, when he sent his splendid 'Execution of the Doge Marino Faliero,' now at Hertford House. The Dictionary teems with valuable information of the kind indicated. We commend it to the notice of all students.

* *The British Institution*, 1806–67. *A Complete Dictionary of Contributors and their Work from the Foundation of the Institution.* By Algernon Graves, F.S.A. (Bell). 3 gs., net.

The Herkomer School, Bushey.*

BUSHEY was made famous in the annals of art long before the Herkomer era, but it may be said fairly that the energetic and accomplished artist who has identified himself with the place has given it the greatest claim to artistic importance. We may think of Turner, Girtin, and the other artists of the day making themselves at home in Dr. Monro's cottage in Merry Hill Lane before walking back to London, but it is the master and the students of the Lululaund colony who have given the widest renown to the neighbourhood.

It was in 1883 that Professor Herkomer started his school. He had established himself in Bushey many years before then, and he will remain there long, one expects, as the nominal, if not the actual, figurehead of the Guild, from which he withdrew in 1904. When the artist first settled there it was a sleepy, picturesque village, typically English and, apparently, a little insanitary: now it has "arrived." Gone, consequently, are the things of doubtful merit, and with them some of the idyllic ingredients preserved in 'Our Village' (R.A. 1890).

Professor Herkomer has published an interesting record of his connection with Bushey. It is a chapter in a varied and successful career, a life full of good inspiration, sound workmanship, and strenuous recreation. His system of tutorship was principally a search for the personality of each student. "One result of this method of teaching has been that the world cannot recognise my pupils in their works, and it will probably be said that I have left no 'school' behind me." Nevertheless his methods are being passed on to the next generation by several of his pupils, now well known as painters, and in other ways the traditions created by him will live. If only his gospel of work, "the elixir of life," remains, good will have come of his twenty-one years experiment at Bushey. "Work has been to me the elixir of life; it has carried me through years of bad health, through sorrows and trouble; and it has steadied me in moments of unexpected success." There are nearly fifty illustrations to the volume, some of them taken from originals by the author, and others from the works of those who have passed through the school. Among the most interesting are those from the school magazine *The Palette*, and the ones representing scenes in "An Idyl," the pictorial musical play composed by Professor Herkomer, which was received with so many expressions of congratulation when it was performed in the theatre adjacent to the studios.

* "My School and my Gospel," by Sir Hubert von Herkomer, R.A. (Constable, 21s.) With two colour-plates, from photogravures, and forty other illustrations.



The Market Place, Tangier.
By John Lavery, R.S.A.

Recent Work by Mr. Lavery.

By A. C. R. Carter.

LIKE Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. John Lavery has long since been discovered, although there are still people left in these islands who have neither read a line by the former nor seen a picture by the latter. Every really great man finds a Jovian humour in the thought that some people live who do not know him, do not wish to know him, and promptly forget his name if they hear it. In this portion of contemporary oblivion a genius has the sure and certain hope of posterity's acclaim. To mention Kipling and Lavery at the same time is to evoke a parallel. Time and circumstance always produce the man at the appointed hour. For years, music-hall emperors and journalist-minstrels bawled and tinkled the Jingo theme. Colonial poets arose and did their best. When the welkin was fairly ringing with Victorian song and dance Kipling sprang up in his might. Just as Shakespeare came along and tuned into matchless song and phrase the well-intentioned discord and discourse of his chivalrous age, so Kipling seemed to swallow up all the air of his minor forerunners, and proceeded to blow the true and certain note of the Imperial idea. Now for the Lavery parallel, and it requires some courage to state it. For years, artists were in revolt, and they splashed on canvas incoherent short-hand notes, exclaiming: "This is what we saw at that moment, and we defy you to say that you saw any more." In his fiery zeal Whistler became the champion and the scourge of these insurgents, and if he had painted more and written less no man could say to what height he might have reached. As it is, he left a few masterpieces which nobody will question. Mr. Lavery, who does not write, but paints, has soaked up all the Whistlerian tradition, and at this moment stands to art in the position that Mr. Kipling stands to literature.

The proof is to be seen by all at the Goupil Gallery in Regent Street, and all lovers of art should go, despite the extraordinary and bewildering number of counter-attrac-



The Green Sofa.
By John Lavery, R.S.A.

tions by which Londoners are tempted in these times. Last month the art market babbled in thousands over Turner and Constable, Lewis and Linnell, Corot and Daubigny, Troyon and Diaz, not forgetting L'Hermitte and Harpignies among the living. Worthy and just as was this appreciation, it made people forget their duty to men among whom Mr. Lavery is conspicuous. Four years ago, in THE ART JOURNAL, a tribute was paid to his masterly art. Reading it again, one finds that even its warm note must be strengthened. It was then remarked that the gifted portrait-painter, in his ambition to essay landscape art, had chosen to study the 'Elysian English' scenery of Morocco. At that stage he exhibited restraint, and was apparently gazing on visions of glow and colour in the mood of a Corot rather than that of a Turner. Time has developed a change. With greater knowledge Mr. Lavery has taken his courage in both hands, and reveals iridescent powers, which seem to support the hypothesis that he has come under the spell of the glorious products of Turner's last phase, now to be seen at Millbank. The prismatic 'Under the Pergola' is Mr. Lavery's dutiful answer to Turner's 'Interior at Petworth,' and there are half-a-dozen nocturnes (Mr. Lavery does not use the term), each of which proves what Whistler lost in not being able to see that solemn requiem of retiring day, 'The Evening Star,' the sight of which, now at Millbank, baffles every lover of the beautiful in wondering why this miracle of observation was condemned to the National Gallery cellars over fifty years ago. 'The Seashore, Moonlight' (No. 29), in the opinion of the writer, does more than vindicate the strivings of Whistler. It is the finest nocturne painted since Turner's. The visitor with this idea in mind may possibly prefer 'The Housetops, Night' (No. 51); or 'Tangier, Night' (No. 32), or 'Tangier Bay, Moonlight' (No. 48). At any rate, he will share this eulogistic view. In a short notice it is impossible to note everything in this extraordinary display of versatility. Quite early, one is impressed with the unerring observation of the contrast between sunlight and shade in 'A Moorish Harem,' a picture which challenges any of J. F. Lewis's experiments in this class of subject. Frankly Whistlerian in concept and execution, not to mention the title, 'The Green Sofa' shows us a recumbent figure on a *chaise longue*. The scheme is a cunning weft of blue and green and pale saffron, and has been painted with Dutch thoroughness, despite an air of evasiveness. Thus new art becomes the complement of the old. As for the portraits, with which the exhibition is numerously bestrewn, Mr. Lavery is well represented by several dainty captures of graceful heads, luminous unities always. Obviously he wishes us to recognize his 'Lady Evelyn Farquhar' as his *tour de force*. This is the very coherence of portraiture. In its swift passage over the canvas the eye takes in the shimmering vision immediately as a whole. Analytically one may easily label the components of the recipe, their weight and balance. It is not necessary. Lastly, attention may be drawn to the ambitious composition 'The Market Place, Tangier.' In a swirl of movement and life the crowd lives and breathes in the



(Goupil Gallery.)

Lady Evelyn Farquhar.
By John Lavery, R.S.A.



A Moorish Harem.
By John Lavery, R.S.A.

foreground and middle distance against a noble and reposeful foil of buildings on the rising hill, whilst beyond stretches the belt of cool blue sea. Such work causes the visitor to come away buoyant in hope for the welfare and appreciation of contemporary British art.

'SOUVENIR of a Lost Picture' was the title of one of Mr. John Lavery's works at the inspiriting Exhibition organised by Messrs Marchant. During his absence from London, certain pictures were removed from the artist's studio for the Fair Women Exhibition held a few months ago by the International Society, of which he was Vice-President. On his return, Mr. Lavery of course expected to find this portrait of a lady at the New Gallery. But no trace of it could be discovered. Hence the 'Souvenir.'

Obituary.

MR. MARTIN COLNAGHI, who died on June 27th at 53a, Pall Mall, was a unique and familiar figure in the world of art. A grandson of Paul Colnaghi, who came from Italy a century ago and founded the business which still flourishes in Pall Mall East, he used to say that he was born "the same year as the Queen," with whom, as with the Prince Consort, he was in high favour. He was one of the founders and for several years an active organiser of the system of railway advertisement afterwards developed by Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son. Primarily, however, Mr. Colnaghi was a connoisseur born. "He could scent an Old Master with his eyeglass" was the *mot*. Till quite recently, he was as alert and eager as ever, and a few days only before his death he showed to his friend, Mr. Tom Wallis, of the French Gallery, his latest "find," a sketch by Van Dyck. In the seventies and eighties an important sale of old pictures at Christie's without him was something like "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark.

MR. COLNAGHI'S fund of anecdote, humorous and incisive—for he had a quick apprehension of human nature as well as of pictures—was inexhaustible. The famous pair of Rembrandt portraits in the Jules Porgès collection he picked up at Christie's for 300 gs. when their authenticity was scouted by continental critics. The Raphael now on loan in the National Gallery, for which Mr. Pierpont Morgan gave £100,000, had been through Mr. Colnaghi's hands at £20,000, and so with many other master-works. In the days when good pictures by Frans Hals could be picked up for £10 or £20 he championed the Haarlem painter's sovereign *verve*, and he was equally enthusiastic about Vermeer. When Raeburn's martial 'Sir John Sinclair' was offered at Robinson and Fisher's in 1903, Mr. Colnaghi was the last bidder, at 14,000 gs. Nor should it be forgotten that in his Marlborough Gallery there took place the first exhibition of the New English Art Club. Under his will the National Gallery is expected to profit very considerably—perhaps to the extent of over £100,000. Wouverman's 'The Bohemians,' from the Portales collection, was one only of his pictorial treasures.

SIR JOHN DAY, who died on June 13 at the age of 81, was well known, apart altogether from his eminence in legal circles. A judge of the High Court, he was also an excellent judge of a picture. His collections of works by Barbizon and modern Dutch masters, as will be recalled, have been exhibited at Obach's. Matthew Maris' 'Four Mills,' 1871 (ART JOURNAL, 1903, p. 155), ranks among the most wonderful landscapes of our time. In view of the prices obtained at the Holland sale, Daubigny's 'Harvest Moon' and other fine pictures in the Day gallery must now be of great value. It is not generally known that Sir John hesitated for some time before deciding against the purchase at £1,200 of Millet's 'Going to Work.' Subsequently it was bought by Mr. Craibe Angus, who sold it to the late Mr. James Donald of Glasgow, under whose bequest it went into the Kelvingrove Gallery.

THE death of Sir John Evans, the eminent antiquary and savant, deprives the British Museum of a learned and interested Trustee. The Evans collection of coins, of all countries and ages, has a world-wide repute.

M. ADOLPHE CHARLES EDOUARD STEINHEIL, who died in distressing circumstances—he was killed by burglars—early in June, was a grand-nephew of Meissonier, and followed him in seceding from the Old Salon. He returned to the original Society in 1895, however, and three years later his picture of M. Félix Faure caused a sensation.

British Pottery.—III.*

By John A. Service.

THE group of vases on page 56 illustrate varied decorative schemes associated with, and peculiar to, the Burslem branch of the Royal Doulton Potteries, the principal features of which are painted subjects by George White, 'The Triumph of Spring' (an allegory), 'Otter Hunting,' by S. Wilson; a Shakespearean subject, 'Olivia's Garden,' by G. Buttle and E. Raby in collaboration, and 'Cattle in Wood,' by Beresford Hopkins. Other features of interest in the group are reproductions in medallion portraiture, and in old Sèvres modes and decorations.

While most of these examples are the work of specialists they are only representative of the usual routine of the great Burslem establishment, and similar high-class work may always be seen in course of production there.

The specialist in subject-painting, however, needs the cordial and sympathetic co-operation of the artist skilled in the design and application of the embellishments surrounding the paintings, much taste and skill being required to ensure harmony in arrangements of ground colour, enamel and colour decorations, flat and raised gold work, gold bronzes and other metallic effects, and in the delicate and intricate chasings upon the dull gold surfaces.

In vivid contrast to these, in matter of elaborate and rich finish and colouring, is the remarkably robust and rugged-looking "Rembrandt" ware.

Doulton's Rembrandt pottery is a serious and successful attempt to produce in a simple, direct, and artistic manner decorative pottery suitable in character for the hall, the dining-room, corridor or library. The materials used are of almost primitive simplicity, the clays are the local marls of the Staffordshire potteries, the decoration all being done in the plastic clay, relying only on the interest of the design and the rugged certainty of the treatment.



Rembrandt Ware.
By Doulton & Co., Burslem.

Rough in texture—the clay is no finer than is ordinarily used in a well-made sagger—its coarseness contributes towards the rugged effect aimed at.

Each piece is thrown on the potter's wheel, and each feature of decoration is carried out by hand, no machine, no "process" work. The demand for the purely personal production of the artist-craftsman is thus met. The decoration is all done on, and in, the plastic clay, and stained with the necessary metallic oxides, and the whole colour is developed by a rich glaze which entirely covers it. After glazing, a piece is either good or bad as it leaves the kiln, no decoration whatever being *on* the glaze. Bold forms, of symmetrical outline are used, and the colourings are quiet and harmonious, the general scheme of colour running through being warm browns and rich yellows to pleasing tones of blue and green. Each piece is intelligently designed to illustrate a motif, every line from start to finish being accomplished by hand in the truest methods of ceramic art, the personality of the workman being represented in the finished object.

* Continued from p. 137.



Rembrandt Ware.
By Doulton & Co., Burslem.



Rembrandt Ware.
By Doulton & Co., Burslem.

Mr. C. J. Noke is responsible for the scheme of this decoration, and each piece yet produced has been executed under his supervision by Messrs. Nunn, Eaton, and Tittensor.

In the never-ending search for novelty in form and decoration, it is remarkable with what frequency the designer of to-day turns to the fashions of long ago for his inspiration. It is equally remarkable how much there is that is suitable for present-day use in the forms and decorations long supposed to be out of date.

Suitably adapted there is the basis for most present-day requirements in the storehouses and records of our older manufactories. Periodically we see old, well-known and well-regarded forms coming up to receive decorative treatments considered up-to-date—but often entirely unsuitable and inappropriate—which will enable them to be passed off as new features; at other times, the changes are rung with good old styles of ornamentation applied to modern forms of quite contrary characteristics.



Lancastrian Ware.
By Pilkington's, Ltd.

These irregular combinations, however, are as a rule very short-lived, but their appearance may have served a useful purpose by keeping a perfect model or a classic decoration before us that might otherwise have been lost



Lancastrian Ware.
By Pilkington's, Ltd.









sight of, till fashion once more comes to our assistance, and correctness in the associations of form and ornamentation again secures us an object of symmetry and beauty.

A search through the old pattern books and store rooms at Etruria throws much light upon custom and fashion in table wares during the latter half of the eighteenth century; and many articles of utility which have never really been out of use since those days appear under different names in their use for similar purposes. The "terrines" and "root" dishes, the "fricasee," the "ragout," the "poor man's friend"—whatever that may have been in ceramics—and maccaroni dishes; the "chestnut pots," and "aspargus pans"; the "carp" and "fowl" dishes, may be still with us under other names.

Vegetable dishes were made in those days in ten sizes of oval forms, 10 ins. to 19½ ins. the long way, and from 9 ins. to 16 ins. in an equal number of round shapes. Square and triangular cover-dishes were also in vogue.

Table centres and decorations appear from the old records to have been represented by the "pine-apple epergne," the "Frogmore stands," "Monteiths" and "glauciers." Blanc-mange bowls were very much in evidence, and at Etruria Hall, different designs were put upon the table each day, and a peep into the recently arranged "Josiah Wedgwood" pattern room at Etruria reveals good ground for the statement.

Mr. Gladstone once said, "The speciality of Wedgwood lay in the uncompromising adaptation of every object to its proper use." Every needed article for table use seems to have been provided, and the mechanical exactness in shape and size with which they were produced gave every object the greatest degree of fitness and convenience for its purpose.

"The homely sphere of simple utility" was the aim, and every article was made for some purpose of absolute necessity. Josiah Wedgwood's "Queen's Ware," "the first-fruit of his genius," enabled him to carry out his schemes in the fullest and most perfect manner. It had





Various Pieces of "Queen's Ware."
By Josiah Wedgwood & Sons.



"Queen's Ware" Dinner Plate.
By Josiah Wedgwood & Sons.

an immense vogue, and when it reached its highest point of production it was said to find employment for ten times more work-people than all the china works in the kingdom. "It was not an imitation of something better; it stood alone."

The enamelling of these table wares was carried on at rooms in Chelsea, and improved and extended in variety at the Newport Street and the Greek Street rooms of the Wedgwood establishment.

The early patterns were many of them taken from the antique, from the Etruscan and Greek vases, mouldings and friezes, and from the fresco wall-paintings of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

They were more adaptations than direct copies. As a rule they were of the simplest character, plain border patterns usually enclosed in dotted lines or thin bands of colour. These were succeeded by wreaths of ivy, myrtle, or laurel leaves; borders of oak leaves and acorns, tied with ribbon bow-knots; grape vines with fruit, leaves, and tendrils intertwined; strawberry and other plants adapted for ornamentation. The honeysuckle, the vermicelli, and varieties of the Greek "Mæander" borders; feather edge and the "husk" patterns were all well regarded.

These border patterns were much used where family arms or crests were also upon the ware. David Garrick ordered a service of this kind shortly before he passed away. The cypher D.G. was worked into the border pattern. Green foliage borders between lines of rich red, russet browns, combinations of black and green, red and black, blue and purple, were the colours mainly used in these designs.

The artistic tone of colour of the Queen's Ware and its exquisite glaze gave it immense popularity, and doubtless led its inventor to remark, "I have given over the thoughts of making any other but Queen's Ware." With beauty and utility combined, with simple ornament and subdued colouring, lines of form and decoration agreeable and well defined, it soon found its way to the best tables and long remained there. Of great interest is the recent revival of these old forms and decorations in all their exactness of material and manufacture, truthfulness of style,



Sceaux and a Pair of Vases.
By the Royal Worcester Porcelain Co.



China Centre Vase, 26 inches high, with Decoration after Constable: Side Vases Decorated after Chardin.

By the Royal Worcester Porcelain Co.

pattern and treatment. The examples illustrated are selected from the display at the rooms of Messrs. James Powell and Sons, Whitefriars Glass Works, London, for whom the pieces were specially made.

"Revival without imitation" is an axiom which seems to have guided those responsible for several of the noble and successful efforts made at the Royal Porcelain Works, Worcester, during the last half-century, to elevate British pottery. The result of these efforts has frequently been to give to the world of art objects of grace and beauty, difficult in their combined effects to associate directly with any previous production, but which in their separate features of material, form, and decorative treatments have possessed traceable characteristics with previously exposed motifs.

No revival would be attempted unless some element of interest and beauty were worth imitating, and it is in the development of the original idea that possibilities arise of discovering some additional beauty, or evolving some entirely new feature.

With the best features only attempted in a revival, should imitation be evident it may be readily excused, and even commended and encouraged where the attempt is calculated to lead to new discoveries, or, by adaptation, used to assist in bringing another scheme to perfection.

The creations and inventions of the Royal Worcester establishment have been so consistently good in every period of its history that scarcely any one of its many



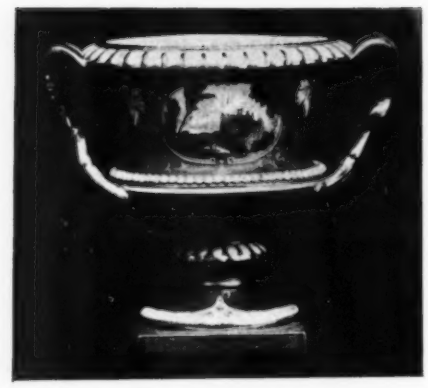
China Bowl, 20 inches by 14 inches.

By the Royal Worcester Porcelain Co.

successes can be considered unsuitable for revival, and though the traditions of the establishment forbid actual reproduction and imitation the various motifs may legitimately be used to preserve the true characteristics while adapting the earlier schemes to later compositions.

The series of forms illustrating recent productions of the Worcester establishment have special significance from the fact that they represent a successful effort to manufacture, in a fine white china, objects of a size usually considered far too risky to attempt to pass through the great heat required for firing a china body.

The firing of porcelain is always a most delicate process, and some remarkable feats have been accomplished at Worcester in overcoming the technical risks of making and burning the elaborately constructed models used in the manufacture of the Worcester Ivory Porcelain, but to have attained such perfect success in overcoming these risks, with similarly formed objects in the finer body, is most noteworthy, as it opens out possibilities of a very far-reaching nature, and gives us large objects in a substance technically unsurpassable as a foundation upon which to execute the most delicate decorative schemes, and upon the surface of which, paintings in their most perfect and unalterable form can be brought to their highest possible degree of perfection.



Piece in the Style of the Warwick Vase.
By the Royal Worcester Porcelain Co.



China Vase, 2 feet high.
By the Royal Worcester Porcelain Co.

The extreme difficulty hitherto experienced in firing large objects in a china body has always been a trouble, and usually meant high cost, mainly owing to waste in production, the difficulties increasing with forms so elaborately modelled as are many of the Royal Worcester creations. In a large measure the highest order of technical finish in china painting has been associated with the smaller forms, as being more to be depended upon to hold their own in the firing process, and presenting fewer of the difficulties which attend the production of large pieces.

In overcoming these difficulties a decided advance has been made, and with almost a certainty of being able to reproduce in any quantity without the former risks—and possibly with an advance to still greater successes—we may look for more important results in decorative treatments in many directions, in ground colourings, in many classes of ornamentation, and in painted subjects, especially those of the "picture" order, and in figure paintings; the increase in space to be worked upon making possible what has hitherto been unattainable or extremely difficult to control in the curtailed curves and spaces of small objects, the properties of the china glaze ensuring a higher and more perfect finish, and enriching the colour burned upon the ware.

The large objects now made in a china body at Worcester give opportunities for displaying skilful application of colour in covering large ground surfaces. To cover evenly a large surface of china with so intractable a colour as Cobalt blue is a feat almost as difficult to accomplish as the successful passing through the biscuit oven of a large china vase, the fire again being the treacherous element, with the colour most erratic in its action and difficult to control. This same vase also illustrates a technical success in the perfect production of heavily modelled embossments in a china body.

The examples in the group on page 241 illustrate this successful feature, the centre vase, though twenty-six inches in height, being a perfect specimen of potting and firing. The modelled decoration on this vase is a modern adaptation of fifteenth century Italian style, decorated in ground colours of green, celadon and cream, with medallion enclosing pastoral subject exquisitely painted in the Constable style of landscape. The equally successful side vases in group are similarly modelled, and have panels of fruit and



Ginger Jar and Cover, Hispano-Moresque, with Conventional Foliage and Birds.

By Bernard Moore.



Vase. Rouge Flambé Ground and Turquoise Dragon.

By Bernard Moore.

flowers, treated in the style of Chardin, the celebrated French painter of still-life subjects.

These vases are remarkable for their fine modelling and painting, and rich gilding in raised and flat gold, with additional features in cloisonné on the white parts of the body.

The small vase in the early Roman style of form modelled on the lines of the Warwick vase has an old-style landscape in panel on a green ground, and the body is enriched with a "rope of pearls," modelled by hand, with perfect accuracy in size and form, and laid on separately, a charming feature of decoration and peculiar to Worcester wares. Another illustration shows a beautifully potted handled bowl, 20 inches in width and 14 inches high, a most difficult object to make in a china body. It is decorated with finely painted garlands of roses, with green and gold enrichments on shoulder and handles. A very successful application of the old Worcester details in decorative effects is shown in the garniture of centre sceaux and pair of vases. Upon a fish-scale ground of blue, framed in white embossments which are very ornately traced in gold, reserves are arranged in panels and painted in the old Worcester style, with exotic birds, flies, and insects, the reserves being richly outlined in a design of burnished gold.

To the student of artistic pottery there is no wider or more fascinating field for research than that offered by a study of the past work of the Chinese; to the practical potter



Lustre Jar and Cover with Prunus Blossom in Red, with Brilliant Red Flash, and Claire-de-Lune Ground.

By Bernard Moore.



Vase in Yellow Flambé, with Waterfall Decoration.

By Bernard Moore.

there is no branch of his craft so full of possibilities. To emulate the deeds of a race who in different periods of their history have shown such astonishing mastery over the secrets of clay and of glaze, of colour and of fire, in their application to artistic pottery, has been the work of many eminent potters in later times; and successes in many directions have served to encourage still further research and experiment in the hope of rediscovering the materials of body and glaze and the methods of firing which enabled the Eastern worker to give to the world such an infinite variety of colour effects in his ceramic productions.

One by one these difficult problems have been solved, either by rediscovery of old methods or by new processes evolved from experiment, research, and cultured practical knowledge of the mysteries of the potter's art.

An eminent authority has said that recent experiments have resulted in producing effects equal to—and in some cases excelling—the work of the old Chinese.



Purple Lustre Vase, with Fish and Seaweed.

By Bernard Moore.

To Mr. Bernard Moore, a potter of Stoke-on-Trent, must be given the distinction of having most completely mastered the difficulties surrounding the processes associated with the range of glazes known to experts under the names of "Sang-de-Bœuf" and "flambé," the most mysterious, most beautiful, and most difficult colour-effects to produce and control.

Years of patient study and costly experiment have enabled him to produce—with as much certainty as can possibly attach to so erratic and mysterious a series of processes—glazes of the most perfect kind, and colourings of extraordinary brilliance and variety in tone. At the end of June a selection of this ware was shown at Stafford House, by permission of the Duchess of Sutherland.

No ceramic production in recent years has evoked more enthusiasm, or has been received more favourably by connoisseurs and collectors, than the "Bernard Moore ware" which covers the complete range of effects known by the distinctive names of "Sang-de-Bœuf," "Rouge flambé," "Peach-blow," "Haricot"; transmutation glazes, lustre, Hispano-Moresque and gold flambé.

Justice cannot be done in illustrations to these superb productions, but we reproduce, by permission of the Army and Navy Co-operative Society, a few examples.

Examples of the "Lancastrian Lustre ware," and the Worcester china vases shown in the accompanying illustrations, can be seen in the British section, Decorative Arts Palace, at the Franco-British Exhibition.

The Drawing Congress.

THE Third International Art Congress will be inaugurated on July 27 by the opening by the Princess Louise of an Exhibition of Drawings at South Kensington. Arrangements for the business of the Congress are now settled. Forty-nine countries will take part in the meeting. The aims of the Congress are to place the teaching of drawing and art on the best principles; to insist upon the extreme importance of training workmen to become better craftsmen, more particularly in the industries which depend upon Art for their success; to obtain proper recognition for all art teachers; and to discuss the methods of teaching as they appeal to the different classes of teachers of drawing and art throughout the world. The interchange of ideas between teachers of all nationalities, and the opportunity for studying and discussing their principles and methods, together with the examples of actual work in their various schools, cannot fail to stimulate and improve art teaching and education generally. Full particulars can be obtained at the offices of the Congress, 151 Cannon Street, E.C.

Modern "Max"-ims.*

"MAX" surely is one of the most enviable of mortals. His English is unimpeachable; he uses it to instruct and delight us. He is our only caricaturist, and almost he is worshipped by those with whom his epigrammatic pencil sports. "Max" could make the equator look

* A Book of Caricatures. By Max Beerbohm. (Methuen.) 21s. net.

ridiculous or pseudo-sublime, so nimble and resourceful is his wit, so profoundly absurd is the distorting mirror that he holds up to nature. His unique position, so to say, among our national institutions is not yet fully recognised, but that irresponsible jade, Rumour, asserts that there is an incipient movement for compelling him to repay his debt to nature and to society by standing for several months each year on a pinnacle in Trafalgar Square as a symbol of high seriousness, woven of coil upon coil of mordant Max-ims. The proposal is that, like Simeon the Syrian, he shall be permitted to remain on his pillar if he shall prove himself to be uninfluenced by spiritual pride. Meanwhile, "Max" walks the streets of London in his sovereign way as though they were paved with gold. But how much he sees and hears and assimilates! In the volume before us there are reproduced forty-nine of his cruel-kind thrusts. Like Lady Camper's victim in Mr. Meredith's inimitable *Case of General Ople*, those whom "Max" marks down for prey can find no sanctuary. He discovers them anywhere and everywhere, even when they are revealing themselves to themselves in strictest privacy. One of the things that Mr. Beerbohm manages to accomplish is to elongate the nose of a victim without viciously pulling it, or he can



Lord Weardale.

By Max Beerbohm.

eliminate every characteristic save one, and make that one excruciatingly representative of the others. The person is to be pitied whose sense of the ridiculous does not respond to this bundle of witticisms. There need not be a dull moment from opening the book at Mr. Sargent rushing tempestuously, a brush in each hand, to paint a fashionable sitter as three musicians scrape discords on violin and 'cello, to the last of the series, which shows Mr. Henry James re-visiting America, sceptical—despite his certificate of birth, and even after a sub-conscious injection—whether he can be of these "dear good people." Hail, "Max," and all joy of your pillar if and when your masterhood becomes a monument of isolation, hinting at sadness!



Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

By Max Beerbohm.

M. HENRI LE SIDANER'S 'Grand Canal, Venise: clair de lune,' exhibited at the Goupil Gallery in March, 1906, later at the Salon and the International, has been purchased for the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg. This picture also obtained for the artist the Institute's Silver Medal, which carries with it a prize of 1,000 dollars.

London Exhibitions.

By Frank Rinder.

R.I.	Pastel Society.
Alpine Club . . .	Old Dudley Art Society.
Goupil Gallery . . .	John Lavery, R.S.A. (p. 233).
Rembrandt Gallery . .	Etchings.
Paterson Gallery . .	Japanese Colour Prints.
Messrs. Dowdeswell's .	Philip A. László.
Messrs. Agnew's . .	François Flameng.
Fine Art Society. . .	Caricatures by "Sem."
" " " . . .	A. Weedon and V. R. B. Browne.
Brook Street Gallery .	Sir F. C. Gould.
Baillie Gallery . . .	Friday Club.
Hanover Gallery . .	Louis Weirter's "London."
Mr. Larkin's Gallery .	Chinese Rugs.

Pastel Society.—The Pastel Society, when it began ten years ago, attracted a remarkable membership of foreign and English artists, and the effect of the first exhibitions was of brilliant spontaneity. Pastel is an alluring material, and many masters of the graver mediums of art have enjoyed using it. By such excursions the earlier exhibitions profited in brilliance and accent. The present show is more serious, and less important. Pastel has to the full the advantage claimed for it, in the preface to the catalogue, of adaptability to widely-differing ideas of expression, but that very advantage is a danger, and the amount of indefinite work in the galleries is greatly in excess of that which is a real response to the invitation of pastel. Freshness and spontaneity are lost in labour which appears to aim at copying the facture of oil painting, and colour design, a special opportunity of the medium, is too much neglected. M. Simon Bussy's notes of grey-green cloudy trees, of the dark spires of cypress, with turquoise of lake-water or warm flat tints of a southern town played into the scheme, are examples of a true art of pastel. Deliberate construction, "fundamental brainwork" is their basis, and the medium, so charming in texture, clothes the structure and the colour-scheme with bloom. Mr. Joseph Pennell's five drawings of 'The Pool' are another example of a genuine ability to draw in colour. He uses colour sparely, as an accent, not as the substance of his theme. Mr. Fred Mayor is also, within limits that exclude subtlety of vision, a dextrous pastellist, concise and effective, and Mr. J. R. K. Duff, Mr. Ernest Sichel, Mr. Hartrick, Mr. Grosvenor Thomas are noteworthy among other exhibitors whose work is making a modern art of pastel. Mr. Bruckman's 'Shipbuilding at Rye,' if one can hardly claim its mellow beauty of surface as characteristic of the medium, is, in design and for itself, a fine work, and his briefer drawings (the 'Rye' is really a painting), such as Cathedral at Nantes' are impressive. Mr. Von Glehn, Mr. Cecil Rea, Mr. Harold Speed, show their art in chalk drawings, and Mrs. Von Glehn and Mrs. Bedford contribute pleasantly in a kind that is only by latitude included in an exhibition of pastels. Miss Anna Airy is no substitute for the absent Mr. Conder in intriguing fancy, and her *Comédies Italiennes* are not in the right vein, though the facts are strongly achieved with the forthright veracity shown also in such studies as 'Crève-cœur.'

The modern works in the galleries are a demonstration of the variety of pastel. Ten drawings by John Russell, lent by Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, prove brilliantly its permanence. They have endured a century bravely, and their bloom and freshness make most of the modern works look meagre. Not, however, M. Besnard's tawny 'La Romaine,' a fervid drawing which is the most remarkable contribution of the foreign exhibitors, among whom are M. le Sidaner, with two of his poetisings of London and Hampton Court, M. Abel Faivre, whose 'Tasse de lait' is vivacious, M. Willy Sluiter and Signor Sartorio, whose pastels of the Roman Campagna have something of the living serenity of his water-colours. Last, but not least, there is the surprise of the exhibition, a large, half-finished chalk drawing by Landseer, of King Edward as a baby lying in the lap of his nurse. Amply designed, spontaneous, so perspicuously observed that the baby face is a portrait not to be mistaken, this fragment claims for Landseer unexpected qualities of assured and discriminating sight, of masterly scheming on canvas.

Dowdeswell Galleries.—French and Dutch art of the nineteenth century has been a dominating spell in Bond Street during the summer months. At Messrs. Dowdeswell's are fine works by the great Dutchmen of the seventeenth century and by a master of mediæval France, the Maître de Moulins, whose art is seen in an 'Annunciation' of exquisite quality. With this masterpiece of the fifteenth century is a charming portrait of the quite early French school of the sixteenth century, representing Isabel, sister of Charles V., in prim, engaging infancy, and an intimate 'Portrait of a Gentleman' by Corneille de Lyons, a contemporary of the Clouets, and their not inconsiderable rival, as this little unfinished work shows, in delicacy of intuition and of touch. Flemish in its scrupulous particularity, French in its grace, the 'Annunciation' is a typical early work by the painter of the great altar-piece at Moulins, and of some eight or ten more pictures that keep his art unforgotten, though his identity has vanished into the shades of time. Whether the critics succeed in recovering him thence as Jean Perreal, the Peintre des Bourbons, or whether his makeshift title of Maître de Moulins be his final name to posterity, the painter of this 'Annunciation,' of the gem-like colours, where divine grace is expressed in sweet human grace, is a definite personality in his art. The 'St. Victor with the Donor' of the Glasgow Corporation Art Gallery, still officially ascribed to Hugo van der Goes, is now widely given to this brilliant French artist, who, before he came into contact with Italian art, learnt of Fouquet and of Hugo van der Goes.

The rest of the collection—besides examples of indubitable quality by Teniers, Adrian van Ostade, Jan Steen, a romantic river scene with a sky of moon-rimmed clouds that is of the finest achievement of Art van der Neer, a somewhat stilted portrait by Nicholas Maes and a graceful landscape by Joachim Patinir—is of Italian pictures. Here the range is from the impassioned rigidity of fourteenth

century Siennese art to a little mellow painting of 'Venice' by Guardi, and between these fine ends are a predella, 'The Finding of the True Cross,' an interesting work by Romanino, a firm and explicit portrait of Andrea Bandini, given to Bronzino, and a pleasing tondo of the Botticelli following.

Mr. László.—Mr. Philip A. László's portraits in the antechamber and inner room of the same gallery conduct sight swiftly and entirely to the present. His exhibition of thirty-eight recent works, Mr. Lavery's portraits at the Goupil Gallery, M. Flameng's show of society portraiture at Messrs. Agnew's, made a preponderance of portrait art in the London exhibitions. Caricatures by "Sem" at the Fine Arts, and by Sir F. Carruthers Gould, cast an acute side-glance on some of the personalities more respectfully approached by Mr. László. Yet the Hungarian painter is sufficiently candid. Vigorous characterization is his form of complimenting his sitter, when, as in the portraits of the King and Queen, of President Roosevelt, Count Mensdorff, the Right Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, the Duke of Norfolk, Lady Selina Hervey, Miss Penrose, there is material for a character study. He is no seer of the living life, but his unprejudiced and well-trained sight will not be put off with conventionalities. The remarkable sketch portraits of the Queen and Princess Victoria, of Baroness Wolff, and some others recall the art of Von Lenbach, but the witness to the lonely existence of the spirit, to the indomitable in the character, that Von Lenbach has given in his finest portraits is not attained by Mr. László. His understanding of the personality comprises much that is interesting and suggestive. He is a colourist of resource, if not of subtlety, and his painting is well-judged and assured. An art of deeper verity and beauty may well develop from what is already a considerable achievement. The martial portrait of President Roosevelt shows him at the Cuban war, and was painted at the desire



(Pastel Society.) Crève-cœur. By Anna Airy, A.R.E.



(New English Art Club, p. 219.) A Law Court. By Clare Atwood.

of Mr. Arthur Lee for a portrait of 'Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt.'

M. François Flameng.—It is impossible to see M. Flameng's portraits "of ladies well known in Society" at Messrs. Agnew's, where have hung so many of the "dear dead ladies" immortal in their grace on the canvases of Reynolds and Gainsborough, without reminiscent thought. Ostensibly the aim of those masters was like that of M. Flameng, to show the lady of fashion. The eighteenth century portraitists sought to surprise no characteristic or emotion that did not sweetly become the fairest aspect of their sitters. Blake indeed charged against this inspired complacence the substitution of "patches, paint, bracelets, stays, and powdered hair" for "the sweet outlines . . . that love does wear"; but then Blake held that "passion and expression are beauty itself." What would he have thought of the skilful art of M. Flameng? His suave brush turns everything "to favour and to prettiness." He constructs an image of life in close agreement with the ideal of appearance that fashion decrees, but saves the pictorial situation by his well-trained sense of design and the practised good taste of his colour. With fashion, youth, elegance, and the beauty that is the result of these he dowers all his sitters, foregoing the dangers and rewards of intimacy with the personality. The portrait of Queen Alexandra, seated on a terrace, with towered Windsor in the hazy distance, is a presentment of the Queen as the chief of "ladies well known in Society," and accomplishes its intention with brilliant effect. Portraits of the Countess of Londesborough, of the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel, of Lady Nunburnholme and several others, are of the galaxy. A portrait of his daughter, of his son, of little Mlle. Tomy, with a toy elephant tucked under each arm, are permitted a subtler charm, and 'Madame Flameng,'



(Pastel Society. By permission of Messrs. W. Marchant & Co.)

Sketch of King Edward VII. as a Child.
By Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

'Madame Jean de Reszke,' 'La Baronne de Waldner' are other attractive portraits.

Other Exhibitions.—At Mr. Paterson's Gallery forty-three choice colour-prints by masters such as Utamaro, Harunobo, Hiroshige, Hokusai, were arranged with a few noble examples of Oriental pottery and metal-work. The serene beauty of the little exhibition, the gracious salutation to the eyes of the exquisitely balanced designs, so magical in colour and rhythm, were a rare delight. At the Rembrandt Gallery was another small collection of great value. Among a series of etchings that began with Dürer and finished with Axel Haig were eight prints by Rembrandt, including four landscapes. 'The Three Trees' in the splendid Wilfrid Lawson impression was seen beside the



H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

BY FRANÇOIS FLAMENG.

(By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons.)

enchanting 'Landscape with the Ruined Tower,' etched seven years later, and of the same year, 1650, is the little 'Landscape with a Flock of Sheep,' that serene creation. The 'View of Amsterdam,' distant spiry Amsterdam, with its masts and windmills as exquisite adornments, was also here. To turn from these, even to the fine impression of Méryon's portentous 'Rue des Mauvais Garçons' was to leave the summit of the art. Van Dyck portraits, Samuel Palmer's Virgilian pastorals, authoritative Turners, Whistler's solid early plates, and airy later ones, Legros, showing mastery in a splendid print of 'The Canal,' examples of Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. Frank Short, were other noteworthy prints.

The Scottish National Gallery.

THE Scottish National Gallery is fortunate in having secured a particularly fine example of the art of Scotland's earliest tangible artist, George Jamesone, who according to some was a pupil of Rubens at Antwerp. His uncle was known in Aberdeen as "Do-a'-thing Davy" because of his remarkable general capacity. Jamesone's portrait of Lady Mary Erskine comes from the well-authenticated collection of Mr. Erskine Murray. Another wise purchase by the S.N.G. is Claude's 'Fishermen and Angler.' The late Sir James Knowles secured it for as little as 66 gs. at the Wynn-Ellis sale of 1876, whereas at the dispersal of his collection in May last it brought 630 gs. Though Ruskin affirmed that Claude first set the sun in the pictorial heavens, he objected to Goethe's eulogy of the seventeenth century French master. Claude, affirmed Goethe, "knew the real world thoroughly even to its smallest detail, and he made use of it to express the world contained in his own beautiful soul. He stands to Nature in a double relation—he is both her slave and master: her slave by the materials which he was obliged to employ to make himself understood; her master, because he subordinated these material means to a well-reasoned inspiration." Had Whistler that passage in mind—sub-consciously anyhow—when he wrote an often-quoted sentence? Neither Jamesone nor Claude was previously represented at The Mound.

Recent Publications.

Those who wish to recapitulate their knowledge of art during the period Corot to Sargent will do well to read **Fifty Years of Modern Painting,** by **J. E. Phythian** (Grant Richards, 10*s.* 6*d.*). Much good work appeared during that era, and it is pleasant to have names and achievements so capably set forth. There are eight illustrations in colours and thirty-two in monochrome.

Mr. Alfred Gilbert contributes an appreciative "foreword" to **Modelling, Design and Mural Decoration,** by **Henry F. W. Ganz** (Gibbings, 2*s.* 6*d.*), a book of practical hints, illustrated.

A good record, similar to that published for many years, is **Royal Academy Pictures** (Cassell, 5*s.*). The frontispiece plate shows 'The Boy and the Man,' by Mr. Clausen.

Messrs. Minton, of Stoke-upon-Trent, publish a series of plates representing pieces of **Pâte-sur-pâte** pottery, with an essay by **M. L. Solon,** the well-known ceramic artist who is identified with the production of the ware.

There is nothing very remarkable in **From Edinburgh to Burmah,** by **W. G. Burn Murdoch** (Routledge, 10*s.* 6*d.*), but as a collection of travel notes, with twenty-four colour plates from paintings by the author, it is pleasant enough to read. Mr. Murdoch is an observant and cheery writer who knows a good subject for illustration, and he recommends other painters to study in Channapatua.

A "manual for collectors" is **George Baxter,** colour-printer, his life and work, by **C. T. Courtney Lewis** (Sampson Low, 6*s.*). Baxter was born at Lewes in 1804, and the work he did is now esteemed by those who collect prints. Well illustrated.

Mr. Christopher Hughes of Burford has issued six post-cards of Mediæval Oxford, which are interesting and deserve to be well circulated.

The Sanity of Art, by **Bernard Shaw** (New Age Press, 1*s.*), is the author's argument in answer to Dr. Nordau's theory of artistic degeneration.

Artist Songs, by **E. Richardson** (Unwin, 3*s.* 6*d.*), is a collection of single verses, after this style:—

My fancies bear me company,
My thoughts are comrades true;
They come with a thousand gifts for me—
A thousand pleasures new.

Among Messrs. Newnes' recent books are **Drawings of Michelangelo,** by **E. Borough Johnson, R.I.** (7*s.* 6*d.*), and **Sir Thomas Lawrence,** by **R. S. Clouston** (3*s.* 6*d.*), both well illustrated.

Mr. Batsford publishes a manual of practical instruction in the art of **Brass Repoussé** (1*s.*), by **T. G.** and **W. E. Gawthorp,** art metal workers to the King.

From Messrs. Chatto & Windus come "As You Like It," "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest" in the **Lamb Shakespeare,** edited by **Professor I. Gollancz.** The series is based on Lamb's Tales, with passages and scenes inserted from the plays. There are illustrations and songs set to music. Price 8*d.* each.



From a postcard by Christopher Hughes.

Recent Sales.

SEVERAL remarkably interesting sales took place at Christie's during May. The £65,673 paid for the 309 lots of modern pictures and drawings brought together by the late Mr. Humphrey Roberts exceeds any total for a picture-property offered without reserve since 1899, when Sir John Fowler's gallery fetched £65,974. Confining ourselves to modern work, we have to go back to 1888, when 70 Bolckow lots brought £66,567, or nearly £1,000 each, as against an average of about £212 in the case of the Humphrey Roberts collection. In all fifteen pictures fetched 1,000 gs. each or more, these accounting for £24,255. Sir W. Q. Orchardson's 'Hard Hit,' bought from the 1879 Academy at 1,200 gs. and sold to Mr. Roberts for 1,500 gs., was secured for America at 3,300 gs. This almost quintuples the artist's former auction maximum. Moreover, few painters have lived to see their work bring more under the hammer. The list in this kind includes Edwin Long's 'Babylonian Marriage Market,' 1882, 6,300 gs.; Meissonier's 'Napoleon I. in the campaign of Paris,' 1882, 5,800 gs.—it was bought by Ruskin from the French Gallery in 1869 for 1,000 gs.; Alma-Tadema's 'Dedication to Bacchus,' 1903, 5,600 gs.; Burne-Jones' 'Mirror of Venus,' 1898, 5,450 gs.; Millais' 'Over the Hills and Far Away,' 1887, 5,000 gs.—the picture is now at the Franco-British Exhibition, as is the Alma-Tadema; Frith's 'Before Dinner at Boswell's,' 1875, 4,350 gs.; and Leighton's 'Daphnephoria,' 1893, 3,750 gs. Millais' 'Gambler's Wife,' 1869, jumped from 880 gs. in 1874 to 2,100 gs., more than twice what Mr. Roberts paid for it. The best of five pictures by Israels, which totalled 5,970 gs., was a noble study of an old man in a blue coat, recalling his great forerunner Rembrandt. It made 1,350 gs., while the in subject more attractive 'Sailing the Toy Boat' brought 1,600 gs. A good Jacque, 'The Flock,' caused a stir at 2,500 gs. far more than had ever been paid under the hammer in this country for an example.

The collection of drawings and pictures belonging to the late Sir James Knowles, 443 lots, aggregated £10,191. Four works, which cost him 467 gs., produced 3,010 gs. These were one of the very rare landscapes of Reynolds, 410 gs. (1885, 8 gs.), Claude's 'Fishermen and Angler,' 630 gs., 'A Calm,' by Van de Capelle, 1,050 gs., a version by Ruysdael of his famous 'Bleaching Ground' subject, 920 gs. No less than £660 was paid for a finished drawing in sepia by Fragonard of the entrance to a park, with figures and large trees.

On May 29th Gainsborough's unfinished portrait of his daughter Mary, who married Fischer, the hautboy player, said to be painted on paper, realised 4,550 gs., against 350 gs. at the Heugh sale in 1878, while his portrait of his wife went from 340 gs. in 1878 to 2,650 gs. To the Dutchman Molenaer rather than to the brothers Le Nain some attribute the admirable 'Children's Concert,' signed N. and dated 1629, valued at 1,270 gs., as compared with 470 gs. in 1875. During the month a portrait by Goya of Pepe Illo, the bull-fighter, brought 520 gs.; a pair of Kang-He period vases, 2,400 gs.; a pair of old Sèvres vases by Tandart, 1,650 gs.; six German fifteenth century stained-glass windows, 500 gs.; a James I. rose-water ewer and dish, entirely gilt, London hallmark 1618, by F. Terry, £4,200. No piece of silver has before fetched so much under the hammer. The ewer and dish now belong to Mr. J. A. Holms, Glasgow.

It is worthy of note that John Russell, R.A., whose pastel group of Miss Darby and the artist's son realised £1,500 at Robinson and Fisher's, was not content merely to draw his sitters. On the title-page of his diary Russell records that "at about half-an-hour after seven in the evening" of September 30, 1764, when he was nineteen, he was "converted." So great became his evangelical ardour that he endeavoured to convert those who sat to him, and at Cowdray House in 1767 this caused much ill-feeling among the Roman Catholics. He was even refused lodgings at the inn hard by in consequence.

M. Chéramy, whose pictures were dispersed in Paris for a total of almost 1,250,000 francs, is the President of the Société des Amis du Luxembourg. He was one of the chief advocates of the imposition of a charge for admission to the Louvre, supporting the proposal by an inaccurate statement to the effect that none of the English museums is open gratis to the public. The Chéramy collection included 'La Vierge aux Rochers,' catalogued as of the school of Leonardo, 78,000 francs (1897, 6,300 francs); and Chardin's portrait of Sedaine, 56,000 francs (1892, 2,700 francs).

The Holland Collection.

THE sale, without reserve, on June 25–9 of the modern pictures and water-colours brought together during the last three decades or so by the late Mr. Stephen G. Holland, of the firm of Holland and Sherry, woollen merchants, was one of the most stirring in its kind ever held at Christie's. Unprecedentedly high sums were paid for works by certain British and French artists, and the total realised for the 433 lots surpasses all save that for the collection brought together by Joseph Gillott of Birmingham, the friend of Turner and other great artists, even though the survey be extended to properties including Old Masters. In this connection a tabular statement of collections valued under the hammer at over £50,000 apiece may be given (p. 252).

When Turner sold for 200 gs., to Mr. Vernon, his first Venetian picture, the 'Venice,' 1833, now in the National Gallery, he exclaimed, "If they will have scraps, they must pay for them." Fine as they are, he would probably have classed as "scraps" the two little pictures done in 1840 which he presented to Mrs. Pounds: 'The Storm,' and 'The Morning after the Storm,' each only 12 by 21 in., were bought by Mr. Holland about fifteen years ago from Messrs. Agnew for 3,000 gs., whereas now they fetched 5,500 gs. and 7,700 gs. respectively. 'Mortlake Terrace,' 35 by 47½ ins., which again and again has been wrongly catalogued as the evening picture exhibited in 1827, is



(By permission of Messrs. Knoedler & Co., who bought the picture for 12,600 guineas.)

Mortlake Terrace: Morning.

By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

really the morning effect of the 1826 Academy. In place of 5,200 gs. at the James Price sale, 1895, it went to Messrs. Knoedler at 12,600 gs. This is the maximum price ever paid for a single picture at Christie's, comparing with 12,100 gs. at the Cambridge sale of 1904, for Gainsborough's 'Duchess of Gloucester.' Turner's former "record" was 8,200 gs. at the Fowler sale, 1899, for a Venice subject done in 1844. It now belongs to Mr. James Ross, of Montreal. Six water-colours by the Golden Hawk of British Art fetched 10,030 gs. against 5,050 gs. in the seventies and eighties. Chief among them was the 'Heidelberg with Rainbcw,' 13½ by 20½ ins., which made 4,200 gs. against 2,650 gs. paid for it by Lord Dudley at the Gillott sale, 1872. The price exceeds by 1,050 gs. the sum given by Lord Dudley the same day in 1872 for 'Bamborough Castle,' which had remained as the top figure for a water-colour at auction. In neither case would Turner's original price exceed £40 or £50. As a water-colourist, the market has set Fred Walker, the 'Little Billie' of Du Maurier's 'Trilby,' almost on a pinnacle with Turner. At the Tatham sale in March, a water-colour version of the famous 'Harbour of Refuge' by this "creator of the English Renaissance," realised 2,580 gs. At the Holland dispersal, in sixteen bids, Walker's 'Marlow Ferry,' 11¼ by 18 ins., rose to 2,700 gs., against 1,120 gs. at the Lehmann sale of 1892. 'The Street, Cookham,' made 1,600 gs. (1875, Leaf, 450 gs.); 'The Fishmonger's Shop,' 1878, 1,600 gs. (1892, Lehmann, 600 gs.). Constable's 'Salisbury Cathedral,' 1826, painted for the niece or daughter of Archdeacon Fisher, the artist's old friend, similar in composition, but tighter in handling than the South Kensington picture, made 7,800 gs. A small finished study by Orchardson for his 'Napoleon on board the Bellerophon,' bought by the Chantrey Trustees in 1880 for £2,000, brought 1,600 gs.; Linnell's 'Carrying Wheat,' 1862–74, 1,900 gs.; Millais' 'Caller Herrin',' 1881, 1,800 gs. (1094, Dunlop, 1,600 gs.); James Holland's 'Venice,' 1846, 1,150 gs. (1870, Coles, 98 gs.).

Still more remarkable were the re-valuations of pictures by French romanticists and pastoralists. Hitherto a few hundreds has at auction been deemed a high figure for a Daubigny. 'On the Oise: morning,' 17 by 32ins., 1872, went as high as 3,500 gs. Other 'record-breakers,' so far as this country is concerned, include a little river scene by Corot, the skylark of the Barbizon school, 3,000 gs.; 'The Bathers' of Diaz, 2,950 gs.; Lhermitte's 'The Gleaners: evening,' 1891, 2,500 gs.; Harpignies' 'Matinée d'automne,' 1901, 1,600 gs. This Holland sale has demonstrated, as never before has been demonstrated, the huge sums collectors will now pay for good examples by French and

British masters of the last half-century or so, some of whom were, during their lifetime, glad enough to get £40 or £50 for a picture.

FAMOUS PICTURE SALES.

Property.	Year.	Days.	Lots.	Total.
				£
Gillott, Joseph ...	1872	6	514	164,501*
Holland, S. G.	1908	3	432	138,102
Bolckow, H. W. F. Pt. I.	1888	1	70	66,567
Bolckow, H. W. F. Pt. II.	1891	1	111	66,487 — 133,054
Hamilton Palace ...	1882	4	421	123,402†
Grant, Baron	1877	2	205	106,262
Mendel, Sam. ...	1875	6	163	101,184
Dudley, Earl of ...	1892	1	91	99,564†
Murietta. Pt. I. ...	1892	3	523	50,092
,, Pt. II. ...	1892	2 — 13	350 — 2,155	23,588 — 95,016†
,, Pt. III. ...	1893	8	1,282	21,336
Price, James	1895	1	91	87,144†
Pender, Sir John ...	1897	3	437	81,913
Wells, William ...	1890	1	104	76,866†
Quilter, W.	1875	3	417	71,400
Price, David	1892	3	370	69,577
Graham, W. .. .	1886	5	486	69,168†
Goldschmidt, Sir Julian	1896	1	82	67,342†
Fowler, Sir John ...	1899	1	91	65,974
Orrock, James ...	1904	2	323	65,936†
Roberts, Humphrey ...	1908	3	309	65,673
Graham, John ..	1887	1	95	62,297
Levy, A.	1876	3	388	58,199
Matthews, C. P. ...	1891	1	125	57,858
Huth, Louis	1905	1	145	50,452
		66	7,625	£1,910,884

* Fifty-eight Old Masters, £6,559.
† Included works by Old Masters.

Passing Events.

THE third Supplement of the Catalogue of the pictures in the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam, contains details of the thirty-one original works and four copies recently bought from the Six collection. Chief of these is the Vermeer, to which the title of 'The Cook' has been given. From the Duke of Sutherland's collection dispersed last February there has been obtained 'The Dutch Whaling Cookeries on the coast of Jan Mayen Island,' dated 1639 and apparently having the signature of Cornelis Willemsz de Man. At that time, however, he was only eighteen years old, so there is doubt whether the picture can justly be ascribed to him. Through the bequest of J. B. Westerwoudt the Rijks Museum has become possessed of a view of The Hague by Matthew Maris, 'A Back Yard' signed "(James) H. Maris, 1862," and a study of ducks on the banks of a little stream, by the third brother Maris.

WHEN on June 5 there was unveiled, on a column in the south aisle in St. Paul's Cathedral, the enlarged version of Mr. Holman Hunt's 'Light of the World,' presented by Mr. Charles Booth, the Bishop of Stepney said: "Perhaps no other picture, whether in this or any earlier form, has so deeply touched and stirred the imagination and the soul of our contemporaries," adding that he felt sure that its message would still speak from that place to the multitudes who entered the cathedral out of the thronged city.

APROPOS of 'The Annunciation,' by the Mâitre de Moulins, which has warrantably attracted so much attention at the Dowdeswell Galleries, it may be noted that the Louvre has recently acquired one of the very scarce works by this still un-named painter. This is the panel showing Mary Magdalene and a donatrix, which at the Ruston sale of 1898 appeared under the name of Hubert Van Eyck. It then fetched 190 gs., against 60 gs. at the G. H. Bohn sale of 1885. At the exhibition of French Primitives held in Paris in 1904 it was definitely attributed to the Mâitre de Moulins, whose hand is now recognised by many experts in the 'St. Victor and Donor' of the Glasgow Corporation Gallery. A still more important picture bought for the Louvre is the portrait of an old lady by Memlinc. This masterwork—part of a diptych, the other part of which is in the Berlin Museum—was No. 71 at the Bruges exhibition of 1902. It has been bought for 200,000 francs.

A RELIC of one of our great British masters—"Constable, Turner, our modern art knows no names so great as these. In a sense they *are* Modern Art," exclaimed Delacroix—was destroyed by fire towards the end of June. We mean Dedham Mill, ever to be associated with Constable, visible, for instance, in the noble picture lent by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Audley Neeld to the exhibition at Shepherd's Bush. Iffley Mill, on the Thames, another artistic landmark, was almost destroyed by fire recently.

THE public attention directed to the figures sculptured for the new building of the British Medical Association in the Strand, whatever other results it may have, has brought into prominence the name and work of a serious and courageous young artist, Mr. Epstein. Evidently he uses his own eyes, and sees the human figure as a kind of summation of the great drama of life.

SIR MARTIN CONWAY, in an amusing letter, suggested that British objection to the nude in art is because many of us are descendants of an ancient group of Arctic people, and that it will take countless centuries of our ordinary English summers "to drive the Arctic shivers out of our sub-conscious selves." Humour is a saving grace.

STUDENTS are looking forward with interest to the forthcoming work by Mr. James L. Caw, Director of the National Galleries of Scotland, "Scottish Painting: Past and Present." Mr. Caw has been engaged on the book for a dozen years, and all aspects of the subject will be considered exhaustively.

THE admirable catalogue issued in connection with the Milton Tercentenary Exhibition at Christ's College, Cambridge, contains reproductions of the portrait at Nuneham, showing the poet at the age of twenty-one, of Faithorne's engraving, when he was sixty-two, of the miniature by Samuel Cooper belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, of the clay bust in the library at Christ's College, and of other portraits as to whose authenticity there is more or less dispute.

MR. G. W. LAMBERT, "our young Velazquez," made a splendid "Admiral Seymour" in the Chelsea Pageant, and many other artists took part in it, among them Mr. Bernard Partridge and Mr. John Cameron. The Brighton Corporation has recently bought for its permanent collection Mr. Lambert's "The Horse Fair."

RECOGNITION of the munificent gift of a new wing to the Tate Gallery was the reverse of tardy. A Birthday Knighthood was conferred on Sir Joseph Joel Duveen, who prior to the promise of the wing presented Sargent's 'Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth' to Millbank. By the way, M. François Flameng, who has lately been painting the Queen, was made an Honorary Commander of the Royal Victorian Order; Mr. Marion H. Spielmann, F.S.A., has been granted permission to accept the Knighthood of the Order of Leopold, conferred on him by the King of the Belgians; Mr. Wynford Dewhurst has received the Brevet and Decoration of Officer of the Académie des Beaux Arts.



The Scout.
By W. Reynolds-Stephens.
(R.A.)

THE second Gold Medal of the Incorporated Institute of British Decorators has been presented to Mr. J. D. Crace, Hon. A.R.I.B.A. The first one went to Sir W. B. Richmond last year.

THE equestrian statue, 'Scout in War, 1899–1902,' reproduced on this page, is by Mr. W. Reynolds-Stephens, the talented Canadian, known not only as a sculptor but as a painter, a metal-worker, a goldsmith. In 1889 Sir L. Alma-Tadema commissioned the brilliant young student to produce a long frieze in copper of 'The Women of Amphissa' for his new studio in Grove End Road. Since then Mr. Reynolds-Stephens has made steady progress and done much felicitous work.

DURING June the studio of Mr. W. Holman Hunt was opened to visitors. The pictures to be seen included "The Christ and the two Maries, "Miss Flamborough," and "Professor Owen."

THE committee of the Manchester Art Gallery has lately purchased, in addition to J. Buxton Knight's noble pastoral, 'Mid-day,' Mr. E. A. Hornel's 'Tom-Tom Players, Ceylon' (p. 175), from the New Gallery, and Millais' 'Stella,' which made 1,050 gs. at the Humphrey Roberts sale in May. This last, painted in 1868, ranks as one of the finest figure-pieces the artist had up to that time accomplished. 'Stella,' the Miss Esther Johnson married privately by Swift in 1716, is represented holding a letter whose contents seem to wring her heart.

AMONG pictures recently added to the Oldham Gallery are Buxton Knight's 'Portsmouth Harbour,' Mr. James Paterson's 'East Lothian Village,' which was at Agnew's Independent Exhibition, and Mr. Will Rothenstein's 'Corner of the Talmud School.' By twenty-seven votes to six, the Swansea Town Council have accepted the offer of Mr. Glyn Vivian to provide an art gallery at a cost of £10,000, and an art collection.

SINCE the death of Sir Noel Paton in 1901, there has been no King's Limner for Scotland. In June, however, Mr. Robert Gibb, R.S.A., was appointed to the post. One of his most widely known pictures, 'The Thin Red Line,' 1881, is now at the Franco-British Exhibition. The office in its present form dates from the time of Raeburn, who held it for a year only before his death.

There followed Sir David Wilkie, Sir William Allan and Sir J. Watson-Gordon. Allan Ramsay was appointed Painter in Ordinary to George III. in 1767, but that was a British, not a Scottish office.

GREAT interest was taken in the appointment of a Director for the new Edinburgh College of Art, which opens in October. At one time it was hoped that Mr. MacGillivray would undertake the important duties, but some months ago this idea was abandoned. Finally two names came before the Board, those of Mr. W. B. Dalton, Principal of the L.C.C. School at Camberwell, and of Mr. Frank Morley Fletcher, H.M. Inspector of Schools of Art in the south-east and south districts of England. Mr. Fletcher was elected. He studied at the St. John's Wood Art School, later in the Belgian studio of Mr. Hubert Vos. In 1893 Mr. Fletcher received a medal at Chicago for a painting in the British Section, and among exhibitions which he has managed was the very successful Whistler Memorial show of 1905. He has exhibited at the Academy, the New Gallery, and the Paris Salon. Another Englishman, Mr. W. E. F. Britten, has been made Professor of Design and Decorative Art in the Glasgow School, where Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen has for long been doing good work. Two of the mosaics in the dome of St. Paul's were executed by Mr. Britten.

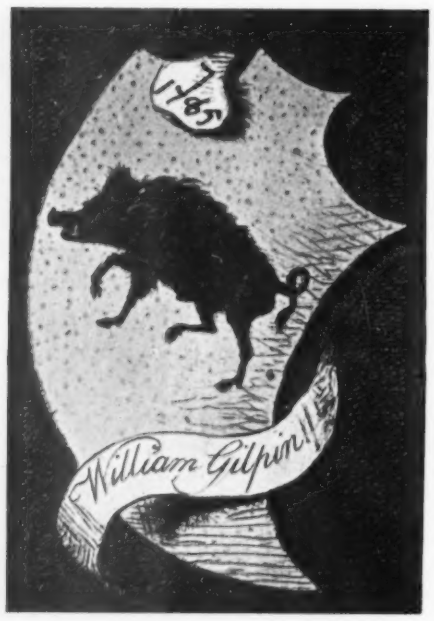
M. HONORÉ DAUMET has received this year the gold medal given annually by the King for the promotion of architecture. Among the architect's chief works are the Palais des Facultés and the Palais de Justice at Grenoble, the Palais de Justice, Paris, the restoration of the Château de Chantilly for the Duc d'Aumale and much ecclesiastical work.

Some Drawings by the Rev. W. Gilpin.

By C. Collins Baker.

IN the annals of English painting we see the names of three clergymen clearly written. We see that of the Rev. M. W. Peters, who, in Reynolds' wake, followed portraiture, and prominently in the ranks of amateurs that of the Rev. E. T. Daniell, of the Norwich School. His landscape painting is filled with an agreeable individuality and much distinguished sense of beauty: Turner, his friend, thought well of it. As one in the fore of the revival of etching in England, Daniell should be esteemed.

Our third case of the artist-priest is the Rev. W. Gilpin, the contemporary of Richard Wilson, our great exponent of a beautiful classic realism. The Rev. Gilpin was of an artistic environment: his brother was a member of the Royal Academy. The remarkable drawings of landscape that mainly place the Rev. Gilpin in his niche of lasting value, naturally have in them the amateur's shortcomings and unusually his sufficiencies. They are made in Indian ink and wash, of which medium he had an extraordinary mastery. From so restricted means he got a subtle and extensive scale of effect. No one could well extract more beauty from, or infuse with more suggestion, this mere monochrome. Lacking his greater dignity, Gilpin has the delicate and wide expression of J. Cozens. We cannot say that, in the sense that Wilson was a landscape draughtsman, Gilpin's actual drawing is sufficient; in trees especially, we see a lack of meaning and of the patient effort to master form. But, oddly, we feel small loss. So happy is his rendering of light and atmosphere, so spontaneous his intention, that in the peculiar charm of the whole we lose sight of all defects. In his day his sense of the subtleties of atmospheric effects—for his are no stock things from the rather worn classic store—and, too, his recognition of the luminosity in shadows especially were remarkable; a singularly modern value informs his work. Remarkable also is his strong and unconventional design. In the Dyce Collection in the National Art Library are some very excellent examples of this, and we are struck by his easy choice and happy fitness of arrangement. Always most aptly placed are the foreground figures in his composition, and always we see how really great was this artist's view of Nature. Because to him the wonder and the beauty of it all lay in the dignity and rugged silhouettes of mountains, in the lovely delicacy of far-stretching plains through which a river winds towards infinity, or again, in the impressive grandeur of ruined buildings. The smaller man's absorption in pretty bits and trivial detail, which makes him "see" a ruin prettily, and crowd his foreground with careful leaves and blades of grass, Gilpin never apparently knew. His foregrounds are wonderfully subordinated and ancillary to the large motives of his drawings. Their tone and admirably chosen darks perfectly minister to the important theme he would express.



Book-plate of the Rev. W. Gilpin (1724-1804), Prebendary of Salisbury and Vicar of Boldre.

Another point that marks his difference from so many amateurs or professed artists is his masterful way of using Nature for his own ideas. Not with timid fingers tapping at the notes, but with unhesitant sweep improvising from the essential great qualities of turbulent skies or sweet serenity to achieve his harmony.



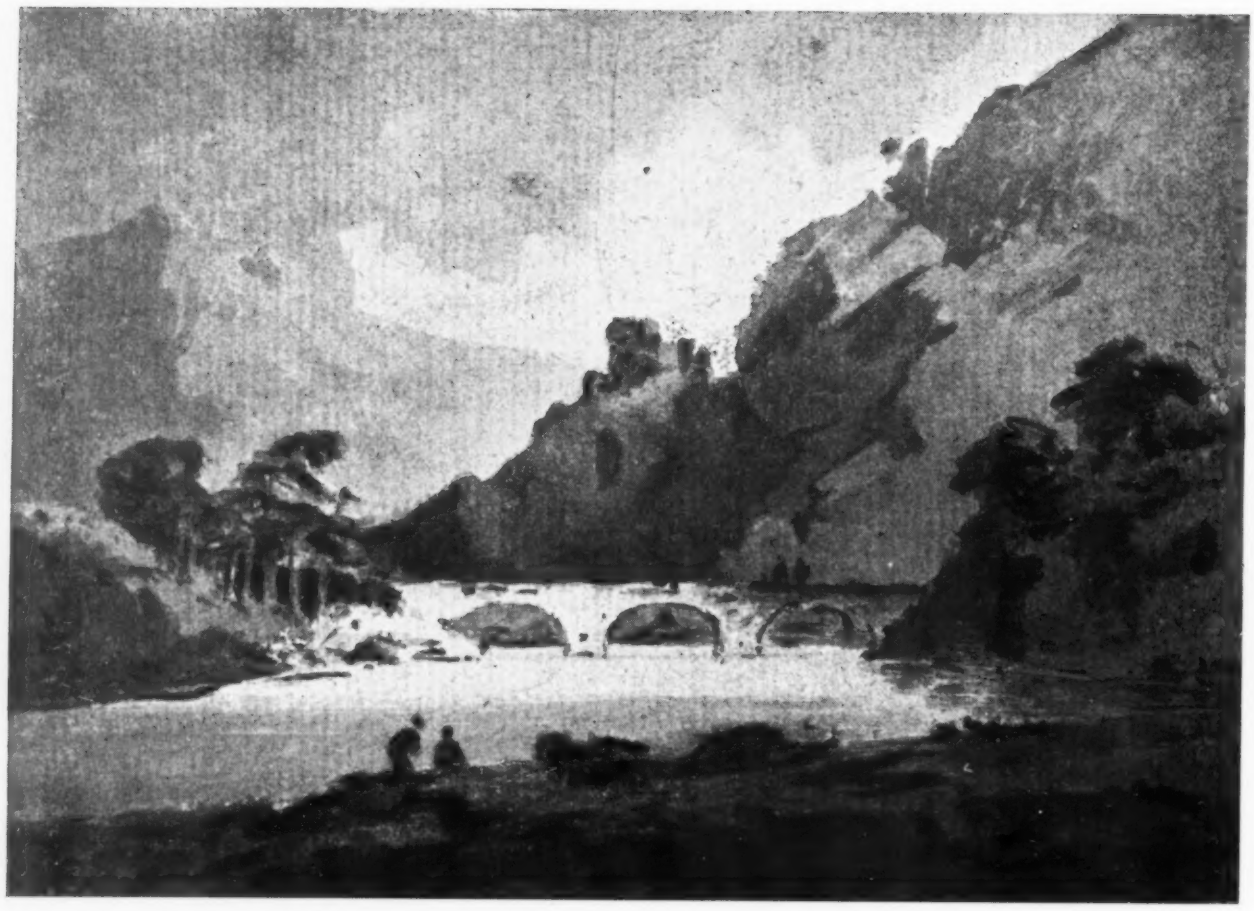
The Old Tower.

By William Gilpin.



A Ruin and Landscape.

By William Gilpin.



The Bridge.

By William Gilpin.



The Mountain River.

By William Gilpin.



An Island Ferry.
By W. H. Bartlett.

From an Island in the West.*

By W. H. Bartlett.

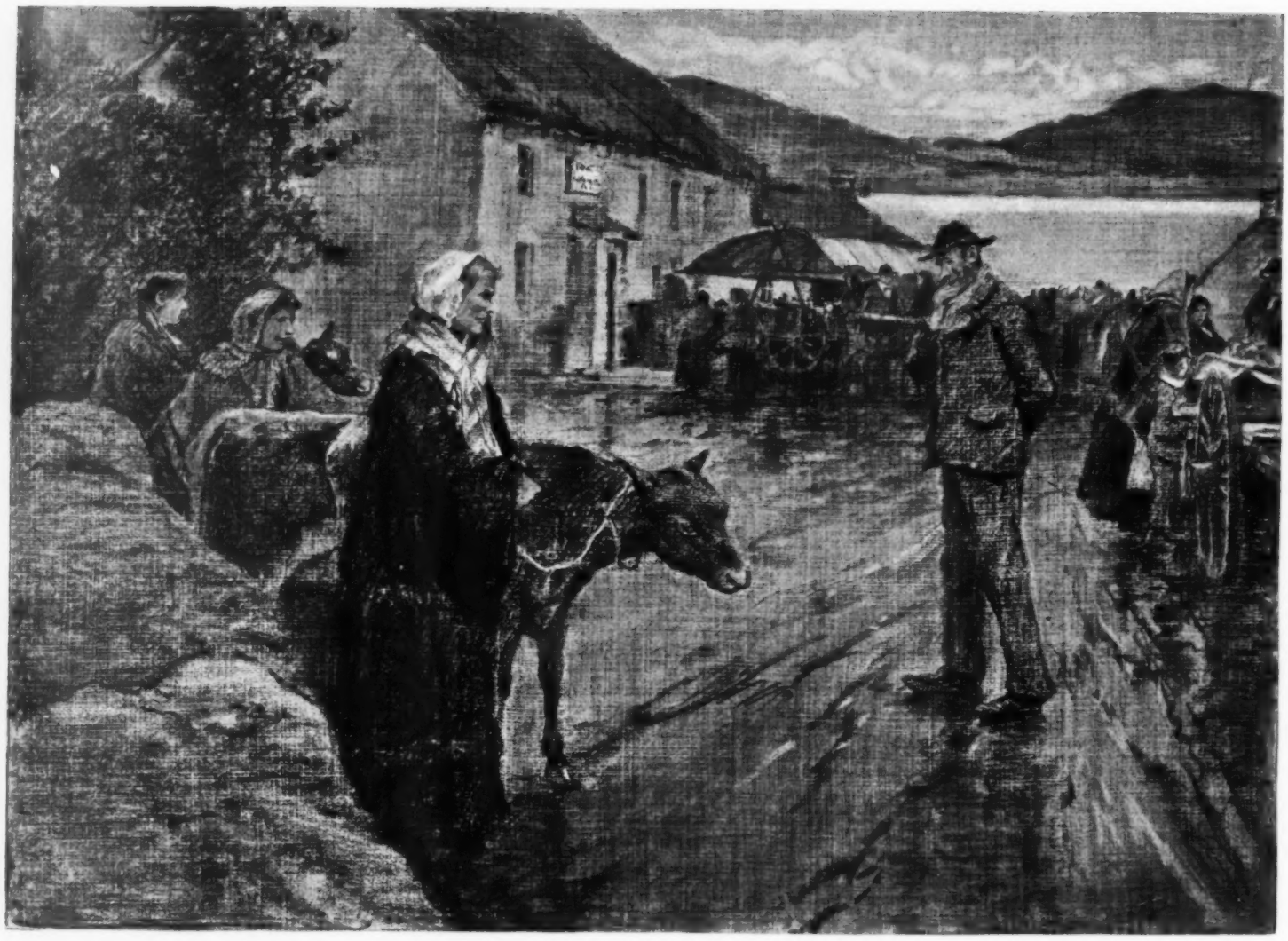
With Illustrations by the Author.

ALTHOUGH most of the islands off the west and north-west coasts of Ireland are geographically easily accessible as far as distance from the mainland is concerned, they are, I think, very little known. The reasons for this lie mainly with the weather. For boating excursions fine weather is essential, as the accommodation in the event of being stormbound would be of a very primitive kind. Nevertheless, many of the islands are extremely interesting and well worth while taking a little trouble to explore.

I propose in this article to speak particularly of the islands in the Rosses district in north-west Donegal, on one of which I have made my summer quarters for some years past. From a marine painter's point of view, there can be no doubt that a sea-girt island gives one far greater advantages than a mainland coast can possibly do. He can follow the sun round to any point at all times of the day, watching the effects of wind and tide at any angle of the sun he wishes to study. Weeks, indeed months, may elapse sometimes before a certain combination of effects in which tide, time of day, and direction of wind have again to occur before a certain study can be completed. On an island one's chances are greatly increased if one can follow the sun round to different points of the compass. Again, the life of the islanders offers opportunities to a painter which one would look for in vain on the mainland. A certain picturesqueness follows from the natural situation of things.

The characteristics of the islands vary very considerably. There is generally a marked contrast between the different sides. The south may be a long, flat, sandy shore, while the north is high cliff. An east coast may be very rocky, while the west is fringed with high sand-banks, fifty feet high. Again, the colours and forms of the rocks show plainly the amount of exposure and shelter they obtain from the Atlantic. Quite one of the most beautiful features are the fine stretches of sand found on some of the islands. The white variety,

* Rutland Island, off Burton Port, Co. Donegal.



Fair Day in the Donegal Highlands.

By W. H. Bartlett.

with its range of pearly tones, is composed mainly of shell; on the more exposed beaches it is yellower and coarser in grain, for red granite is its principal constituent. This red granite both in the cliffs and rocks on the shore is a striking note of colour in the island landscape, the lovely warm tones forming such a fine contrast between the shore vegetation and the sand. I have now in my mind's eye a stretch of shore, pearl-grey sand, broken up here and there by the deep-hued granite rocks, ranging from a deep golden tone to a rich red sienna. A little breeze from the south-west brings in a crisp green sea, so limpid and transparent as it flows over the shallow shore. In the middle distance rise some high sand-banks, catching a warmer tone from their angle to the sun, while in the far distance is the grand coast-line finishing with Glen Head.

Navigation between the islands and the mainland is, owing to currents and tides, only understood by the natives, and it would be a risky matter for any stranger to attempt it. The channels between the islands are often very intricate, and at spring tides very difficult to "break." But with local help and knowledge a tide which would be very hard indeed to get over can often be dodged by a knowledge of the eddies formed by outlying rocks.

The habits and customs on the different islands show considerable variety; Irish may be spoken very generally on one, not at all on another. Intermarriage is rather uncommon. In the event of any race or regatta one island competes very keenly with the other, and any interference from a neighbouring island (who may be referred to as a foreigner) will be very much resented. It is a well-known fact that it is only in disputes about land that an Irishman will invoke the law; in all other matters, to give information to the police is the last thing they would think of doing. I have tried on more than one occasion to get at their reasons for this, but the replies have been vague and unconvincing. Fear of reprisals may have something to do with it, but behind that there would seem to be a deep-rooted idea that the law is a foreign affair. Racial types are not so strongly marked in Donegal, I think, as in Mayo and Galway. Red hair is very common, with a short upper lip and smallish eyes, and narrow across the cheek bones, which makes a strong contrast to a characteristic Celtic type, but not, from an artist's point of view, so interesting. On the other hand, a certain level-headedness no doubt comes in with this north of Ireland or Scotch strain, as Donegal, in the worst Land League period, was on the whole fairly law-abiding. The system of culture varies on the different soils; ours is a very sandy one, but grows excellent potatoes. The holdings are known as "a cow's grass." It sounds quaint to hear of "half a cow's grass" to be sold on such a day by auction. A source of income to the tenants comes from the mainland farmers sending their cattle for a few months to the island for a change of pasture, the sandy soil vegetation forming a complete change of diet to



Weed for the Crops.

By W. H. Bartlett.



Stormbound in the Rosses.

By W. H. Bartlett.



Owey Island.

By W. H. Bartlett.

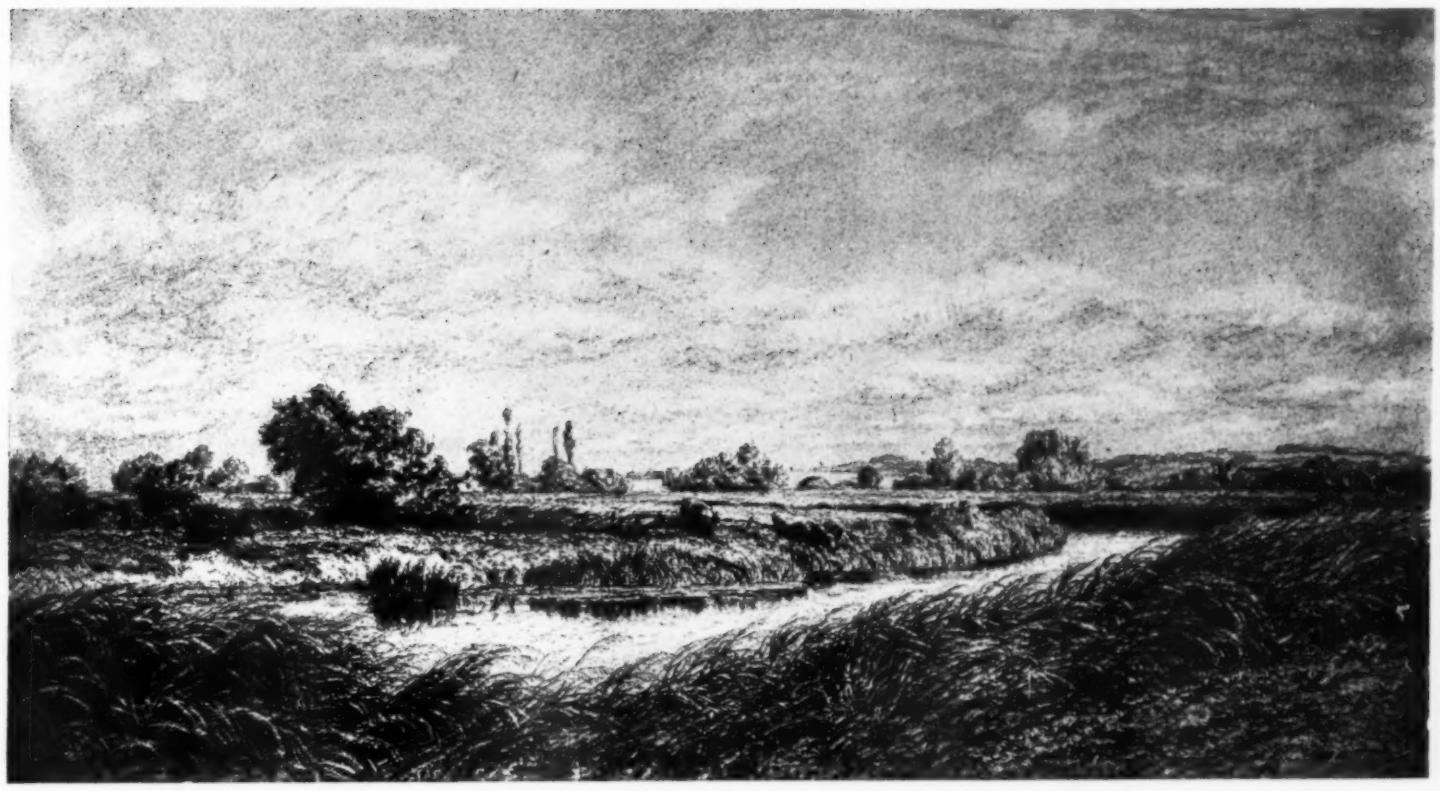
the grass on the peat soil.* The wrack, viz., the seaweed, growing on the rocks all round is another source of revenue. In the early spring lots are drawn for the different portions where it can be cut. This is either used as manure for their own crops or sold to the mainlanders. Again, the bent growing all along the western shores is yearly apportioned out, and when cut is used for thatching. This, alas, from a picturesque point of view, is a decaying industry, as the uninteresting slates are everywhere rapidly taking the place of the thatch.

Of course, as is natural, boats and boating play a large part in an island life, and here, in this respect it is the Congested Districts Board has done much good. Not a week in summer goes by without the steamer from Derry bringing a new yawl for one or another. They are paid for by instalments, and defaulters are rare I am told. In this way many a family has been able to make its way, as of course, the fishing is one of their mainstays. Within the last year or so a few Scotch luggers have been purchased, but so far they have not proved a success. Local conditions are against them; the swift tides between the islands, and the small amount of sea room in certain channels, make the yawl the more useful all round, although as an open boat its area is restricted, and in bad weather it is unsafe to venture far out. But it is easily managed, can be rowed in calm or head winds, and sails well; so that the yawl's position is easily first in the affections of the islanders.

The fishing may be said to consist almost entirely of lobsters, salmon and herring, of which, I think, the lobster comes first in importance. Salmon fishing in the open sea is comparatively a new thing in the Rosses. It is a case of few prizes but many blanks, a great many boats never earning the price of their outlay on gear and nets, etc. But one good night's work might easily mean a year's income earned in a few short hours of a June night. The season starts early in June, but by mid-July it is all over.

The herring again is very uncertain, it may put in an appearance in August for a week, but November and December are the months so looked forward to, when a good harvest of the sea will make all the difference to hundreds of families during the winter months. No, when all is said of the fishing in the Rosses, it is the lobster which is the great stand-by; the profit may not be much, but it is within the reach of all. And here, I may say, is where the enterprise of the well-known firm of Sayer of Billingsgate comes in. In establishing a curing station and a constant and steady market for their fish on Edernish Island, the Rosses fishermen have every cause to be profoundly thankful to them. No account of the island life would be complete without mention of the seaweed and the wrack. I used to think that "weed" and "wrack" were interchangeable terms, but the latter is cut from the rocks while growing, while the former is either cast up by the sea, or in some localities cut in deep water with hooks fastened to long poles. For this, still weather is essential. It is an interesting sight to see a boat with its masses of the golden brown-toned weed piled up and sparkling in the sun. Freshly cut it has more colour than when cast up on the shore. In certain places vast quantities are driven in on the shores in spring and autumn. I suppose that such an island as Innishkeragh would be uninhabited if it were not for the thousands of tons of weed brought in after the big storms. Here it is that great quantities of kelp are made. With the fine weather that comes usually in June begins the burning of the weed, previously dried in small heaps. Fires are generally made up to last about eight hours, and the smoke may be so dense as to blot out the entire island a short distance away. It has a curious pungent smell, not altogether unpleasant, but one quickly tires of it. Kelp when made resembles slaty-coloured stone, and is heavy in proportion to its size. The price may vary from £3 to £6 a ton; and the quality is generally tested before being purchased by the agents. As is well known, iodine is the main extract. Wild and wind-swept as this coast often is, I think the life led by the islanders has more varied interests than the mainlanders'. In the matter of food their wants are so simple that a scarcity of the necessaries of life would be far more common in a big city than with them. In conclusion I can truly say that the charm of an island life in the summer months must be experienced to be realised, but facilities of communication, greater than exist at the present moment, must be increased before a new field for summer holidays can be opened up.

* In fact, it is not an uncommon sight for cattle feeling the want of a change to swim from one island to another of their own accord, and they will always wait until low water. Bucks will do the same, and they take very good care to start to cross over at a point where they know the tide is going to help them.



Landscape.
By Arthur Ditchfield.

Down by the Water.*

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

MOST people acknowledge the charm of water in a landscape, and if walking through a water meadow are naturally drawn to the side bordered by the stream. For this predilection several reasons may be given: the peculiar beauty of the flashing lights and rich reflections, (though beauty does not appeal to all, nor indeed to so large a percentage as is generally imagined); or the cool freshness that water suggests (a suggestion that is so often misleading); or again, to some it is a plaything to throw stones into and cause a splash. The angler and the oarsman are attracted by their sport, but generally the attraction seems to be, consciously or unconsciously, the fascination of the mystery of another and less known world, whose elusive inhabitants we are little acquainted with—distinct races of fish, insects, birds and plants belong to the water, with an intermediate section of amphibians, and the element itself, half showing, half veiling its secrets, seems different to the civilised variety of the tap and pipe.

Low-lying ground near water already shows signs of its neighbourhood in tufts of rushes—the substitute for carpets in mediæval days—close-growing bunches of smooth tapering stalks bearing at two-thirds of their height beautiful brown bunches of flowers. The stems, smooth and unbranched, without scar or swelling above or below, make the sudden spreading inflorescence something mysterious, one wonders whence and how it comes there. Nearing the water the grass gets coarser, the plants that love the moisture grow more rankly, and those that do not are no longer seen. A fissure in the ground becomes a water inlet, and here the ever-loved forget-me-not may be found, its pale blue blossoms surrounded perhaps by taller sprays of the pink of the ragged-robin. Here, too, should be the meadow-sweet, known as the queen-of-the-meadows, but which is rather the queen of the moist places, for while its fragrance and misty beauty justify the title of queen, the place where it grows at its best is poor land from the farmer's point of view, not deserving of the name of meadow. Indeed, meadow-sweet flourishes on the very brink of the water among the flags, raising its creamy clouds of blossom some five feet above the surface.

Comment has been made already on the tangle to be found at the edge of the wood (p. 213); down by the water vegetation is as thick, but there is not quite the same kind of tangle. On the margin where the liquid and the solid join issues, vegetation grows with a vigour unknown to the plants of dry land, a lush, juicy, luxurious growth of well-fed amphibians fills the space, reaching over the shallows on the one hand and climbing the banks on the other. The mass is as thick, as multiple, but not so tangled, because so many of the inhabitants of the region grow upwards in straight, unbranching line. The majority of the plants of the border line are rushes and reeds and sedges, and even the trees of the water-side are of the light-demanding, upwards-stretching kinds, as the willows, poplars and alders.

* "Nature Study" series, continued from page 218.



The Kingfisher (Alcedo Ispida).

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

Of the reeds and rushes many are "social" plants, and for quite long distances along sluggish streams one kind of plant will dominate to the almost entire exclusion of all others, as may be seen in the drawing by Arthur Ditchfield (p. 261); here it will be the flowering reed, there the yellow iris, or, again, the reedmace, commonly called the bulrush. Where this is the case the vegetation is a swaying, rustling mass of upright blades or stems, bending together under the gale or waving gently in the breeze. But where the whole space has not been usurped by one all-conquering plant is to be found a great variety of beautiful water-weeds and of those land plants that, located in or near water, grow with such vigour as almost to change their character; in nearly all cases they rush upwards with little branching, so that they sway with the reeds, springing back when the breeze has passed.

There are exceptions, of course. Perhaps a vetch, growing with a vigour unknown to it in the hedgerow, winds its tendrils around the upward growths,ties them together, spreading horizontally its composite leaves, and adds, as it were, a warp to the woof; or the woody nightshade, so generally called deadly nightshade, which is a much more lugubrious-looking plant, puts on its rank growth of the waterside, and creeps over all with its purple and yellow flowers and its green and scarlet berries. Once a tangle such as this is begun, other creeping things will join the fray, and the flags breaking lie transversely or hang at an angle; so the complication becomes worse, and there is a tangle indeed. But the general character of growth in the shallow edges is a swaying mass of upstanding lines rather than the criss-cross interlacing pattern of the edge of the wood.

There are no trees that will grow actually in water and no British trees that will grow in water-logged soil, but we have some that will endure periodical sousings by the tide or by flood. Willows, for instance, may often be found growing and thriving, though planted below the springtide high-water mark, and in times of inundation will live for

weeks actually in the water. There are foreign trees that live in water-logged swamps, such as the screw pine and the deciduous cypress, but they have special arrangements for getting over the difficulty such as are not possessed by any of our native trees, the former being lifted up on aerial roots, the latter having the power of throwing up "knee roots," which are but ventilating shafts to the roots proper. Our English willows throw roots but a little distance into the water, and often one may see a mass of pink and white rootlets projecting from the bank a little way below the surface of the water, looking bleached and sickly. But willows and poplars and alders grow near enough to the water to allow of their perfect image being reflected and to cast their shadows across the still pools where the moorhen loves to lead her little black chicks. Many of the sluggish streams of our lowlands are but water avenues of willows pollarded and cut regularly for the basket-maker—the lush meadow grass reaching up to them on the land side, while on the water-side is the region of the water plant, which frequently joins that of the opposite bank by links of water lilies and pond weeds. Where the bank is bare are seen the holes made by the water-vole, which harmless vegetarian is, under the name of water-rat, harried and killed as if it were indeed of the evil breed of rats. Many are the terrible stories of the slaughter of young ducks by "water-rats" laid to its charge, but the real perpetrators are marauders of the brown rat tribe which have taken to the streams, if the poultry have not fallen victims to that larger hunter of our river, the otter. For the otter, though it loves fish the best, will sometimes travel a considerable distance from the stream side to visit a farmyard, while the water-vole lives on the waterside weeds only. Though he may be harmless himself, yet he has many enemies; besides the stones and sticks of the urchin and the shot gun of the "sportsman," he frequently becomes the victim of bird or beast of prey. How often, for instance, may be seen at evening an owl silently sweep down to the waterside, to return in incredibly short time with a couple of young voles in its claws, or to repeat the feat once the prey is deposited in the nest where the hungry owlets are.



Meadow-sweet (Spiræa Ulmaria).

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

The voles and water-shrews find splendid cover in the waterside foliage, keeping clear little waterways to places of hiding, as do on a larger scale the coot and the moor-hen, which often have quite a system of tunnels through the rushes.

What is true of one place is not so of another, for the life of the waterside, both plant and animal, varies very largely in accordance with the nature of the ground and consequently of the watercourse. The little heather-bound streams of treeless Dartmoor tumbling over the granite boulders that have been stript bare of moss and lichen by frequent spates, the Kentish stream that meanders through meadows and copses amid primroses and forget-me-nots, or again, the sluggish tributary streams that feed the rivers of the lowlands between the Sussex hills, which creep through miles of reeds and rushes and banks smelling here strongly of the water-celery, there of the almond-scented meadow-sweet, may all be of an equal volume of water, but are entirely different in speed of current and character of bank. The pond in the sunny meadow near which the best Lent lilies grow is the home of numerous sedges and water-plantains and perhaps the flowering-rush; submerged or floating there may be some of the pond-weeds, or its surface may be gay with water crow-foot, it probably swarms with insect life and forms a favourite centre to the swallows' summer circlings. It may be of equal size, but is in strong contrast to the pool in the firwood: dimly lighted, of a deep purple brown colour by cause of its floor of sodden pine needles, its lifelessness seems almost uncanny with no plant growing in it or on its brink, and the stillness of its surface unbroken by fish or insect. The muddy banks of a brackish tidal river have again a different aspect and produce quite other growths to those of the higher waters, the sea-starwort and the samphire growing right down to where it joins the sea. These plants are often disfigured by being coated up to half their height by a muddy deposit left by the high tide, whereas nothing can be fresher than the verdure of the upland stream or even of the meadow ditch where the brilliant greens are studded with the blue of the brooklime.

One of the handsomest plants of our rivers is the reed-mace, the flower-stems of which under the name of bulrushes are ruthlessly gathered for sale as house decorations—the brown spikes are close-growing clusters of pistillate flowers at first surmounted by other spikes of staminate flowers, which wither and drop off after pollination is complete. The name bulrush properly belongs to a member of the sedge family, whose thick stems growing some seven feet high terminate in a bunch of red-brown spikelets.

The most beautiful flower of the water itself is the white water-lily; it is perhaps the handsomest of all our wild flowers. Its name Castalia is taken from a fountain of Parnassus sacred to the Muses, whose cool limpid waters had the power of inspiring those who drank of them with the true fire of poetry; it belongs to the family *Nymphæaceæ*, suggestive of the nymphs who haunted the places where it grew.



Waterweeds.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



Down by the Water.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

Its praises have been sung by the poets of many ages, but, beautiful as it is, it should be admired on the surface of the water rather than gathered, for it has a smell of wet mud and is slimy to the touch.

Pictures in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

TWO catalogues have been issued recently by the Board of Education, and every visitor to the South Kensington galleries will be glad to possess them. Part I. (*6d.*) is devoted to the oil paintings, and Part II. (*9d.*) to the water-colours of British artists and of foreigners working in Great Britain. These up-to-date editions have been desired for many years, and are indispensable as works of reference.

London Parks and Gardens.*

THE "lungs" of London are famous not only for their health-giving properties but for their artistic and historic memories. It is important that as the metropolis extends its boundaries, open spaces should be preserved for repose and recreation. But for Hyde Park and similar grounds in town and suburb many Londoners would lose their daily air, and perpetual thanks are due to those who in their day of administration looked to the future. The vacant land on the fringe of London to-day is the populated district of to-morrow, and no chance should be neglected to secure breathing-places for posterity.

This book by the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil takes us back to the past of many districts, and brings us, with the help of the admirable illustrations by Lady Victoria Manners, to a realization of the possibilities of open-air life in and about London. The reader could not be informed of the facts under better ciceronage. The book is one to take up both for pleasure and instruction. In the days when London was a little place in actual size the gardens of the nobles and of the monastic orders were places to be coveted. It is difficult to imagine that Holborn was once a vineyard, that Moorfields was a popular resort, and that at Islington Spa the fashionable folk took the waters. In our day we must go farther afield for such luxuries, yet, with little or much knowledge of history there is plenty of scope for relaxation in the squares, gardens or parks of London.

* "London Parks and Gardens," written by the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil (Alicia Amherst), illustrated in colours from drawings by Lady Victoria Manners. (Constable, 21*s.*)

'Hay-carting.'

An Original Etching by W. A. Cox.

IT is well over 250 years since, after a number of unsuccessful experiments, Ludwig von Siegen, an officer in the service of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, executed the first known mezzotint, a portrait of Amelia Elizabeth, Landgravine of Hesse-Cassel, which is dated 1642. Tradition says that the method was suggested to Von Siegen by the rust on a weapon which a soldier was cleaning. It is almost unnecessary to say that, unlike other forms of engraving, that of mezzotint starts from a black field and works up to the highest light. The initial black field is obtained by evenly roughening the entire face of a copper-plate with an instrument devised for the purpose. If inked at this stage, the resultant print would be of a uniform velvety black. After thus "laying the ground" with the cradle or rocker, design and atmosphere are compassed by removing with a scraper or lancet-like piece of steel the required parts of the ground, the burnisher and the roulette being used in later stages of the work. Ludwig von Siegen communicated his discovery to Prince Rupert, nephew of Charles I., who in 1658 produced his famous plate of 'The Executioner,' and coming to England, disclosed the process to John Evelyn, allowing the Diarist to use a plate as a frontispiece to his work on engraving, the "Sculptura," of 1662. The first British mezzotinter was William Sherwin, son of a Shropshire clergyman, who learned the art from Prince Rupert. Since his day it has been practised with signal success by many gifted men, among them those who in this medium interpreted the portraits of Sir Joshua—James MacArdell, the Watsons, Valentine Green, and John Raphael Smith at once spring to mind—and in the domain of landscape David Lucas at a later day spiritedly won to understanding and expression of the naturalistic message of Constable. During the last few years there has been a marked revival in the art of mezzotinting, not only for purposes of transposing into black-and-white this or that original work, but as a means for first-hand expression.

Mr. W. A. Cox, born 1862, studied under M. Jean Ballin, on whose appointment as Engraver-Royal to the King of Denmark he began to work on his own account. 'Dolce con expressione,' after Watson Nicol; 'Divided Attention,' 1885–6; a series of plates of 'The Great Schools of England'; 'Dawn,' after the picture by A. J. Warne-Brown, exhibited at the Gallery of Sacred Art; 'The Gentleman in Khaki,' which, based on a sketch by Mr. Caton Woodville, produced several thousand pounds for the Widows' and Orphans' South African War Fund; and 'The Queen of the Roses,' 1906, in pure mezzotint, are among the plates that stand to his credit. 'Hay-carting' is a typically English scene, and Mr. Cox has done well to present it in a simple and picturesque aspect. Modern appliances have robbed haymaking of most of its Arcadian character. Nowadays men seldom wield the long-bladed scythe, whose movement was rhythmic; the rotary machine has been substituted for the wooden rake, and instead of the loading-fork there is often attached behind the waggon an elevator or Jacob's ladder, by which the fragrant grass is mechanically lifted on to the top of the load.

The Art Journal London Virtue & Co.



An Original Etching by W. H. Cox.

Hay-carting.

Art Sales of the Season.

I.—Pictures.

SINCE the custom of selling by auction was originated in the dim past, perhaps on the field of battle with the spoils of war as objects for competition, no such historic "lot" has been offered as that on March 28, A.D. 193, when the conquering Prætorian Guard "put up" the sovereignty of the Roman Empire. Didius Julianus, a wealthy senator, bidding from the foot of the ramparts against Sulpicianus, secured the Imperial prize by offering a donative to each soldier of 6,250 drachms, about £200, aggregating, it is computed, some £2,000,000. Roman Empires are not catalogued every day or every year, nor, for the matter of that, are pictures of the importance of Rembrandt's 'Burgomaster Pancras and His Wife,' now in the Royal collection, which in 1816 was thought somewhat dear at £600. The rise in money-value of fine examples by the great masters of the past is in the main governed by their scarcity in the market and by the vast accumulations of wealth resulting from the modern industrial system. To cite a single example, just about a century ago Sir Thomas Lawrence acquired for 1,000 gs. from the Borghese Gallery 'The Graces,' by Raphael. In 1885 the Duc d'Aumale bought it of the executors of the Earl of Dudley for £25,000, and later presented it to the Museum at Chantilly. So, whether by gift, bequest, or purchase, hundreds of master-works of the Renaissance and 17th century have found permanent homes, leaving hardly more than crumbs in this kind to-day to whet the appetite of would-be buyers. Nevertheless, the fascination of the auction-room crucible, with its chances of discovering treasure, its revisions of former judgments, its opportunities for critical conflicts, seems year by year to increase. In a word, Christie's ranks as a British institution. It is a sort of forum for the discussion of æsthetico-financial problems. As we glance at some of the mammoth figures of the year, however, a dictum of Ruskin comes to mind: that it is not so much in *buying* pictures as in *being* pictures that a noble school is encouraged.

The following list of the principal single picture-properties which came under the hammer between January and July is an imposing one.

Property.	Lots.	£
S. G. Holland, deceased. June 25–9	432	138,102
Humphrey Roberts, deceased. May 21–3 ...	309	65,673
Arthur Sanderson. July 3	109	34,693
R. E. Tatham, deceased. March 7	48	25,005
Sir Alex. Acland-Hood, M.P. April 4... ...	14	12,416
T. H. Ismay, deceased. April 4...	84	12,175
G. R. Burnett. March 21–3	312	11,927
Sir James Knowles, deceased. May 27–9 ..	443	10,189
Sir R. Loder, deceased. May 29	20	9,986
Wm. Connal. March 14	85	8,948
Total	1,856	£329,114

As has been pointed out, the Holland total eclipses that for any picture collection dispersed in this country or probably elsewhere, save that for the collection of Joseph Gillott, the inventor of the steel pen, whose 514 lots fetched £164,501 in 1872. Gillott enjoyed the friendship of Turner, Müller, Linnell, David Cox, and other British artists of repute, and his motto was, "The best of everything is good enough for me." Mr. Stephen G. Holland, of the firm of Holland & Sherry, woollen merchants, could not buy for two or three hundred guineas direct from Turner—Gillott, as will be remembered, subdued the great landscapist by at once assenting to pay in guineas instead of pounds—pictures valued at more than as many thousands when they came under the hammer. But Mr. Holland made the most of his opportunities, and, never encroaching on the province of the dealer, showed increasing discrimination in his purchases. Mr. Humphrey Roberts, who profited by astute investments in land adjoining the Mersey docks, was for long known in the art-collecting world as one of the Birkenhead Bees, others of the "hive" being J. Beausire, T. Brocklebank, Abel Buckley, as well as T. H. and William Ismay, whose possessions have lately come under the hammer. The "Gentleman in Scotland" whose pictures were offered on July 3 was inevitably identified as Mr. Arthur Sanderson, Edinburgh, of the Leith distilling firm. In 1907 his fine collection of old Wedgwood was catalogued and put on view at Christie's, but the day before the auction Messrs. Duveen secured it *en bloc*, rumour says, for something over £20,000. Mr. Tatham, in bringing together his admirable collection of water-colours, was guided chiefly by his own cultivated taste, doubtless paying some heed to the verdicts of Ruskin. Sir Alex. Acland-Hood inherited from his ancestor, "Jolly Jack Fuller," M.P., of Rosehill, Sussex, thirteen water-colours of the neighbourhood done for that worthy by Turner, which, rather faded and spotty, fetched £6,116. Mr. G. R. Burnett, of the Lambeth distillery firm, himself an amateur painter, had three or four times previously sent pictures to Christie's, but a small proportion only of the 1908 list come under the heading of unwelcome old acquaintances previously withdrawn, and now to change hands at much lower figures. Dealers have long memories, and to ineffective submissions at auction may be applied the Italian proverb, *cosa offerta e mezzo donata*. Sir James Knowles, founder and editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, was chiefly attracted by drawings by Old Masters; among his pictures, however, were four by Claude, Reynolds, Ruysdael, and Van de Capelle which fetched 3,010 gs. against a cost of about £500. The pictures of Sir Robert Loder were sold owing to the death of Lady Loder. They included a remarkable 'Children's Concert,' signed "N. 1629," catalogued as by the French brothers Le Nain, but by some attributed to Molenaer, which jumped from 470 gs. in 1875 to 1,270 gs. Mr. William Connal, a member of the Scottish firm of iron-founders, was of those who bought direct from Albert Moore, that artist's 'Midsummer' and 'Reading Aloud'—the latter since presented to the Kelvingrove Gallery—bringing 1,800 gs. as compared with a cost of £1,600.

TABLE OF 41 PICTURES AND 12 DRAWINGS, 1,400 GUINEAS OR MORE.

	Artist.	Work.	Sale.	Price. Gs.
1	Turner	Mortlake Terrace: Morning. 35 × 47½. R.A. 1826. No. 324. O.P. about 200 gs. (1864, Fripp, 1,050 gs., bt. in; 1895, J. Price, 5,200 gs.) R.P. for Turner and for picture at Christie's. I.C. (111)	Holland (June 25)	12,600
2	Constable	Salisbury Cathedral, 34½ × 43½. 1826. C.'s wedding present to daughter or niece of Archdeacon Fisher. I.C. (12)	Holland (June 25)	7,800
3	Turner	Morning after storm. 12 × 21. 1840. Given to Mrs. Pounds. With No. 5 bought by H. from Agnew, c. 1895, 3,000 gs. I.C. (113) ...	Holland (June 25)	7,700
4	Turner	Beach at Hastings. 35 × 47. 1810. (98)	Acland-Hood (April 4) ...	6,000
5	Turner	The Storm. 12 × 21. 1840. Given to Mrs. Pounds. With No. 3 bought by H. from Agnew, c. 1895, 3,000 gs. (112)	Holland (June 25)	5,500
6	Gainsborough ...	Mary Gainsborough. Oval, 30 × 26½. On paper (?). (1878, Heugh, 360 gs.) I.C. (527)	Loder (May 29)	4,550
7	Raeburn	Mrs. Mackenzie of Drumtochty. 50 × 40. I.C. (77)	Sanderson (July 3)	4,500
8	Turner	Heidelberg, with rainbow. 13½ × 20½. W.C. O.P. about £40. (1872, Gillott, 2,650 gs.) R.P. for drawing. I.C. (257)	Holland (June 26)	4,200
9	Daubigny	On the Oise: Morning. 17 × 32. 1872. R.P. I.C. (358)	Holland (June 29)	3,500
10	Orchardson ...	Hard Hit. 33 × 48½. 1879. O.P. 1,200 gs. Cost R. 1,500 gs. R.P. I.C. (69)	Humphrey Roberts (May 21) ...	3,300
11	Raeburn	Mrs. Hay of Spot. 49 × 40. I.C. (78)	Sanderson (July 3)	3,200
12	Troyon	The Ferry. 23 × 19. I.C. (427)	Holland (June 29)	3,100
13	Corot	River Scene. 17½ × 23½. R.P. I.C. (356)	Holland (June 29)	3,000
14	Diaz	The Bathers. 17½ × 25. R.P. I.C. (363)	Holland (June 29)	2,950
15	Daubigny	On the Oise: Evening. Panel, 14¾ × 26. 1873. I.C. (359)	Holland (June 29)	2,900
16	Romney	Mrs. Dorothea Morley. 29 × 24. 1787. O.P. 25 gs. (137)	Poulter (March 28)	2,750
17	Fred Walker ...	Marlow Ferry. 11⅜ × 18. W.C. (1892, Lehmann, 1,120 gs.) R.P. I.C. (267)	Holland (June 26)	2,700
18	Gainsborough ...	Portrait of Wife. 28 × 23¼. (1878, Heugh, 340 gs.) I.C. (528)	Loder (May 29)	2,650
19	Corot	L'Etang. 15 × 26. I.C. (357)	Holland (June 29)	2,600
20	Fred Walker ...	Harbour of Refuge. 22 × 35½. W.C. Once owned by Humphrey Roberts (88)	Tatham (March 7)	2,580
21	Jacque	The Flock. 28½ × 39. R.P. I.C. (154)	Humphrey Roberts (May 22) ...	2,500
22	Lhermitte	The Gleaners: Evening. 38½ × 30. R.P. I.C. (403)	Holland (June 29)	2,500
23	Reynolds	Countess of Erroll. 50 × 40.	July 9 (R. and F.)	2,500
24	Turner	Constance. 12 × 18. 1842. W.C. O.P. 80 gs. The day that Ruskin took it to Denmark Hill 'one of the happiest of my life.' (86)	Tatham (March 7)	2,200
25	Linnell	The Timber Waggon. 35 × 56. 1852. (1892, D. Price, who bought it for 1,000 gs., 3,100 gs.). (126)	Coghill (April 4)	2,150
26	Corot	Edge of a Wood. 20½ × 25. Cost R. about £500. I.C. (125)	Humphrey Roberts (May 22) ...	2,150
27	Van Dyck	Gentleman on horseback. Perhaps Marquis d'Aytone. 103 × 65. (1907, Trentham Hall, 120 gs., withdrawn) (68)	Sutherland (February 8) ...	2,100
28	Millais	Gambler's wife. 34 × 15. 1869. Cost R. about 900 gs. (1874, Farnworth, 880 gs.) I.C. (62)	Humphrey Roberts (May 21) ...	2,100
29	Reynolds (? Cotes)	Lady in white and gold flowered dress. 35 × 27. I.C. (82)	Sanderson (July 3)	2,000
30	Rembrandt (? Bol)	Man, thin visage and light hair. 38 × 33. (1890, Perkins, 1,550 gs.) (99)	Sanderson (July 3)	2,000
31	Mason	The Gander. 18 × 32½. 1865. R.P. (97)	Tatham (March 7)	1,900
32	Linnell	Carrying Wheat. 39 × 54. 1862–74. I.C. (71)	Holland (June 25)	1,900
33	Romney	Mrs. Charnock. 49 × 39½. 1795. O.P. 70 gs. I.C. (85)	Sanderson (July 3)	1,900
34	Turner	Orfordness. 11 × 16. W.C. (1877, Knowles, 375 gs.) I.C. (260) ...	Holland (June 26)	1,850
35	Millais	Caller Herrin'. 43 × 31. 1881. (1904, Dunlop, 1,600 gs.) I.C. (77) ...	Holland (June 25)	1,800
36	Gainsborough ...	General James Wolfe. 29½ × 24½. (1883, Gibbons, 215 gs.; 1895, Woolner, 520 gs.) I.C. (60)	Sanderson (July 3)	1,800
37	Morland	Inn Door. 27½ × 35½. 1792. I.C. (69)	Sanderson (July 3)	1,750
38	Turner	Windsor Castle. 11½ × 17. W.C. (1870, Smith, 180 gs.) (84)	Tatham (March 7)	1,700
39	Fred Walker ...	The Violet Field. 9¾ × 15¾. W.C. Cost T. £720. (89)	Tatham (March 7)	1,600
40	Israels	Fête de Jeanne. 38 × 52. O.P. £350. (1879, Fenton, 1,610 gs.) (30) ...	T. H. Ismay (April 4)	1,600
41	Israels	Sailing the toy boat. 19¼ × 29½. I.C. (150)	Humphrey Roberts (May 22) ...	1,600
42	Orchardson ...	Napoleon on board the Bellerophon. 28½ × 44. (Study for Chantrey picture, 65 × 98, bt. 1880, £2,000). (90)	Holland (June 25)	1,600
43	Turner	Hastings. 15⅝ × 23¼. 1818. W.C. (1881, Bale, 1,050 gs.) I.C. (258)	Holland (June 26)	1,600
44	Fred Walker ...	High Street, Cookham. 9⅜ × 13⅜. 1866. W.C. (1875, Leaf, 450 gs.; 1886, Addington, 860 gs.) (268)	Holland (June 26)	1,600
45	Fred Walker ...	Fishmonger's Shop. 14 × 22½. 1872–3. W.C. (1892, Lehmann, 600 gs.) (269)	Holland (June 26)	1,600
46	Harpignies ...	Matinée d'Automne. 25 × 31½. 1901. R.P. (382)	Holland (June 26)	1,600
47	Burne-Jones ...	Love among the ruins. 38 × 60. W.C. R.P. for drawing. Injured in Paris 1893, restored by artist. (55)	Tatham (March 7)	1,575
48	Mauve	Returning from work. 22½ × 40. R.P. (102)	June 19	1,550
49	Millais	Orphans. 37 × 27. 1885. Once owned by J. Staats Forbes. (98) ...	Tatham (March 7)	1,540
50	Fred Walker ...	The Old Gate. 52½ × 66. 1869. (1874, Benzon, 1,000 gs.) (99) ...	Tatham (March 7)	1,500
51	Romney	Mrs. Anne Poulter. 29 × 24. 1780. O.P. 18 gs. (139)	Poulter (March 28)	1,500
52	John Russell ...	Miss Darby and artist's son. 40 × 30. Pastel	Adams (May 14) (R. and F.)	£1,500
53	Corot	Landscape, with peasant women. 10 × 22½. I.C. (127)	Humphrey Roberts (May 22) ...	1,400
			Total ...	£155,582 5s.

NOTE.—O.P. original price received by artist. R.P. record price at auction in this country for work by artist.
I.C. illustrated in Christie's catalogue. Details within brackets relate to former auction prices of identical work.
Catalogue numbers within brackets at end of each entry. (R. & F.) sold by Robinson & Fisher.
All others by Christie.

The list of pictures knocked down for a minimum of 1,400 gs. exceeds in length the corresponding list for any year since 1892, when the Dudley, the Murietta, the David Price, and other galleries contributed fifty-five such works. Analysis shows that twenty-one this year come from the Holland collection, totalling £78,330; eight from the Tatham, £15,324; seven from the Sanderson, £18,007; six from the Humphrey Roberts, £13,702. Hence of the fifty-three 1,400 gs. works no fewer than forty-two are from these four sources, these accounting for £125,364 of the aggregate. From another standpoint, nine Turners yield £45,517; eleven British portraits, £30,217; seventeen other

works by native artists, £40,944; or a total of £116,679. There are two examples only by Old Masters, £4,305; fourteen by modern Continental painters, chiefly of the Barbizon school, £34,597. A number of relevant details appear on the table. "Vow me no vows" as to the impossibility or the improbability of still higher levels of prices will be the retort to sceptics of those who survey the sales of the season in relation to those, say, of three decades ago, since when No. 6 has more than ten-folded in money-value. No picture has ever fetched so much at Christie's as No. 1, but it is worth while recalling that Messrs. Robinson & Fisher obtained 14,050 gs. in 1901 for Hoppner's 'Louisa Lady Manners,' while at the sale of Marshal Soult's gallery in Paris, 1852, the Louvre gave 615,300 francs (£24,612) for Murillo's 'Immaculate Conception.' As to the Barbizon artists, the saying is that they have been beatified, nor have they had to wait for this a full hundred years, as Wilson was told he would have to do. The fact that Sir William Quiller Orchardson, Lhermitte, Israels, and Harpignies are the only living artists on the list gives point to the proverb that, as we generally account things, what is valuable is not new and what is new is not valuable. Yet those who look ahead and profit by the experience of the past recognise that the present is not destitute of masters. Hoppner satirically exclaimed about a fine contemporary picture, "Ay, it's a noble thing, but it has one damaging defect—it's of to-day. Prove it to be a couple of centuries old, and from the brush of a famous man, and here are 2,000 gs. for it." A Swiss artist, Jean André Rouquet, who wrote on Hogarth and on British art in general, asserted much the same in 1750.

It will be observed that higher prices than ever before have been paid for pictures and drawings by numerous artists. Besides those that appear on the 1,400 gs. table, the list includes Goya and Van de Capelle, and, for a drawing, Fragonard; modern painters such as E. van Marcke; living native artists like Mr. A. C. Gow and Mr. Henry Woods; and of deceased Britishers, George Barret, Daniel Gardner, James Holland, Arthur Melville, Albert Moore, G. J. Pinwell, and T. M. Richardson.

A list with a fixed minimum can never do more than suggest some outstanding features, works of genuine interest from one point of view or another fetching all kinds of sums from a few guineas upwards. For example, the speculative portrait belonging to the late Lord Young, catalogued as by Rembrandt and of his son Titus, fetched only 205 gs. on February 29. Continental experts afterwards vouched for its authenticity, and it changed hands at £6,000. Ford Madox Brown's 'Pretty Baa Lambs' was at 23 gs. one of the bargains of the season. At the dispersal of the Duke of Sutherland's surplus pictures from Trentham Hall, etc., Lawrence's kit-kat of the Duchess of Norfolk made 820 gs., against 11 gs. paid for it and another picture in 1831. De Wint's water-colour of Lincoln (Tatham, 1,050 gs.) realised 480 gs. only at the Dell sale, 1899, the artist himself probably getting about 35 gs. for it. Apart from Orchardson, Lhermitte, Israels, and Harpignies, prominent works by living painters include Alma-Tadema's 'Close of a Joyful Day,' 1894, 920 gs.; A. C. Gow's 'Garrison Marching Out with the Honours of War,' 1887, 720 gs., and a water-colour version, 250 gs.; Frank Dicksee's 'The Passing of Arthur,' 1889, Sir Luke Fildes' 'English Maiden,' and Henry Woods' 'On the Steps of the Scuola, San Rocco,' 400 gs. each; J. M. Swan's 'A Broken Solitude,' 1898, 260 gs.; Briton Rivière's 'Comala,' 240 gs.; Frank Bramley's 'Old Memories,' 1892, 205 gs. Against many appreciations there must be set, of course, revised valuations in the other direction. A Landseer tumbled from 1,300 gs. in 1890 to 360 gs., an Edward Duncan from 146 gs. in 1881 to 18 gs., a W. C. T. Dobson from 130 gs. in 1876 to 9½ gs., while 'The Parable of the Sower,' 101 × 203 in., 1891, for which Edwin Long is said to have refused 5,000 gs., went at 125 gs. to the dealer who in 1907 bought for 50 gs. Leighton's 'Phryne.'

The National Competition.

THE exhibition of prize-works by students of the art schools and classes under the control of the Board of Education is held, for the first time, in the new building of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The approach is through the entrance in Exhibition Road. On that side of the building are the effigies of the great British craftsmen, from remote St. Dunstan to William Morris, who by the singleness of his ideal and the purity of his craft wrought a nineteenth century exorcism of the powers of ugliness not less redoubtable than the spiritual victories of the craftsman-saint. These two combatants fitly close the sculptured rank of men immortal in the works of their hands. To each of the men decorously ensconced in the new wall the discovery of the power of his temperament came, it is probable, through strife; though the form taken by the opposer may range from the decorative mediæval devil to the formless nineteenth century god of cheap mechanical production. In waging his ardent and romantic warfare with that usurping law-giver to man's daily work Morris achieved a measure of protection and nurture for the craft-spirit. The teaching of crafts in the schools owes much to him.

The works by students inside the building are the latest products of our national organisation for schooling into being a generation of artists, designers and craftsmen to serve their age with beauty, as the master-craftsmen served theirs. Outside the museum is the record, in a sequence of figures, of our past glory in the crafts. Inside is a phase of our effort to preserve and direct what talent may be discovered in those who have chosen to work at an art. The true results of the process are necessarily in the future. Entrance from the shelter of a system into the striving world of creation transforms the art of the student. There may be in the exhibition of 1908 pre-monitions of a second row of statues on a still enlarged museum, while, to the unprophetic eye, the collection only records the teachableness of hundreds of students, and the



Design for Stained Glass.

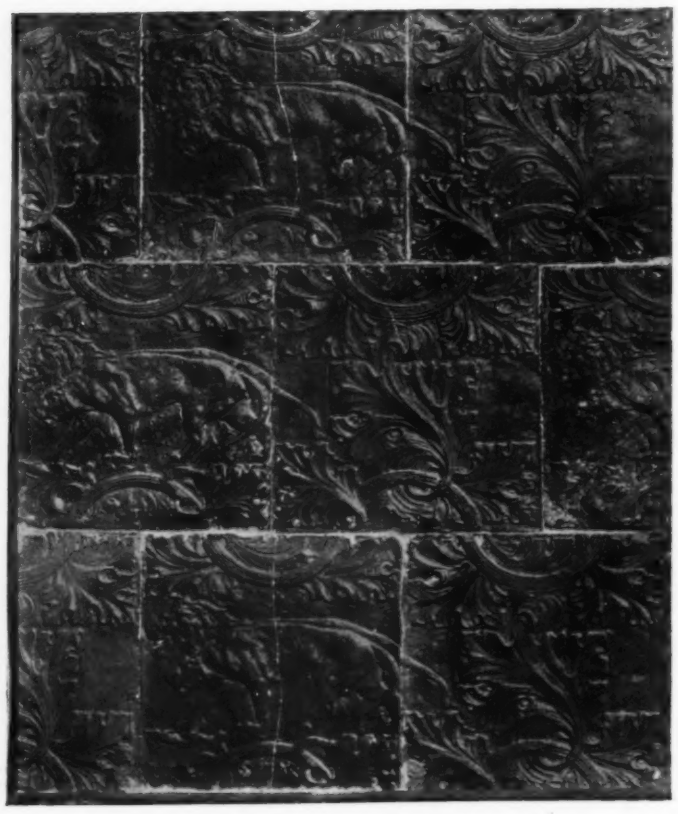
By Harry G. Rushbury (Birmingham).

directions of taste in those responsible for their training. Exercises done to show what has been learnt, prepared by system for a trial that is part of school routine, are not likely to discover much of the possibilities of the individual. There may be preparedness of genius to "burst out into sudden blaze" that makes no sign in completing the task for the examiner. At best, craft-work in the National Competition can hardly be expected to show more than that the student is fit to complete his education himself, that he has been brought into conformity with a true design of production. Therefore this extremely important exhibition must be more important than delightful, as it certainly is.

To go through the exhibits in various divisions of the art of design would be profitless. The examiners' notes make comparison with last year's standard of work a safe proceeding; but, though the practice of one kind of art goes up a little in reasonableness, and another goes a little down, the record of such departures from the normal ideal is in its true place in the examiners' report, and nowhere else. Some things of more than usual pleasantness take the eye, and seem to promise a true discovery of individual capacity in the worker. On these one would not lay stress as more than fortunate appearances in the exhibition. It matters much more, obviously, that the art of enamelling, of metal-working, of pottery, or whatever it may be, should be soundly known to all the students who have aptitude to acquire it, than that one here and there should produce a piece of work that gives pleasure. But these occasional forestallings of the future hoped for from the system are pleasant.

Miss Kathleen Fox imagined, as well as designed, the enamel cup encircled with richly-robed figures, which has won a gold medal. The stand is poor, but the cup is of really fine quality: a rich and glowing piece of enamel. Other gold-medalled craft-works are Mr. Charles E. Cundall's punch-bowl and two pots in silver and ruby lustre, Miss Geraldine Morris's enamelled copper alms-box, with panels of the Crucifixion and of deeds of mercy and faith, distinctively, if too archaically, designed: Mr. Bernard L. Cuzner's silver hair-comb, with delicately enamelled birds bending over their tiny nest, and the wrought-iron grille and lamp by Mr. Silas Paul. Mr. Cundall's pottery is definitely an accomplishment. He is thoroughly proficient in a well-approved type of design and scheme, and, if he is potter as well as designer, his great punchbowl, with its exterior decoration so admirable in sheen and colour, is a guarantee of skill that should not end with acquiring a gold medal. Mr. Cuzner's name is already familiar in the larger world of arts, and the charm of his little comb is what one expects. Mr. Paul's wrought-iron grille for a semicircular light is praised as "masterly" in execution by the examiners, and is a design of sober richness, well-considered for its effect in the material and as a fitting. Mr. Frederick Carter, whose illustrations win another gold medal, is one of the declared individualities conspicuous in these surroundings. With vigour and what looks like certainty of purpose he orders designs that have a spirit of carnival.

Among works earning lesser awards, Mr. George Eric Bradbury's modelled design for the interior of a concert



Design for Modelled Tiles.

By Harold C. Austwick (Leeds).

hall, Mr. Rushbury's designs for stained glass, and Mr. William Clowes' tapestry hanging, are attractive silver-medal works. They show the variety of achievement that is one of the best signs in the exhibition, and are severally interesting as more than docile applications of rule and precept. Miss Gertrude Mitchell's design for a pageant poster is one evidence, among several, that Liverpool possesses a hopeful school of figure-design. The curved settle-arms of Miss Frances Shaw, naïvely observant in design, and the gracefully-treated panel for a small hanging cabinet by Mr. Charles E. E. Connor, are nice schemes for wood-carving, with the quality of freshness that distinguishes work, even when in execution no particular power is shown. There is some originality in the schools at present. That is shown, together with more sober and steadfast qualities, in the exhibition of 1908.

During August, too, an exhibition of work by students of the Royal College of Art was open to the public at South Kensington.



Design for wrought-iron Grille with Lamp.

By Silas Paul.



Design for Tapestry Hanging.

By William Clowes (Macclesfield).

The A.A.A.

THE inaugural exhibition at the Albert Hall of the A.A.A. marks the first bold attempt in this country to demonstrate the advantages of the open door in art. Are selecting committees anything more than useless barriers between artist and public; do they not stifle the efforts of those who would carve out a way for themselves, of those who have some new message to proclaim? Those were the questions to which the A.A.A. hoped to demonstrate that the intelligent, unprejudiced person would give answers emphatic in support of impartiality. As though to enforce the argument that those who profess to know do not know, the title-page of the catalogue has this quotation from Goldsmith: "The ingenious Mr. Hogarth used to assert that everyone except the connoisseur was a judge of painting." Favouritism in any form was reduced to a minimum. Each person who contributed the membership fee of one guinea prior to June 1, no matter how considerable or how negligible were his qualifications, was entitled to exhibit five works; the hanging committee—for that could not be eliminated—was chosen by vote at a general meeting; positions on the walls were assigned by ballot. All will concede that the Albert Hall is anything but an ideal place for an art exhibition, that in mid-July whatever æsthetic voracity the public has is apt to be sated. Yet those responsible for the bold and interesting venture shaped opportunity probably as well as it could be shaped. If the exhibition at the Albert Hall did not fulfil the cherished idea of Saint Beuve, of erecting a temple "aux artistes qui n'ont pas brillé, aux amants qui n'ont pas aimé, à cette élite infinie que ne visitèrent jamais l'occasion, le bonheur, ou la gloire," it was not their fault, but rather is attributable to the fact either that the great unhung do not exist or that they failed to take advantage of the generous hospitality offered. It should not be understood that the tumultuous Olympian display lacked excellent work in the several kinds. Practically without exception, however, so far as we gathered, such exhibits were by artists more or less well

known in this country or on the Continent. In other words, selecting committees would have constituted no barrier between the public and the most interesting exhibits. In many exhibitions there would have been welcomed, for instance, the strenuous 'Romantic Landscape' of Mr. James Pryde; Mr. Lavery's equestrian portrait of a lady, which was at the Guildhall a few years ago; the bold decorative essays of Mr. Walter Bayes, A.R.W.S.; characteristic work by Messrs. Wilson Steer, Mark Fisher, Theodore Roussel, Walter and Bernhard Sickert, Gerard Chowne, Sydney Lee, Phillip Connard, Graham Robertson, Alison Martin, Gerard Kelly, Glyn Philpot, Rupert Bunny, Professor Moira, Miss Anna Airy, Cayley Robinson, and, not to extend further a mere catalogue of names, other men of talent such as Mr. Gwelo Goodman and Mr. Albert Rothenstein. Mr. S. J. Peploe, whose understandingly brushed studies of the head of an old lady and of a baby warrantably attracted attention, has been treated as an "unknown." But in Edinburgh his technical gifts have for several years been recognised, and in 1907 the Scottish Modern Arts Association bought from the R.S.A. a brilliant still-life sketch by Mr. Peploe. Many interesting exhibits came from abroad, notably the strange designs of languorous Eastern women, done in distemper and gold by M. Manzana-Pissarro, son of the prominent French impressionist, vivid sketches by the Pole, Konrad Krzyzanowski, bold sensitive pictures by Wagemans. Particularly attractive was the collection of Russian arts and crafts organised by Princess Marie Tenicheff, herself an artist of merit as well as an enthusiastic protectress of art. In the sculpture section there should be mentioned the colossal model for the equestrian statue of the late Sir Redvers Buller, to be erected in bronze at Exeter, this by Captain Adrian Jones, chairman of the hanging committee; characteristic examples by Messrs. Havard Thomas and John Tweed; and, emphatically, the delightfully-modelled little bear cub by M. Georges Gardet. The most sceptical must admit that but for the A.A.A. some of these works would not have been seen by Londoners. Some will accept that as a complete justification for at any rate one huge unsifted exhibition each year.

Bold Art Criticism.

WE commend to the notice of all a lecture delivered by Mr. Robert Ross in the old Bluecoat School, Liverpool, some time ago, and now happily obtainable in pamphlet form. "There is no decay" is his watch-phrase, and he sustains the inspiriting point of view wisely and wittily. "Do not greet the dawn as though it were a lowering sunset," Mr. Ross exclaims. "Listen and, with William Blake, you may hear the sons of God shouting for joy." That is not exaggeration, a vague fancy; it is root truth. Mr. Ross ranks Sargent as the peer of Gainsborough and Reynolds, adding, "Personally, I should say a much greater painter than Reynolds." Rossetti and Mr. Charles Shannon are other artists of to-day and yesterday that he laureates. The paper is full of searching comment and counsel. For example—"We should be tall enough to worship in a crowd. Let our criticism be aristocratic, our taste fastidious, but let our sympathies be democratic and catholic." Then, as to the annual assertion that the Royal Academy is worse than usual, Mr. Ross avows that for the past twenty years the summer exhibitions at Burlington House have been quite as bad as they are now—a back-handed compliment, but perhaps a compliment. This brilliantly suggestive writer, whose judgments on men and manners, art and artifice, drama and decadence, are at once penetrative and simple, does not often enough come before the footlights.

Jane Austen.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS are issuing, in *The St. Martin's Illustrated Library of Standard Authors*, an edition of the works of Jane Austen (3*s.* 6*d.* each). There are to be ten volumes, in each of which will be ten reproductions in colours from drawings by Mr. A. Wallis Mills. A start is made with 'Sense and Sensibility' and 'Pride and Prejudice.' The illustrations are very delightful and appropriate, the printing plain and good, and the weight of each book is commendably light.

Mr. L. A. Harrison.

PORTRAIT sketches by Mr. L. A. Harrison, akin in temper to the one we produce, have come to be a feature of the exhibitions of the New English Art Club, to membership of which he was elected nearly five years ago. Mr. Harrison does not aim to delve very deeply into the personality of his sitters, does not attempt to harvest the fruitage of "an energy of contemplation." Instead he is content to give us studies of eager, comely, bright-eyed girls, broadly, dashingly, brilliantly done. A smile which is a moment's ornament, a glance that suggests the spring-time of life, a youthful poise of the head—he needs to go no farther. In the great world of picture there is room for those who pause on the threshold and those who probe the deeps of human nature. Moreover, it is foolish to despise the transitory, for centuries are built up of moments.



A Portrait Sketch.

By L. A. Harrison.

Fifty Thousand Portraits.*

"ORDER gave each thing view" might be written on the title-page of what promises to be one of the most valuable catalogues ever compiled. As Mr. Sidney Colvin writes in the succinctly explanatory preface, Mr. Freeman O'Donoghue, the able Assistant Keeper in the Department of Prints and Drawings, has for many years been engaged in the preparation of this work, the first of five, or possibly six, volumes of which is now procurable. Students, no matter what their special subject, no matter what their place of residence, will benefit incalculably by this finely-systematised catalogue. It is to cover the collection of British engraved portraits in the British Museum, numbering upwards of 50,000 representations of some 15,000 persons. Though no other collection will compare in importance and extent, it lays no claim, of course, to absolute completeness. To cite a single instance, there seems to be no portrait of William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, a bronze statue of whom, by Roscoe Mullins, is in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Dorchester. But the gaps, taking into account the vast area and the variety, are relatively few, and the endeavour is steadily maintained to develop the collection into a complete national iconography.

In the preface indications are given of the chief sources whence have come this splendid gallery of portraits, notably the Cheylesmore Bequest of 1902, comprising 8,000 mezzotints and 3,000 other examples. The catalogue, based on a working index in the Print Room, follows alphabetical order, birth and death dates when ascertainable, and so much biographical fact as is necessary to identification being appended. The names of painter and engraver, when known, are set out in separate columns; and the method, the size and, when practicable, the date of the engraving are given, and in all the more interesting and important examples of the art the number of impressions preserved in the Museum and their state are recorded. The various entries are models of lucidity and concision, references being given to standard works of a specialistic nature.

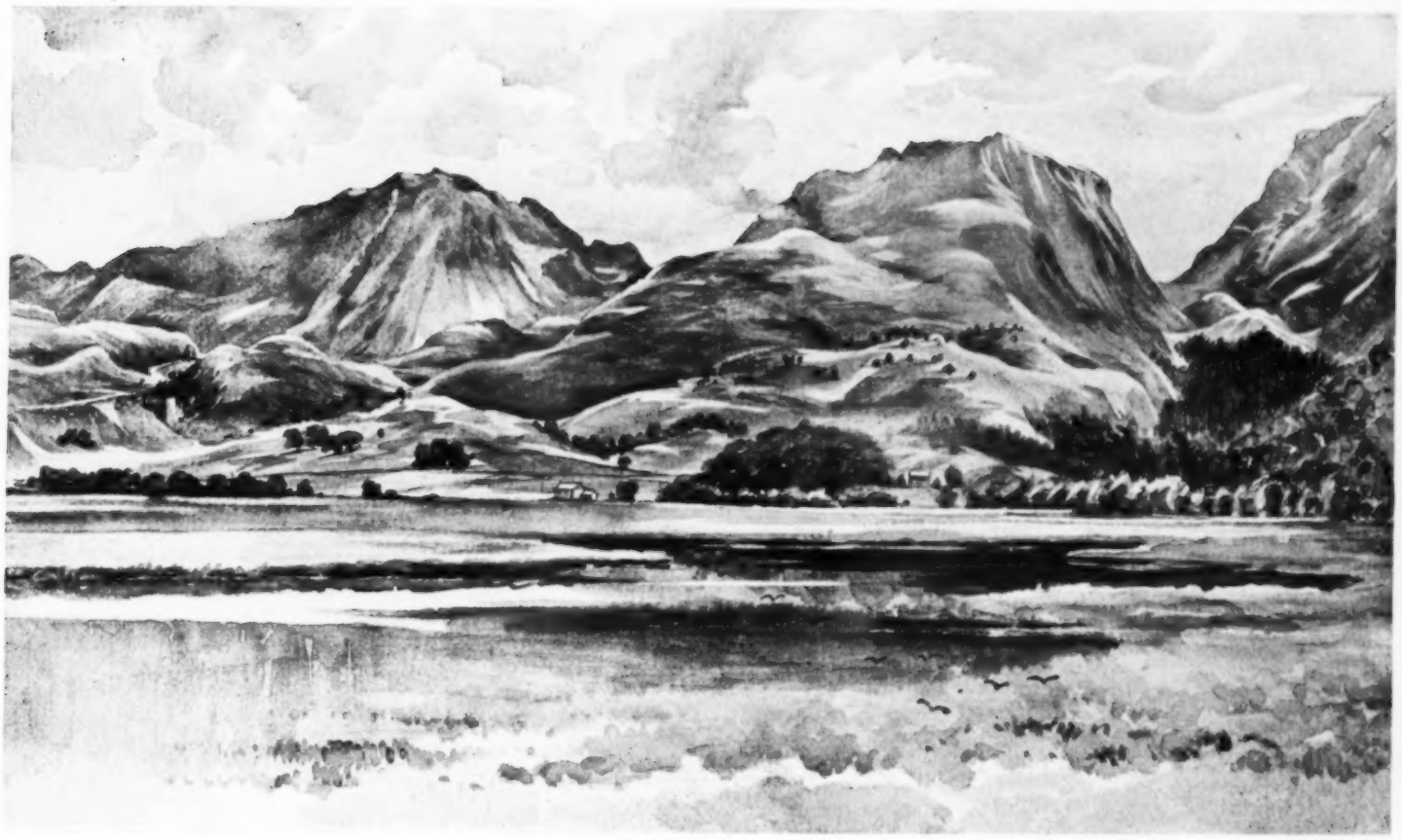
* Catalogue of Engraved British Portraits preserved in the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. By Freeman O'Donoghue, F.S.A., Assistant Keeper. Vol. I. (A—C). Printed by order of the Trustees. 21s.

The personage responsible for the largest number of entries in this opening volume is Charles I. In all, under headings such as "When Prince," "When King," "Statues," etc., there are 217 entries, many of which relate, of course, to pictures by Van Dyck, engraved by Faithorne, Hollar, and others. Not far behind the "Royal Martyr" comes the "iron leader of English vengeance," Oliver Cromwell, with 114 entries, the last of them relating to the statue at Manchester, a plate of which appeared in THE ART JOURNAL of 1876. Other portraits from THE ART JOURNAL include that of the Earl of Belfast—a stipple by Artlett to be found in the 1856 volume.

A thousand thoughts are roused as we turn the pages of this catalogue, concerned as it is with kings and princes and prelates, with highwaymen and dancing-masters and courtesans, with negro actors and Lord Mayors, with surgeons and wheelwrights and coopers, with pugilists and Franciscan friars, admirals and assassins, aldermen and archbishops. From Alfred the Great or Canute you may pass to Queen Alexandra, from names memorable in the annals of collecting such as Angerstein and the Earl of Arundel and Cracherode and Bodley, to others of significance in various ways such as Francis Beaumont, William Blake, Boswell, Bradlaugh, Bright, Browning, Burns, Byron, Carlyle, Congreve, Cosway, Cox. Each stands, so to say, for a little continent of thought, of feeling, or of activity. Among the woodcuts, lithographs, mezzotints, drypoints, aquatints, stipple and process engravings, there are details of portraits of many living men and women, the artists including Alma-Tadema, J. H. F. Bacon, Frank Brangwyn, R. Bryden and the Hon. John Collier. Till the issue of this volume few who have not worked there had any idea of the wealth of portraits at the British Museum, the catalogue of which ranks as the fulfilment of an insistent dream. We note that no mention is made in the preface of any intention to give in the last volume an index of painters and engravers. Such an index would add greatly to the value of Mr. O'Donoghue's work, and in the interests of all concerned we hope it will be compiled.

The "Old Masters" Exhibitions.

THERE is a widespread cry that the Old Masters and deceased painters are, so to say, taking the bread out of the mouths of their living successors. The Royal Academy has more than once considered the advisability of abandoning or modifying its winter exhibitions, to which are attributed a good deal of the increased interest shown in master-works of the past. Several R.A.'s are known to hold very definite views on the subject, and the topic is frequently discussed in art circles. Surely, however, the Academy or any other body is powerless to stem the tide. With regard to painters of to-day, the enormous output of good, bad and indifferent work undoubtedly makes it difficult for the majority to gain a reasonable livelihood. Only those who administer benevolent and other funds have any idea of the slender incomes even of many artists who seem "to be doing well." Of the thousands of works exhibited this year in London, for instance, how small must be the proportion sold. The remedy for this over-production is by no means easy to suggest. No doubt hundreds of men and women have mistaken their vocation, yet nothing but cruel circumstance will persuade them of the fact. Eliminate them, moreover, and a pretty big problem remains.



Cuilfail.

By A. Scott Rankin.

Netherlorn and Its Neighbourhood.*

By Patrick H. Gillies, M.B., F.S.A. Scot.

"Records hung
Round strath and mountain, stamped by the ancient tongue
On rock and ruin, darkening as we go—
Spots where a word, ghost-like, survives to show
What crimes from hate, or desperate love, have sprung."
WORDSWORTH.

SEPARATED from the Sound of Shuna and Loch Melfort by the long, tongue-like promontory of Craignish, a narrow loch of the same name passes inland for five miles. It is the maritime continuation or fiord of Glen Domhain (pronounced Doin—deep), and receives the waters of the Duchara and Barbreck rivers which flow down the valley; the distance from the watershed, a mile from Loch Avich and Loch Awe, to Craignish Point, being about ten miles.

Loch Craignish has been the theme of much poetic description. MacCulloch, who takes the credit of being the first traveller to recognise its beauties, lingers lovingly upon the subject:—"On entering the inlet, and from different positions we are struck by the magnificent and ornamented perspective of the two boundaries of the water, stretching away, for a distance of six or seven miles, in straight, though indented and varied lines, till they meet in the geometrical vanishing point, vanishing also in the air tints of the horizon. Between these is seen the magnificent vista of the islands; the nearest, rich with scattered woods and ancient solitary trees, rising into rocky hills separated by green valleys and farms, and projecting promontories of the most beautiful forms, between which are seen deep bays, often overshadowed by trees springing from the rocks and spreading their rich foliage over the water. Hence the perspective of the whole range of the islands is prolonged like that of the boundaries of the loch; till also, the last extremity of the last island vanishes alike in the aerial and in the geometric perspective. As the general character of all the islands is exactly similar, the effect produced by the incessant repetition of similar objects in a constant state of diminution, is most remarkable."

There are two lines of islands, equidistant from each other and the shores of the loch; and it is the remarkable similarity in colour and form of the individual islands, and their seeming reduplication, which gives Loch Craignish a striking and unique character. Eilean Righ (King's Island) and Eilean Mhic Chrion (Macniven's Island) are large enough for single farms; while the others, and also the curious group of islets outside Craignish Point—Reisa Mhic Phaidein, Cor-reisa, Reis-an-t-shruith, and Garbh-reisa—afford excellent grazing.

The western coast of Craignish on the Sound of Shuna is strikingly picturesque. The region is one of schistose rocks, which weather and disintegrate much more quickly than the slate and quartzite of other parts of the district, and thus we find basaltic dykes much more prominently in

* Chapter IX., Craignish, Melfort. Continued from page 229.

relief. These cross the peninsula from side to side, and on the west shore many attain a height of one hundred feet or more, their breadth being about twelve feet. The resemblance to artificial buttresses and walls is in many cases increased by the growth of ivy, which gives the dykes the appearance of ruined fortifications.

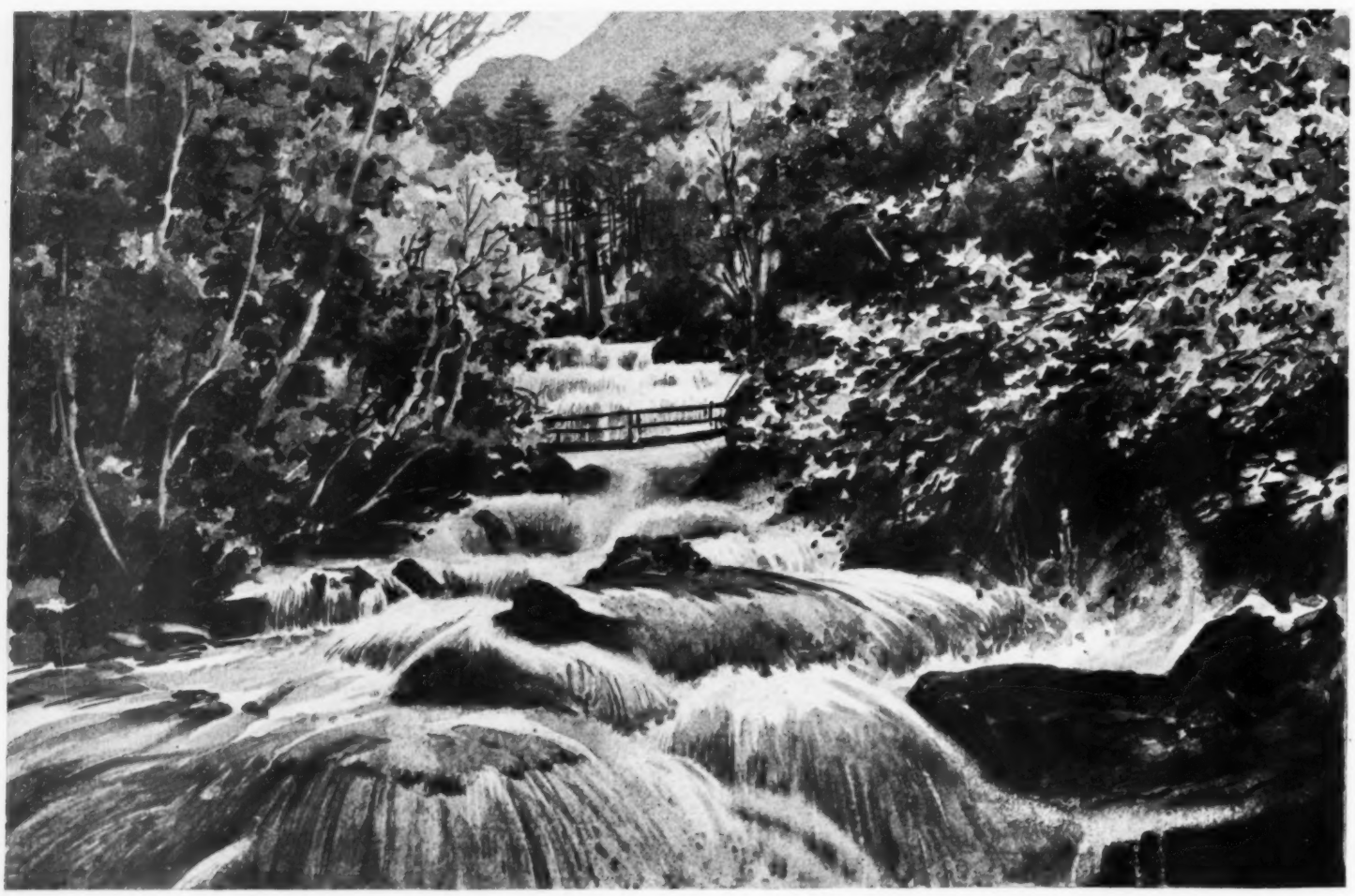
On each side of the mouth of the loch an ancient Highland fortress stands sentinel. On the western promontory, embowered in woods and prettily situated at the head of Loch Beg, Craignish Castle is seen; while a little to the east of Ardifuar, the eastern headland, the "Castle of the Turrets," as Duntroon was called, crowns a bare eminence. Repaired by the present proprietors, its gaunt, warlike appearance and the absence of ornamental woods or policies make it somewhat of an anachronism, and one cannot but feel that a ruined tower would have been more in keeping with the spirit of the surroundings.

Now in the possession of the Malcolms of Poltalloch, it formerly belonged to a branch of the Campbells of Argyll, descended from Cailein Iongantach (wonderful Colin), the fourth MacCaileen Mor and twelfth Knight of Lochow. For four hundred years it remained their property, until sold by the trustees of Captain Niel Campbell about the end of the 18th century. The financial difficulties which caused the sale were occasioned by the failure of the Ayr Bank; and it is a peculiar coincidence that it was the failure of the Western Bank, half a century later, which compelled the proprietor of Craignish to dispose of a large part of his property, including the castle.

During the Montrose wars, Colla Ciotach (left-handed Coll) MacDonald, a famous free-lance of the Antrim family, came over from Ireland to assist the Royalists. At a skirmish close to Duntroon his piper was taken prisoner, and shortly afterwards an ambuscade was laid for Coll, who, reinforced, was advancing with his "birlinns" (galleys) to storm the castle. The piper, noticing the danger of his master, began to play a "piobaireachd" ostensibly for the entertainment of the captain of the garrison, who was himself an enthusiastic admirer of this form of music. The composition, since known as "Colla, mo run" (Coll, my love), or the "Piper's warning to his master," breathes such a spirit of melancholy and wail of hopelessness, interspersed with passages of quick, nervous music calling for alert and instant action, that the notes, wafted across the water to his friends, could not but convey to those conversant with the style of the musician the warning that some awful danger awaited them. The advancing party turned aside, and the Campbell chieftain, fully appreciating the cause, instantly slew the piper. The words applied to the piece, translated, are somewhat as follows:—

> "Coll, my love, be ready, depart; be ready, depart;
> Coll, my love, be ready, depart;
> We are in their hands, we are in their hands.
> Coll, my love, avoid the dun (castle), avoid the dun;
> Coll, my love, avoid the dun;
> We are in their hands, we are in their hands.
> An oar, a baler; an oar, a baler;
> We are in their hands, we are in their hands,"

and so on.



In the Pass of Melfort.

By A. Scott Rankin.



Loch Melfort from near Arduaine.

By A. Scott Rankin.



Melfort House.

By A. Scott Rankin.

A few years afterwards Coll's son, Sir Alexander MacDonald (Alasdair MacColla), during his memorable invasion of Argyll, attacked Craignish Castle, but it was stubbornly defended, and Alasdair, who in derision had called it, Caisteal beag biorach na faochagan (the little pointed castle of the periwinkles), was forced to raise the siege.

The district of Craignish was for centuries the scene of more than ordinary strife; it seems to have been a sort of debatable ground for the possession of which, not only different clans, but also rival and closely-connected branches of the later proprietors, the great clan Campbell, contended. Its earliest traditions refer to battles betwixt the natives and the Danes. On its western shore, at Bagh dal nan ceann (the bay of the field of the heads), are a number of cairns erected in commemoration of such a fight; while in the Barbreck valley are numerous monoliths and tumuli which tell of a great conflict, when the Danes under their King Olaf attacked the Scots at Drumrigh (the king's ridge); the latter were forced to retire, but making a stand a few miles up the valley at a place called Sluggan, the Danish general was killed—a "standing stone" still marks the spot. The Danes being driven back to where Barbreck House now is, were there completely routed and King Olaf slain. A large tumulus, Dunan Aula, was erected on the fatal field to commemorate the victory and mark the burial-place of the king.

A little bay near Craignish Point is known as Port Nan Athullach (the Atholmen's Port). In 1681, after the forfeiture of the Earl of Argyll, his property was placed under the control of the Earl of Atholl, who was secretly instructed to ravage the estates and show no mercy to the Campbell lairds and followers. The Craignish chief had taken all the cattle away to the islands for safety, and on returning met and utterly destroyed a party of Atholmen at this spot.

The earliest possessors of the peninsula and strath of Craignish of whom tradition speaks were the MacEachrans of Nether Craignish, the MacMartins of the Strath, and the Gillieses of Duchra and Glenmore. From MacEachran, whose foster-son he was, Dugald, son of Archibald, fourth knight of Lochow, who flourished about 1190, got as a patrimony the estate of Na-h-Ard, or Nether Craignish, and from him the Campbells of Craignish received their patronymic—Mac Dhughail Chreaganis (the MacDougall Campbells of Craignish). This family—the eldest cadets of the house of Argyll—was a virile race, its members in all generations, to their cost, little disposed to diplomacy or guile, but staunch defenders of their rights and good soldiers. By marriage alliance and conquest they quickly acquired large possessions, and their growing power was noted with apprehension and jealousy by the parent house of Lochow. Unfortunately in the eighth generation the family was represented by a female—Cairistiona Nighean Dhugail Chreaganis—of whose weakness and imprudence the Knight of Lochow took advantage to have the estate resigned to him, she receiving back a small portion of the upper part of Craignish under his superiority. The nearest male representative—Raonul Mor na-h-ordaig (Big Ronald of the Thumb)—fought hard for his heritage, and Argyll was obliged to allow him possession of a considerable portion of the estate, but retaining the superiority, and inserting a condition in the grant that failing a male heir in the direct line the lands were to revert to the Argyll family. In 1544 the direct line failed. In the same year the nearest collateral heir, Tearlach Mor (Big Charles)

Mhic Dhughail, of Corranmore in Craignish, had the misfortune to kill Gillies of Glenmore in a brawl; he fled to Perthshire and settled on Lochtayside, receiving the protection of the Breadalbane family. From him many honourable families were descended, his offspring being known as Sliochd Thearlaich Dhuith (the Race of Black Charles). This unfortunate occurrence prevented Charles claiming the estate which, with the exception of the small barony of Barrichibeyan, became the absolute property of the Argyll family.

The later history of the collateral branches and of the property which they possessed is exceedingly chequered and full of romance, but too lengthy for repetition here.

Of Ronald Mor the following story is told. He was bound under charter to render certain services to the Baron of Barrichibeyan, one of which was that the proprietor of Craignish had to cut the corn at harvest for the latter. To a man of Ronald's high temper this service was irksome, and he adopted a plan to make the fulfilment of it unpleasant for the baron. Alleging that although he was bound to reap, he was not bound to tie, he caused the tenants to cut the corn during a storm of wind, but did not allow them to bind it, with the result that by next day the corn was scattered in all directions. It became a saying when reapers did not bind as they cut—"Buain Raonul mor na-h-ordaig. Buain an diugh, 's ceangail a màireach" (The shearing of Ronald Mor. Reap to-day and bind to-morrow).

On the ridge betwixt Kilmartin and Craignish, a river, called Allt atha mhic Mhartein (the river of MacMartin's Ford), takes its rise. Here, a laird of Craignish, returning from visiting Lochow at his castle of Innis Chonail, was overtaken by a party of MacMartins and forced to fight. The MacMartins were defeated, and their chief, who was Craignish's wife's brother, was killed. Craignish, out of pity, took MacMartin's son and placed him in charge of his brother Duncan Campbell, called MacRath, or the Fortunate Son. One day, when the boy had grown up, his foster-father took him to the wood to cut harrow pins, and while resting after their labour the boy began toying with MacRath's dirk. Being asked what he would like to do with the dirk, the boy replied that he would kill the man who killed his father. MacRath thinking it better to put a probable avenger of MacMartin's death out of the way, stabbed the boy and threw the body into a loch near by, which has since been called Loch Mhic Mhartein. It is said that Duncan MacRath (pronounced MacRa) Campbell, after the commission of this savage deed, fled to the north, and became the progenitor of the fierce MacRaes of Kintail.

The road from Craignish skirts the sea-shore and passing over the promontory of Asknish, debouches upon an interesting country hemmed in between an amphitheatre of torrent-scarred hills and the shores of Loch Melfort. Circumscribed as it is, and with a free outlet by the sea only, this little corner presents scenes of rural beauty unsurpassed in any part of the Highlands. At Culfail, the centre of the district, pleasantly situated in a sheltered hollow on the side of a mountain spur, ample facilities are given for fishing the lochs and tarns which stud the uplands, while no one could wish for a more peaceful retreat, or for more comfortable headquarters from which to penetrate into the wild mountain fastnesses which guard the approaches to the valley of Lochawe.

The configuration of the country is strikingly different from that of the seaboard. Instead of the long ridges of the slate and schistose regions, the andesite and other igneous outpourings of the Old Red Sandstone age, which cap the older metamorphic rocks, are intersected by river gorges and valleys into dome-shaped hills, giving the comparatively small area in question a somewhat chaotic, but entertaining, as it is unexpected, variety of scenery. One of these river gorges—the famous Pass of Melfort—has been formed by the passage of the River Oude. The stream has cut its way deeply through a huge mass of andesite; at the deepest part, where the cutting has been completed, the rocks on each side are several hundred feet high, while at the middle of the pass, where the wearing back of the gorge is actively in progress, the river pours with thundering noise in a series of foaming cataracts. The public road, constructed about 1824, has been cut out of the side of the ravine, and in some places is completely overhung by beetling cliffs. During a spate of waters, the scene, at all times fine, is of the grandest description. About three-quarters of a mile to the east of Cuilfail is a pretty little lake known as Loch a Phearsain (the Parson's Loch); on it is a finely-wooded island with ruins. The stream just as it emerges from the lake forms a fine cascade, falling fully forty feet.

The view from the head of Loch Melfort is attractive. Unlike other lochs in the district, this arm of the sea runs east and west. Its course seawards is interrupted by the islands



The Pass of Melfort.
By A. Scott Rankin.



Head of Loch Melfort near Ardenstour.

By A. Scott Rankin.

of Shuna and Luing, which lie athwart its mouth; while high ridges of hills hem it in on both sides, that on the north indented with pretty little bays between finely-wooded promontories; that on the south, bare, smooth and green, and devoid of beauty, but adding by contrast to the charm of the other. Its total length is about five miles and its breadth seldom over a mile, so that the eye receives, from this compression of parts, the impression of a completed and pleasing picture which would be wanting were the proportions upon a more ample scale.

The Edinburgh Exhibition.

By E. Rimbault Dibdin,

Keeper of the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

THE charm of the Scottish National Exhibition at Edinburgh eludes description: one is under its influence while there, and recollections are unmixedly pleasant, but why it is difficult to define. I went there "ance errant" from Glasgow, whither business had taken me, merely to see the Fine Art Section. Yet, returning by the last train (an adventurous business if one happens, as I did, to travel with some Western revellers returning, full of Caledonian inspiration, to the comforts of the Sautmarket), it was borne in upon me that I had miserably scamped the picture galleries; lured from them by the charming kaleidoscope outside. So I had to go again. My reward was ample, for the Exhibition, and especially the loan section, is of very great interest. No one who pretends to know about British Art should fail to see it, for it defines better than it has ever been defined before, the part—a very important one—that has been played by Scotch painters in the making of it. I flatter myself—not without justification, I hope—that this is one of the subjects upon which my ignorance is unusually small; yet I came away with a better understanding on several points, a readjustment of opinion upon details, and that clearer, firmer grasp of the relations of man to man and group to group, which can only be obtained when one has representative pictures arranged in one place, so that it is possible to go backwards and forwards and make comparisons under the same lighting, in the same critical temper, and with the actual image of one work fresh in the memory when looking at another. Some day, when the Scottish National Gallery attains to the accomplishment of what seems to be its present ambition (and most rightly so), Edinburgh will have a picture-gallery in which one may see at any time a complete pictorial history of Scottish Art. In the meantime, the temporary collection at Saughton Park is one to be grateful for. It is not an ideal one, but any one who has had experience of the difficulties attending the formation of a loan exhibition can only be surprised that it is so excellent.

The pictures in the catalogue of the loan section number 761, of which 585 are works in oil. The water-colours are chiefly modern in their interest, though there are some good things by Horatio M'Culloch, Sam Bough, George Manson, Sir W. Fettes Douglas, and other notables of the middle of last century. There are some charming things, too, to remind us that the Salopian, Cecil Lawson, is claimed as one of the fine Scottish feathers wherewith the plumage of English Art has been enriched! The Moderns, however, linger most vividly in one's recollection: such accomplished craftsmen as Arthur Melville, whose brush was a magician's wand, at whose touch the impossible easily came to pass; William McTaggart with his triumphantly perfect vision of the sea, and Edwin Alexander, whose birds, beasts and flowers are spirited on to the paper with such ease and certainty that the ignorant are deceived. I heard an excellent matron discourse in front of his 'Honeysuckle and Bees' to her daughters; the drift of her remarks being that that was the sort of thing they should apply themselves to instead of wrestling with the difficulties of landscape,—"it is so easy and looks so pretty." Memorable, too, are the 'Dryad' of James Paterson, the quaint inventions of Miss Annie French (Beardsleyism cleansed and modified, without loss of charm) and 'The Rally' by John Lavery.

The collection of oils carries us back some 300 years to George Jamesone, but the historical thread is slender until



Poster by Messrs. McLagan and Cumming.

we reach the art of the Raeburn period. The four pictures of Jamesone, of which 'The Marchioness of Huntley' is the best, are sufficient to show that, though a fellow-pupil of Van Dyck, the inspiration of Rubens did not in him fall on equally congenial soil. They do not rise above historical interest, and make all the less impression because there are so few other pictures of early date, and they are in the same gallery as splendid examples of Raeburn, Watson Gordon, Graham Gilbert, and Geddes. Of the seventeen Raeburns, thirteen are here, the rest being in the Central Hall, where to the final confusion of a rather loose chronological arrangement, works of all periods are brought together. Where all are admirable it seems invidious to choose a few for special mention, but my own selection of the most subtle and masterly, if not the most commanding example of the Scottish Velazquez, would be the 'John Pitcairn' lent by the Royal Scottish Academy; though the 'John Tait and grandchild,' the 'James Wardrop' and the 'Miss Margaret Suttie' and, indeed, several others run it very closely. Raeburn is at last the fashion, and his power will not surprise as does that of Andrew Geddes, whose 'William Anderson' and 'Archibald Skirving' suffice to show that Raeburn was not, as some think, an isolated phenomenon in Scottish Art. Wilkie is not so strongly represented, the best example being the small but exquisite 'Letter of Introduction.' His successors in anecdote and incident, A. Fraser, the Faeds, Erskine Nicol, the Burrs, and Harvey are all included, and the more pretentious Lauders also—Eckford Lauder's 'Ten Virgins' being the sole example of his accomplished design; while there are four pictures by his brother, including the forcibly dramatic, even melodramatic, 'Trial of Effie Deans.' Of Dyce—a pre-Raphaelite before the Brotherhood was thought of—there are some very characteristic specimens, and the 'Luther at Erfurt' is a quite typical early example of Noel Paton (another anticipator of the heresies of 1848), who afterwards degenerated into the lugubrious sentimentality of such appeals to the Great Heart of the Public as 'The Silver Cord Loosed' and 'Satan Watching the Sleep of Christ.' By David Scott, whose comparatively few pictures are seldom seen, we have four powerful works, in which may be observed the variation of his style under formative influences—of Rubens in 'The Descent from the Cross,' of Blake in 'Time surprising Love.' The romantic imagination in landscape of the Rev. John Thomson, a strong force in Scottish Art which is not yet spent, is well shown in 'The Castle on the Rock,' 'Castle Campbell,' and 'Castle Baan.'

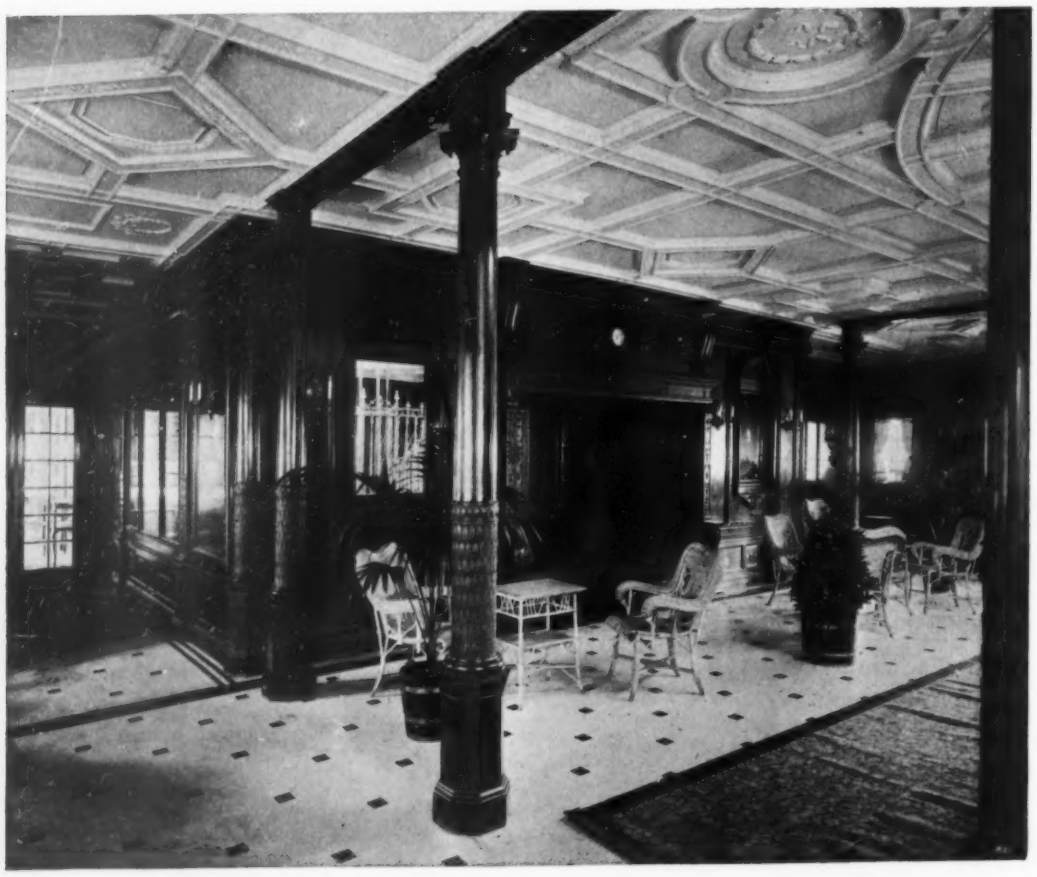


(Shown by Mr. Alex. Fergusson.)

In the Second Gallery, where the illustrious group trained by Scott Lauder are prominent, there is a very remarkable gathering of pictures by John Pettie, and a smaller, but scarcely less delightful selection from the work of Mr. Orchardson—so similar in motive, yet so subtly different. Another kindred spirit was Lockhart, whose 'Don Quixote at the Puppet Show' might easily be mistaken for the work of Pettie.

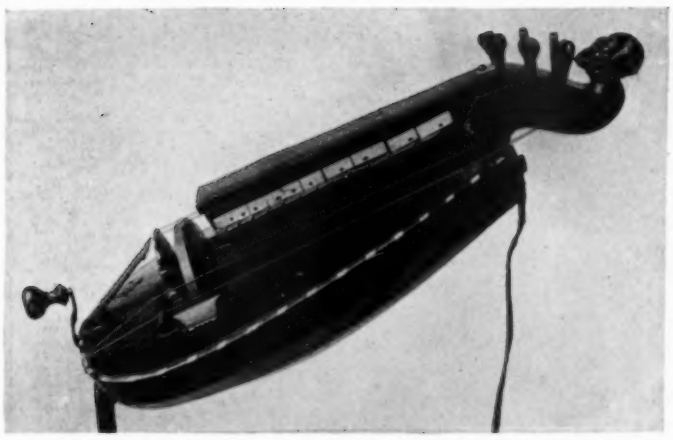
Anecdote and illustration treated with real artistry and wonderful narrative skill were the constant inspiration of Scotchmen in the middle of last century, probably as a result of the inspiring example of their predecessor Wilkie, in addition to the influence of Lauder.

Every part of the room is full of interest, not only for the lover of good painting and design, but also for the less understanding person who is content to be amused and interested—he scarcely knows why. The pictures of Tom Faed, John Phillip,



(By permission of the Cunard Steamship Co., Ltd.)

On the "Mauretania."



(Shown by Messrs. Paterson and Sons.)

Erskine Nicol, Tom Graham, and the Burrs, who all followed Wilkie south in search of wider fame, are familiar in England, and will be hailed as old friends by many to whom the equally accomplished performances of Sir W. Fettes Douglas, James Archer, Robert Herdman, G. Paul Chalmers and Hugh Cameron are novelties. Douglas makes an excellent impression by a masterly grasp of his themes as well as his pictorial invention. He lacked the comic and sentimental elements of Faed, Nicol, and the Burrs, he had not the tender sense of beauty that made Chalmers so exquisite, or the rich romantic force of Pettie; but the selection of his work now brought together shows him to have been quite a master in his own vein. The earlier performances of Archer are an agreeable surprise to those who were only contemporary with his later and unsatisfactory pictures, and Herdman sounds a very sweet note of his own when he avoids the occasional tendency to be Noel-Patonish. The outstanding landscapes of the room are those of Bough, Wintour and Fraser, all masters of real genius.



(Shown by Messrs. Paterson and Sons.)

'Goldfish' and 'A Symphony'; 'Butterflies' and 'O, lang, lang, may the maiden sit,' by Mr. Robert Burns; the landscapes of Mr. J. L. Wingate; that pioneer impres-

In the rooms given to the Moderns there is abundant evidence of the worthy manner in which the tradition of Scottish art is continued by them. Among the choice things that remain most vividly in my recollection are the portraits—so different in vision and technique, so much alike in the power to charm and convince—by Sir James Guthrie and Sir George Reid. I recall too, Mr. Lorimer's two impressive portraits, which represent him better in that genre than does his single early subject picture—beautiful though it be—in the one with which he is chiefly associated in our minds; the characteristic examples of Mr. Hornel's intensely personal vision of nature; Mr. George Henry's



(Shown by Messrs. Geo. Dobie and Son.)

sionist, Mr. McTaggart's magnificent 'Bathers'; Mr. Gemmell Hutchison's poetical treatment of real peasant life—as good as anything by Israels—in 'Tatties and Herrin'; and Mr. C. H. Mackie's masterful versatility and vigour.

Black-and-white art is a very Cinderella at exhibitions, where you come to it with eyes overfed with colour; and after the Edinburgh banquet of good things, one is disposed from sheer exhaustion of the receptive faculty to neglect the black-and-white room. But once it is entered, one is captured by the outstanding work of such masters as Sir George Reid, George Manson, John Pettie, Mr. Muirhead Bone, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Strang, Mr. James Paterson, and Mr. Hole. Sculpture has always been an elegant exotic in Scotland, and though the seventy-five specimens of it are individually excellent, they do not make a great impression, a result partly due to their being scattered through the various rooms in which one is busy with pictures.

To the exhibition itself, as a work of art, attractively placed amid delightful scenic surroundings, liberal praise is due. The various buildings of this white city are individually elegant, and they are well grouped.

The largest—the Industrial Hall—which covers an area of 100,000 square feet, contains many things of artistic interest, notably in the very well selected and arranged women's section, and the considerable space devoted to stalls where imperturbably patient and polite Japanese sell all sorts of pretty trifles, some of them extremely seductive. Wandering along the various avenues with an eye for the beautiful, one is particularly impressed by the fine collection of ship models—remarkable in a city which, though near the sea, is not maritime. Especially striking is the exhibit of the Cunard Steamship Company, the world's greatest maritime company, of a model of their two unequalled ocean palaces, the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*. The smaller but no less luxurious South American liners of the Booth Steamship Company are represented by a model of their R.M.S. *Lanfranc*, and other leading lines contribute scarcely less attractive features.

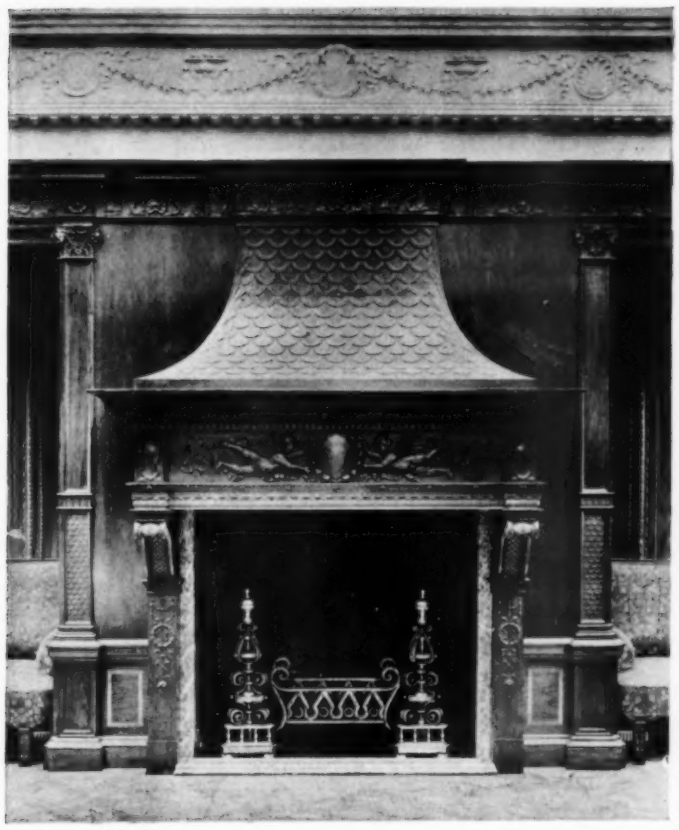


(Shown by Messrs. Paterson and Sons.)



Bechstein "Mediæval" Upright Piano.

Near at hand is a little suite of three rooms fitted up and decorated in modern style and in fine taste by George Dobie and Son of Edinburgh, one of several exhibits which give gratifying evidence of the growing tendency to include the qualification of artist in that of craftsman in important decorative work. In Scotland decorators confine themselves to their own craft, and so there is little in this exhibit in the way of separate furniture, except a few articles well selected to complete the scheme. The fittings in each room, the leaded glass, and all the decorative details are designed by Messrs. Dobie. The Entrance-hall is panelled with conventionally-treated landscapes in red monotone, there is a dull green and bronze dado, and the panels are framed with a stencilled



Fireplace in a Smoking-room of the "Mauretania."

(By permission of the Cunard Steamship Co., Ltd.)



A Dining Saloon in the "Mauretania."

(By permission of the Cunard Steamship Co., Ltd.)

border. A Boudoir has its walls hung with a rich yellow silk flock paper in broad stripes, and the same tone of colour is carried into a painted frieze of flowers, and a circular decoration of chrysanthemums on the ceiling, with an Empire ornament in dull gold. The style is a judicious combination of "Empire" with modern decoration. The Smoke-room is in dark oak with stencilled decorations—appropriately modern in conception. A leading feature is the skilful treatment of stencil-work on the oak-beamed ceiling, the arched soffit of the recess, and the frieze. The general tone is very quiet and restful, and the ornamental work is designed and coloured with courage and a fine sense of harmony.

The makers of fabrics tempt us to linger to wonder at their productions, especially those who, like Cranston and Elliot, Ltd., show looms at work. Such peeps into the actual making of things are among the most fascinating features of exhibitions, and always attract highly-interested crowds, whether the craft be the greatest of the black-and-white art, as practised by the Riverside Press—which prints the catalogues and programmes while you wait—or merely the trivial and rather disenchanting process of sweetmeat-making. It is given to no mere visitor to see everything in an exhibition, and there was much that I missed during a tour in the course of which I was especially interested in illustration of the art of seal-cutting, the wares of the Midlothian pottery at Portobello, golf clubs, the exhibits of the Edinburgh School of Art and other technical schools, the quaintly picturesque model of an ancient Edinburgh house, by means of which Messrs. J. and G. Stewart, Ltd., attract notice to their time-honoured brand of whisky, and, most of all, by



A General View of the Scottish National Exhibition, Edinburgh.

a valuable collection of musical instruments, ancient and modern, shown by Messrs. Paterson and Sons, the leading music dealers of the North. The development of the pianoforte from very small beginnings is seen in some beautiful examples, beginning with an Italian original dated 1556, which is followed by a Kirchman harpsichord—a particularly complete and interesting specimen, a Pohlman pianoforte dated 1770—only three years after the "Piano-Forte" was first publicly heard in England, and some perfect modern instruments. The Italian vielle or hurdy-gurdy is an unusually choice specimen, and the harp inscribed "Meyer" shows the "double-action" mechanism in its earliest form, besides being a beautiful piece of Empire design. But I am bound to confess that even these covetable antiques paled in interest when I was made acquainted with the most modern and diabolical of all mechanical pianoforte players—one which is not mechanical after all, because by some electrical device it plays not merely music, but music as it is played by leading pianists. You sit down and listen to a sonata or fantasia played by Busoni, then you have it rendered by Mark Hambourg, and next by Paderewski—each time a different thing, each time palpitatingly alive with the individuality of the performer. If the gentleman who invented this machine had lived sufficiently long ago he would assuredly have been burned at the stake as a wizardly dabbler in devilish arts. And when you have exhausted the patience of the very patient and courteous stall-holder, you wander off to the Machinery Hall with its manifold wonders, to gaze upon its little comprehended marvels, endless in variety; while you reflect on the fact that the Arts, after all, great as they are, are as nothing in modern life in comparison with the marvels provided for us by the skilled artists and artisans who work out the numberless devices of scientific genius.

Passing Events.

HOWARD HELMICK, the painter of 'The Monk' (opposite) exhibited nineteen works at the Royal Academy between 1873 and 1887. As he was a member of the Hibernian Academy, and in the seventies dated from Galway, in whose neighbourhood he seems to have discovered several good subjects for his brush, Helmick was either an Irishman by birth or felt the call of Erin in his heart. From time to time he was represented in Suffolk Street by nine works, and in 1879 was elected a member of the R.B.A. He also contributed to the exhibitions of the Institute of Oil Painters. The monk of the picture is not one of those of the gormandising, pleasure-loving kind which certain French artists of to-day and yesterday, sceptical as to the devotional side of monachism, have again and again painted. Instead, he is a genial, evidently simple-living man, to whom a chaliced flower can suggest the joy of the earth, a meagrely-furnished study, if it hold a treasured book, a rosary and a crucifix, something of Paradise. The essence of monachism is, of course, asceticism with the element of religious solitude added. There are melancholy monks and others. Howard Helmick shows us one of the others.

THE new Trustee of the British Museum, Mr. Samuel Henry Butcher, M.P., elected in the place of the late Sir John Evans, holds honorary degrees in Literature conferred by Oxford, Dublin, St. Andrews, Glasgow and Edinburgh. On his marriage in 1876 he vacated his Fellowship of Trinity College, Cambridge, and was later elected to a Fellowship at University College, Oxford. Among Mr. Butcher's learned publications is Aristotle's Theory of Painting and the Fine Arts.

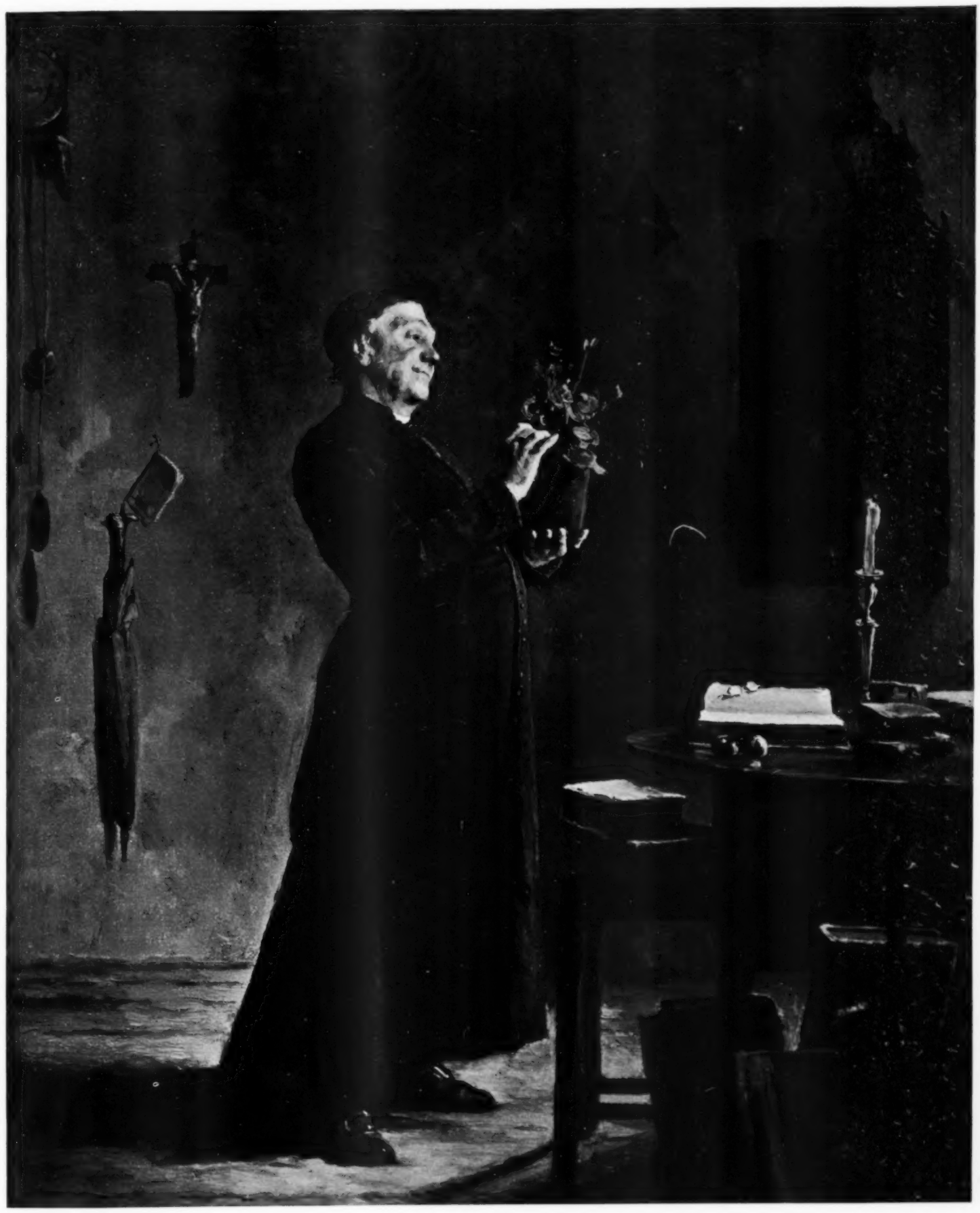
MR. JOSEPH HENDERSON, who died at Ballantrae—one remembers Mr. Muirhead Bone's fine etching, 'The Road to Ballantrae'—on July 17 was the *doyen* of the Scottish School. Born in 1832, in Perthshire, he was a fellow-student of Orchardson, Robert Herdman, and other well-known artists at the Trustees' Academy, Edinburgh. Establishing himself in Glasgow in 1852, when men of the standing of Graham Gilbert, Daniel Macnee and Sam Bough were there, Henderson did much to stimulate interest in art, and no doubt had to do with the formation in 1861 of the Institute, as certainly he was one of the founders of the Royal Scottish Water-Colour Society. At first he painted portraits only, on one occasion receiving the magnificent sum of 15*s.* for two commissions in this kind. He is most widely known, however, for his virile, breezy marines and shore scenes, one of which is at the Franco-British Exhibition. It is a moot point with many how far Joseph Henderson influenced his son-in-law, William McTaggart, or *vice versâ*. His sons, John and Morris Henderson, as need scarcely be said, are prominent landscape painters. With this fact as an excuse, a humorist not long ago published the following versicles under the title, "Portion of the Universe (by family arrangement)":—

My brother John may paint a hill,
  And I may paint a tree;
But by the special grace of God
  My father paints the sea.

And thus the painting of the globe
  Belongs unto us three,
Which proves that Art, like wooden legs,
  Is pure heredity.

The writer, of course, knew quite well that something more than pure heredity goes to the equipment of an artist as able as Joseph Henderson.

THE death of an aged French sculptor, M. Paul Lefevre, who in early days had a considerable repute, took place in particularly sad circumstances when Paris was at its gayest. He and his wife, who for some years had lived quietly, spending much of their time in reading, had latterly suffered from ill-health, and had lost money by speculation. The sequel was that they wrote



THE MONK.

BY HOWARD HELMICK.

letters of farewell to their friends and the doctor, and then died from the effects of self-administered coal-gas. There have been several French artists named Lefevre, another of whom, Robert, put an end to his life in 1830, it is said because by the Revolution of July he was deprived of his Court appointments.

MR. SAMUEL JOHN HODSON, who died on July 5, was the son of James Shirley Hodson, printseller and publisher. He studied first at the School of Design and afterwards at the Royal Academy, to whose exhibitions he contributed fairly regularly from 1860 to 1878. These works were in oil. Of late he has been best known by his architectural subjects at the Royal Water-Colour Society, of which he was a member.

THE memorial stone placed in the north-west tower of Truro Cathedral, to commemorate the gift of £20,000 from Mrs. Christopher Hawkins, of Portland Place, for the erection of the western towers and spires, will serve to remind many of the great series of Hawkins' sales in 1904. The late Mr. C. H. T. Hawkins is said to have spent £10,000 a year in snuff-boxes and objects of vertu.

IN order to controvert the sweeping assertion that "the most effective, moving, and vitalising work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty," a writer in the *The Century* has compiled a remarkable list of names and works. He points out, for instance, that Tintoretto's vast 'Paradise'—"the greatest picture in the world," according to Ruskin—was produced when the artist was over seventy; Blake's wonderful engravings to the Book of Job, Turner's 'Fighting Temeraire,' Hogarth's 'Lady's Last Stake,' and Reynolds' 'Tragic Muse,' when these masters were between sixty and seventy; Leonardo's 'Battle of the Standard,' Rembrandt's 'Syndics of the Cloth Hall,' Constable's 'Valley Farm,' at over fifty. These are a few only of dozens of instances that might be cited. Age, fortunately, has its great moments, when the experience of maturity is united to the fire of youth. It is in that sense that the Ancient of Days is always held to be a boy.

MR. SIDNEY C. COCKERELL, who was so closely associated with William Morris in the Kelmscott Press productions, is on all hands held to be a fit person to have been appointed as Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. Of late he has been occupied chiefly in collecting, caring for, cataloguing, etc., the fine manuscripts of Mr. Henry Yates-Thompson. The preface to the catalogue of illuminated manuscripts recently seen at the Burlington Fine Arts Club is by Mr. Cockerell, and last year he published a minute and scholarly description of the Gorleston Psalter, bought from the Braybrooke family by Mr. Dyson Perrins.

THE winner of the Art Union prize of £200 at the Glasgow Institute, Mr. James H. Forsyth, was one of many who undertook to dispose of a book of tickets. He selected a shore piece by the late Mr. Joseph Henderson, a church interior by Mr. James G. Laing, one of Mr. Stuart Park's flower pieces, and a landscape by Mr. Russell MacNee. Apropos of Glasgow, the death of the Rt. Hon. James A. Campbell reminds us that for twelve years he acted as Honorary Secretary, and later became Vice-President of the Art School there.

THE energy and wisdom with which the Berlin Gallery is conducted is yet again exemplified in the purchase of Zoffany's remarkably fine portrait of Dr. T. Hanson of Canterbury, which was lent to the last Old Masters Exhibition by the late Mr. J. Hanson Walker. Our National Gallery was its proper home. The figure is in its quiet way a masterpiece. Experts have scope in authoritatively attributing to its author the Wilsonian landscape.

SHALL private persons be allowed to decorate public pavements? This question was put recently by Mr. Ashby-Sterry, not so much in relation to pavement-artists as to places of amusement whose managers seize any effective method of advertisement. "If," pathetically wrote our London Bystander, "I were to have a full-length portrait of myself stencilled on the pavement opposite my house, the police would very probably interfere, and speedily obliterate it. And yet I should be no more infringing the law than twenty other people with their Greek borders and conventional foliage." Who can with composure contemplate the obliteration even of an image of Mr. Ashby-Sterry? By the way, his first ambition was to be a painter, and maybe 'Bound for Sea,' exhibited at the British Institution in 1858 and priced at 7 gs., given in Graves' catalogue to John Ashby-Sterry, is by the able journalist.

THE remarkably successful show of British masters at Berlin drew from a leading German critic, Herr J. Meier-Graefe, some spirited strictures. In the *Chronique des Arts*, he characterised not only Hoppner, Romney, Raeburn and Lawrence, but Reynolds and Gainsborough as *peintres mondains*, and said, "L'impression d'ensemble est presque choquante : on se croirait dans une exposition de modes." As to Lawrence's 'Miss Farren,' accounted by many in Berlin as the finest picture, Herr Meier-Graefe holds it to be "à peu près le tableau le plus mauvais que l'Ecole Anglais ait produit." It is not likely that Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who is said to have paid about £40,000 for the portrait, originally priced at 60 gs., will be greatly discomfited on reading this.

"WAIT till thou has been dead a hundred year," wrote Dr. Walcot (Peter Pindar) of Richard Wilson, and "immortal praises thou shalt find." Fortunately for us and for himself, Mr. John Lavery has not been called upon to exercise a century of patience. His gifts have been acclaimed by fellow-artists all over Europe, and works by him have been bought for various public galleries. From the one-man show at the Goupil Gallery the Corporation of Birmingham purchased one of the most important pictures, 'Evening.' It was painted from the roof of Mr. Lavery's delightful winter home at Tangier, and the white-robed figure on the balustrade looks towards the sea, with to the right the far hills. By the way, every visitor to the Irish village at the Franco-British should make a point

of seeing the admirable little collection of pictures brought together by Mr. Hugh Lane, including two of Mr. Lavery's from the Luxembourg, landscapes and shore pieces by Mr. Nathanial Hone, fine examples by Mr. Gerald Kelly, Mr. William Orpen, Mr. Charles Shannon, and Mr. G. W. Russell ("A.E.").

THE rumour that Mr. John Burns is one of the archangels in the mosaics of St. Paul's sent a good many people to the Cathedral. Sir W. B. Richmond, however, denies that the stalwart President of the Local Government Board served as a model for any of these lofty beings. Nevertheless, at least three Prime Ministers of our time—Beaconsfield, Gladstone and Salisbury—have been used, so to say, for church decorative purposes.

SOMEONE has been asking if the subliminal aim of those who construct the American sky-scraper is to span the space between earth and heaven. We doubt whether the architects have any such ethereal intention. Ground is dear, air is cheap, seems to be the governing dictum. By the way, the Equitable Life Assurance Company is about to construct in New York the loftiest building in the world. The sixty-two storeys are to rise to a height of 909 feet above the kerb, or not very far short of the height of the Eiffel Tower. These New York sky-scrapers, when lights gleam from the windows on a winter afternoon, give to the city something of the look of a mediæval hill-town, at least when seen from an incoming or outgoing liner in the bay. Then, too, Mr. Joseph Pennell has persuaded us of their pictorial possibilities.

THE two men, Verfaille and Carlier, who stole Van Dyck's 'Raising of the Cross' from the church of Notre Dame at Courtrai, must long ago have regretted their acquisitive tendencies. The one was sentenced to five years', the other to thirty months' imprisonment. Before being reinstated, the picture had to undergo repairs at Antwerp.

ONE of the features of the interesting production of Milton's "Comus" in connection with the tercentenary doings at Cambridge was the suppression of the names of those who took part in it. But it is an open secret that the scenery was by Mr. Albert Rothenstein. His brother, Mr. Will Rothenstein, has a large following at Cambridge, where for some time he has been doing excellent service as an examiner of work done in certain art groups.

THE colossal bronze figure of Queen Alexandra placed in the grounds of the London Hospital is by Mr. George Wade, a self-taught sculptor who has executed a number of important works. For the King he did a bust of the Duke of Clarence; for St. Paul's Cathedral 'Sir John Macdonald,' of whom Canada is so proud; and for Ceylon a colossal statue of Queen Victoria. Queen Alexandra, as President of the London Hospital, introduced the Finsen light there, and gave the first lamp. Hence Mr. Wade, in one of the panels, has a bas-relief representing the opening of the Finsen Light Department at the hospital.

IN connection with the great celebrations at Quebec, it is worth while recalling that several of the medals struck to commemorate historical incidents in the conquest of Canada were designed and executed by Thomas Pingo, Assistant-Engraver at the English Mint from 1771 till his death five years later. In 1763 he became a member of the Free Society of Artists, and there exhibited till 1774. His medals include the 'Taking of Quebec,' 1759, the 'Taking of Montreal,' 1760, the 'Subjugation of Canada,' 1760.

UNDER the able and enthusiastic direction of Mr. Ablett, the Royal Drawing Society has done much for "the art of childhood." This year the King became a patron of the Society and sanctioned the use for the exhibition of snapshot and other drawings of the beautiful orangery, Kensington Palace, which was built by Wren. It would be difficult to over-estimate the advantages of encouraging children to use their own eyes and naïvely to record their own naïve impressions. Soon enough they take to looking through more or less conventional spectacles. Organisations such as this Royal Drawing Society may not add appreciably to the already over-stocked ranks of practising artists, but there can be no question that it quickens intelligent observation and hence enhances the value of life.

THE number of works submitted for the summer exhibition at the Academy considerably exceeded the 11,349 of 1907, of which 174 only were unconditionally accepted on their first appearance before the Council. It is worth while recalling that in the earliest years of her reign, before the "Royal afternoon" was established, Queen Victoria used to attend the Private View. In those days it was described as "the most exclusive meeting of rank and fashion, intermingled with artists and their wives." Those words could not now be used. We understand, by the way, that the critics of the leading daily papers have memorialized the Academy to the end that the extra half-day given to the Press since 1892, of which they were deprived this year, should be restored. No doubt the Council is in a difficulty as a result of the Royal request that the banquet shall be held on Thursday instead of Saturday.

THE sale for £160 of ten trial proofs of as many stages in the progress of Félix Bracquemond's famous etching after Meissonier's 'La Rixe' recalls the circumstances in which the picture came into the British Royal collection. Painted in 1855, Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort greatly admired it in the Universal Exhibition held in Paris, whereupon Napoleon III. bought it for 25,000 francs and presented it to his royal guests at Saint-Cloud. His tactful generosity set all Paris talking. Since then an acquisitive American is said to have offered £100,000 for 'La Rixe,' needless to say ineffectually. Bracquemond received 2,500 gs. for the plate, on which he was at work intermittently for nearly three years from 1883. The current story that the picture cost the life of a man has a very slender basis. An old soldier who came daily to the studio and simulated passion in order that Meissonier might study the effect on the veins of his neck died shortly afterwards.

The Franco-British Exhibition.

By A. L. Baldry.

TO all students of the art of our times there will seem to be a particular value in the opportunity that is afforded by the Franco-British Exhibition of instituting a comparison between French and British achievement in painting and sculpture. Such a comparison is of very real importance, because it throws much light upon the way in which the two schools differ in aims and accomplishment, and enables useful distinctions to be drawn between the traditions which are observed in each country. British art of the present day owes much to France; for many years the best of our students have freely availed themselves of the educational advantages offered to them in the Paris studios and have received from French masters a considerable part of their training. But these foreign experiences have not appreciably changed the point of view of British artists and have not to any great extent diminished the strength of the tradition by which our art practice is controlled. Our preferences, and our prejudices, in æsthetic matters are practically as well defined as they ever were, and the national characteristics of our school still remain the same as they were a century or more ago.

On the whole, it is well that the national peculiarities of British art should not have been effaced by foreign teaching, for these peculiarities come naturally from the associations and conditions under which our artists have worked and are working, and we can see in them a reflection of our social life. If we could transplant here the methods and the intentions of the French school and could work with a purely French vision, we should lose more than we should gain. We should sacrifice a kind of solid and reputable insularity for the sake of acquiring foreign graces which would suit us ill enough, and which would bear the stamp of affectation because they would be out of keeping with our character.

But, while we have retained the purely British atmosphere of our art, we have gained—chiefly from France—a fuller command over those technical processes by which our æsthetic convictions are made intelligible. There has been during recent years a general improvement in the standard of executive practice maintained by the artists of this country. In painting there is sounder draughtsmanship, more certain brushwork, truer statement of tone relations, and more pictorial resource, than there was a generation or two ago; in sculpture there is greater subtlety of modelling, and more intimate understanding of form; in design there is more variety of invention, more freedom of manner, and more



The Seventh Day of the Decameron: Philomena's Song by the side of the beautiful lake in the ladies' valley.

(By permission of the Rt. Hon. Lord Joicey.) **By P. Falconer Poole, R.A.**



Boy and Bear Cubs.

(By permission of W. Vivian, Esq.) By J. M. Swan, R.A.

freshness of inspiration. Yet all this progress has been made along the traditional lines laid down long ago by the most characteristically British masters; and the workers here to-day are only doing more expressively, and with a more correct understanding, what was attempted by their predecessors.

It is this last fact that makes the comparison between the French and British art at the Exhibition so interesting and so significant. The achievement not only of the more prominent members of our school, but of the rank and file as well, has so appreciably advanced in quality that it has nothing to fear from any juxtaposition with the work of the French artists. In matters of technique the two schools meet on practically equal terms; the difference between them is now almost entirely one of what can fairly be called national temperament, and has its origin in the fundamental causes that make the character of one people unlike that of the other. What the Exhibition chiefly provides is a contrast of æsthetic sentiment, a distinction in points of view which is well worth studying, because it comes from something deeper and more permanent than momentary fashion, and is not perceptibly affected by changes in the mechanism of artistic practice.

In the rooms devoted to pictures and drawings, there is a vast amount of work which claims the sincerest admiration, and there is a great deal that shows excellently the best side of modern pictorial effort. On the whole the British collection is more satisfying than the French, more attractive, and in some respects more convincing. This may be because it is more adequate as a summary of the art of the country, and because most of our painters are represented by works which do them sufficient justice; while the demonstration attempted of the powers of several of the chief among the modern French masters is hardly satisfactory. But the British pictures have a certain quiet sincerity of manner and straightforwardness of style that can be frankly commended; they have no taint of sensationalism, and the sentiment that is common to them all is wholesome and pleasant. There is also in them an agreeable quality of colour that is neither exaggerated nor unduly restrained, a quality that comes evidently from a kind of national instinct for harmonious arrangement and balanced relation.

This tenderness of feeling is in a measure lacking in the French work. Brilliant executive performances there are in plenty, and there are many memorable examples of splendidly scientific achievement; but the desire to assert technical cleverness for its own sake is too evident, and to it much else is sacrificed that would have been worth attainment. Sensationalism of subject and excess of dramatic suggestion are sought after too eagerly, and the idea that the artist's mission is to surprise rather than to please is too widely accepted. There is an amount of restlessness and obvious effort in these examples of French art that causes them to seem artificial and at times insincere. Yet, despite the fact that some of the greatest of the modern French painters cannot be fairly judged by the canvases which have been chosen to represent them, the collection is impressive in its illustration of the science of painting and in its maintenance of a high level of craftsmanship throughout.

But beside the British pictures the French ones look, for the most part, unnecessarily sombre and ponderous. The search after exact adjustment of tones has long been of absorbing interest to most of the members of the school, and this search has been carried on so assiduously that the perception of colour subtleties has been too little cultivated. Consequently in the majority of these paintings there is less charm of colour than in those of British artists, and the few exceptions which show an intention to deal with chromatic problems have more assertiveness than charm—they claim attention by their audacity rather than by their delicacy of effect. Indeed, the comparison between the two schools oddly contradicts the popular idea that the Briton takes his pleasures sadly while the Frenchman has fully the capacity for enjoyment; in art, at all events, it is the Briton who seems to be possessed of the happier nature and to find the



(By permission of Sir Edward P. Tennant, Bart., M.P.)

Lady Crosbie.
By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.



(By permission of W. Newall, Esq.)

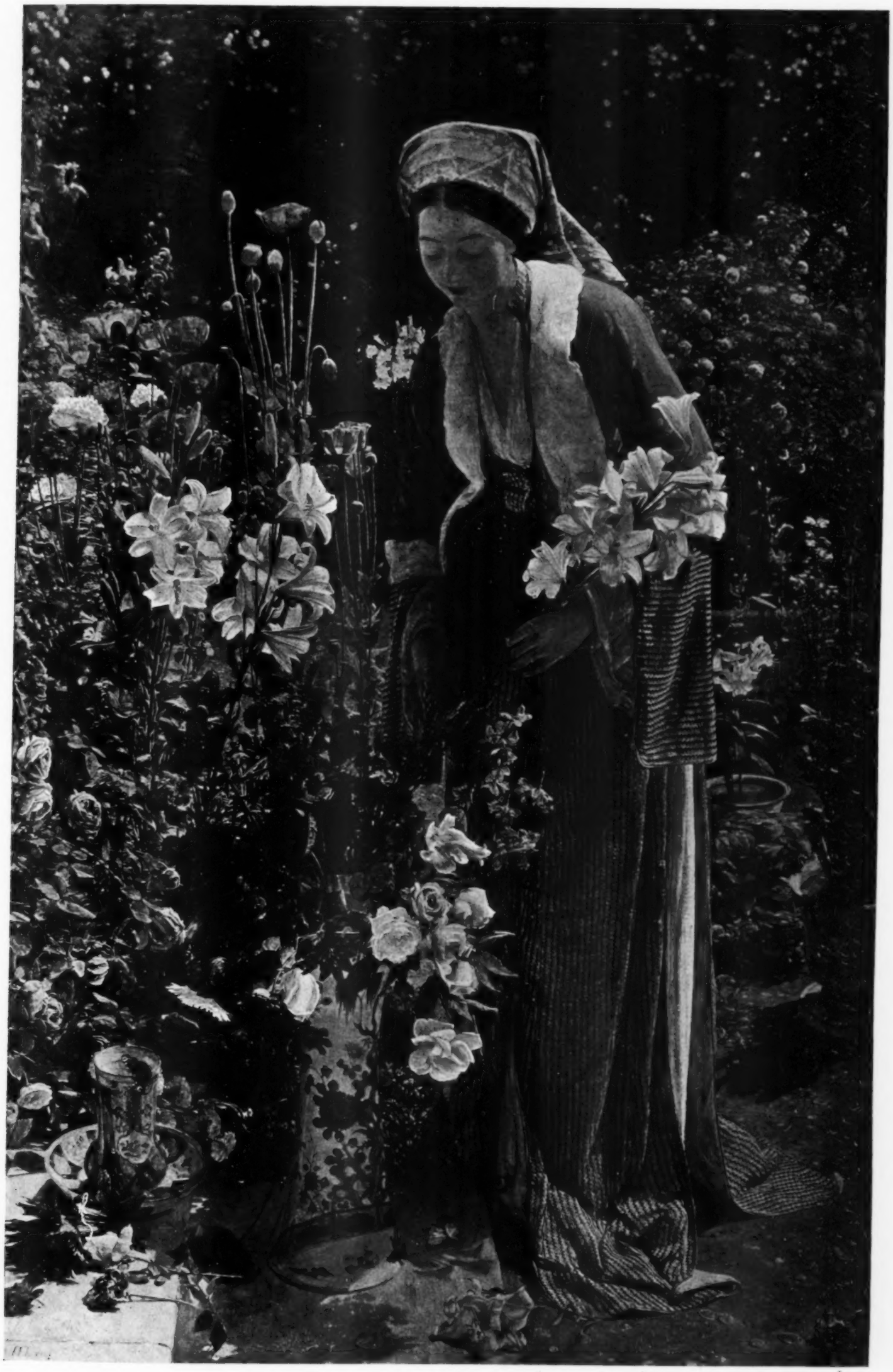
Master Leslie Newall.
By E. J. Gregory, R.A.

greater enjoyment in the light and colour of the world about him.

That a delight in the dainty expression of dainty motives is no new thing in this country is suggested by the series of pictures by the earlier British masters which supplements the larger gathering of modern work. In these examples by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, Romney, Raeburn, Constable, Wilson, Turner, and others not less famous, the beginnings of that tradition which is being kept alive by the best of our modern artists can be clearly perceived. The charm of the older work has influenced rightly the men of to-day and has guided the developments for which they are responsible. If now we have not the audacity, the scientific purpose, and the dramatic power of the French school, we have at least a consistent love of beauty which we know how to express persuasively; and we have acquired sound methods of presenting the aesthetic principles in which we believe. This certainly is proved by the comparison which can be made at the Franco-British Exhibition.

In the sculpture section, too, there are some useful lessons to be learned, and one of the chief of them is that British sculptors have made latterly an amazing advance in their art. No one who has attempted any study of Early-Victorian sculpture with its weak artificiality and dull, unintelligent classicism, its affected graces and its obvious conventionality, can fail to realise what a change has been brought about in the last thirty years. A school of sculptors has sprung up in this country who are worthy of all possible consideration, men who work with notable intelligence and with a thorough grasp of the essentials of their craft; and this school can hold its own well in any competition. It certainly makes a most creditable display of good things in this Exhibition, where it is subjected to a test of undeniable severity and has to fight for recognition under somewhat difficult conditions.

For the British and French sculpture is grouped together in the same gallery, and in this close association the relative importance of the work of the two countries can be estimated to a nicety. If the British sculptors had been still ridden by the Early-Victorian convention, if they had not escaped from the dominance of a bad tradition, they would have had every reason to fear juxtaposition with the French contributors; but as things are they bear the test admirably. Sculpture in France has many great opportunities, and offers to the men who practise it chances of real distinction; in the British Isles it has been, until quite recently, neglected and discouraged. Therefore the power, the vivacity, and striking originality of the French work is less surprising than the sterling merit of the modern British achievement; in one country the art has flourished and has been helped to its highest development by ready appreciation; in the other it has won its way to recognition by dogged opposition to adverse influences. This contrast in circumstances is reflected in the work itself; the foreign contributions have the lightness of manner and the easy grace of style that come with popular approval; those from British artists are



(By permission of the Corporation of Preston.)

In the Bey's Garden.
By J. F. Lewis, R.A.



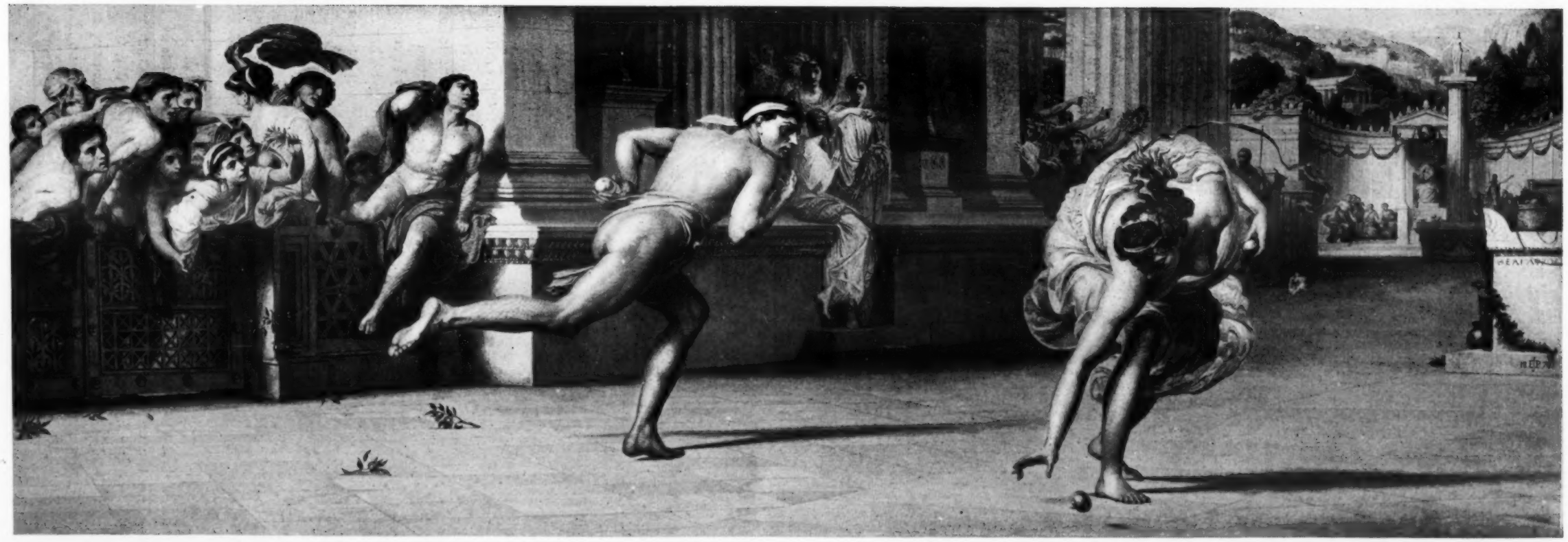
The Death of Dirce.

By Sir Charles Lawes Wittewronge, Bart.



A Drummer Boy.

By W. Goscombe John, A.R.A.



(From the Engraving by F. Joubert: by permission of the Fine Art Society.)

Atalanta's Race.

By Sir Edward J. Poynter, Bart., P.R.A.

This picture was shown at the Royal Academy in 1876 with the following quotation from Morris's *Earthly Paradise*: "Atalanta, not willing to lose her Virgin's estate, made it a law to all suitors that they should run a race with her in the public place, and if they failed to overcome her should die unrevenged; and thus many brave men perished. At last came Milanion who, outrunning her with the help of three golden apples given him by Venus, gained the Virgin and wedded her."



(By permission of Mrs. Bates.)

Miss Quita Bates.
By Henry Poole.

more severe, more serious, and more reserved, as befits work done to secure a more or less unwilling attention. But the point that this Exhibition makes clear is that the work has been done, and that French and British sculpture, though they do not meet on quite the same ground, can claim an equal measure of distinction.

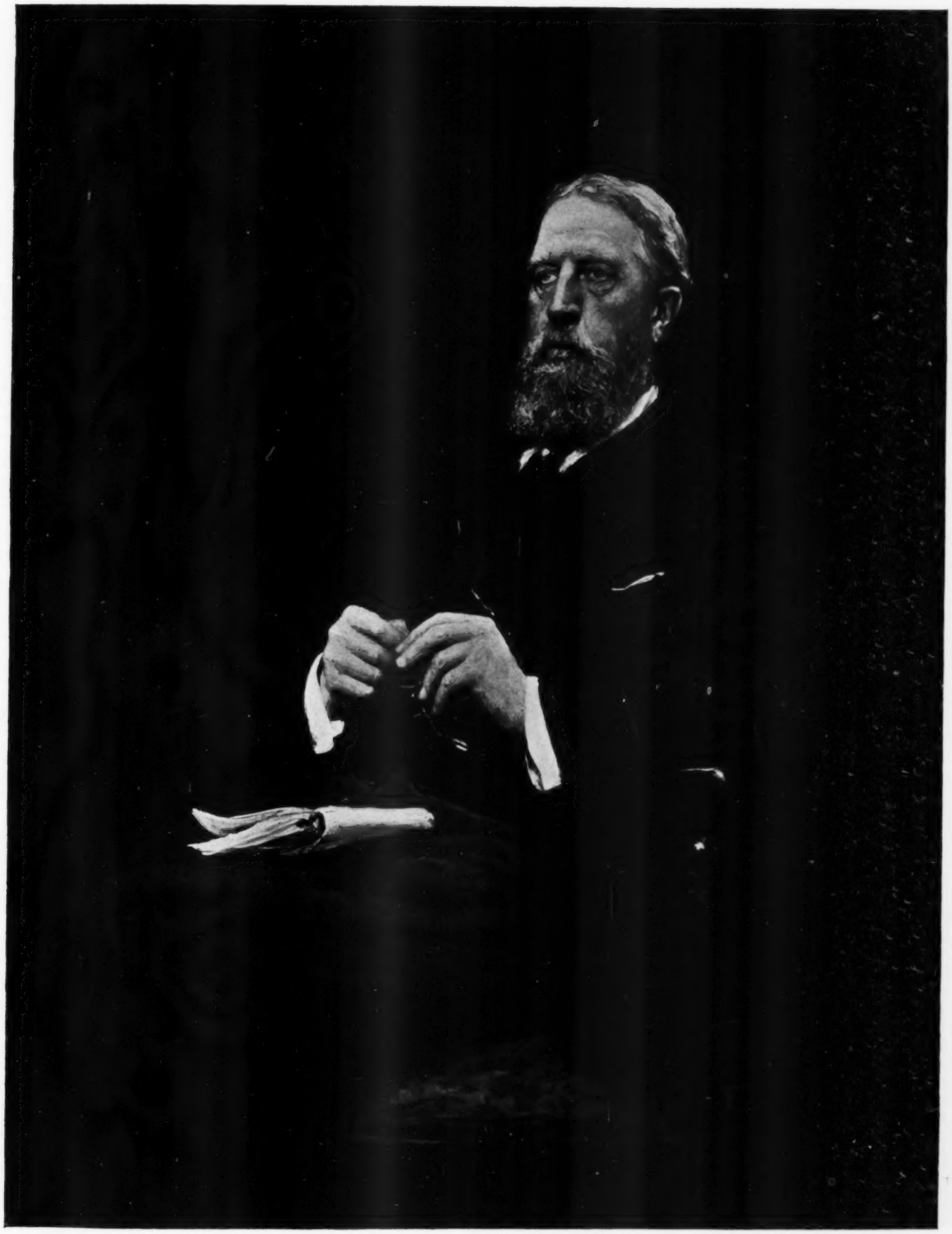
Outside the Fine Art Palace.

THE artistic interest of the Franco-British Exhibition is not entirely confined to the Fine Art Section. The collection of pictures and sculpture there is, of course, the great artistic fact of the show, but things well worth considering will be found in other buildings. Indeed, as a display of recent achievement in both the fine and the applied arts of France and England the exhibition is of undeniable significance and helps greatly to define the position taken up to-day by the more intelligent art-workers on both sides of the channel, while it gives also some hint of the movements which are in progress in the more remote parts of the British Empire. One point worth noting is the way in which the French craftsmen hold their own against all competitors; in the examples of applied art by which they are represented there is a very commendable degree of vitality and originality of manner, and there is also an attractive quality of style which deserves sincere recognition. Technically their work is extremely skilful, and in its variety of treatment it gives ample proof of the inventiveness and adaptability of the exponents of what are not quite justly termed the minor arts. These minor arts are studied with all necessary seriousness in France and the opportunities which they offer are recognised by artists of very high ability, so that the general standard of achievement is perhaps better maintained there than in any other part of Europe.

Certainly, the British craftsmen do not give as good an account of themselves as the painters do in this exhibition. They show much that is sincere enough both in intention and execution, but they have neither the ingenuity nor the brilliancy of the Frenchmen, and their work loses in attractiveness as a natural result. Moreover, the British applied arts are not so well displayed as the French; they are arranged in a rather commonplace manner and the collection, as a whole, seems a little too dull and matter-of-fact. In the French building, on the other hand, there is evident a more definite intention to make the most of the material available and a better understanding of the way in which pretty things should be set out so as to appeal for attention in the most effective fashion. If in the pictorial section the British contributors have the best of the comparison between the two schools, the position is reversed in the applied arts section, where the Frenchmen justify themselves completely and show their superiority quite definitely.

The reason for this is probably to be found in the fact that the popular taste in France is better trained and more discriminating than it is in the British Isles, and consequently there is a demand for a higher type of accomplishment. To satisfy this demand the craftsman must be an artist of indisputable powers and possessed of more than average understanding of practical details; he must know how to apply his knowledge effectively and with judicious originality, and how to avoid the merely commercial commonplaces. As yet, only a few of our craftsmen have realised what are the possibilities of the arts they practise; they have unfortunately no intelligent following to please, and the commercial idea rather than the artistic influences their methods. Therefore they have not attracted to their ranks a sufficient number of the higher order of artists to raise the average quality of the work they produce. In the British Isles the really original and accomplished craftsmen are the comparatively rare exceptions, in France they seem to be in the majority—hence the difference between the display made by the two countries at the exhibition.

There are some detached groups of pictures which are of reasonable importance. The best of them is to be seen in the gallery at the Irish village, where a number of interesting canvases by artists of Irish birth or descent can be studied. In this collection are included some of the happiest productions of Mr. C. H. Shannon, Mr. Lavery, Mr. Orpen, Mr. J. J. Shannon, and Mr. Mark Fisher, as well as several pictures of notable merit by that dignified



(By permission of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart.)

The Marquis of Hartington, K.G. (8th Duke of Devonshire).

By Sir Hubert von Herkomer, R.A.

"Still is the story told
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old."—*Macaulay.*



(By permission of the President and Council of the Royal Academy. Photo. Hollyer.)

Lord Leighton, P.R.A.

By G. F. Watts O.M., R.A.

romanticist, Nathaniel Hone, and some admirable paintings by Mr. G. F. Kelly, a young artist who has during the last two or three years taken a position of well-deserved prominence and from whom great things can reasonably be expected in the near future, when he has passed beyond his present imitative stage. Of the men who have derived the best part of their artistic inspiration from Whistler he seems in many ways to be the most likely to apply that master's principles with sanity and intelligence—already he has acquired a distinction of technical method which can be much admired. These Irish painters have no community of conviction; they do not illustrate the set theories of a school to which they all belong; on the contrary, each one works in accordance with his own individual preferences and does what suits him best. The collection for which they are responsible is, therefore, fascinating in its revelation of personal beliefs as well as in its general executive merit.

In the building devoted to women's work there are some old pictures of passable importance and some modern ones of very varied merits; and there is besides a good deal of work which adequately summarises the feminine view of artistic responsibilities. The collection is an uneven one, and would, perhaps, have been improved by more careful sifting, but on the whole it is worthy of attention. Among the modern pictures none can be found which possess really commanding qualities; the work of Miss Maud Earl, Miss Bland, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Sassoon, and the late Marchioness of Waterford can, however, be accepted as sufficiently expressive. In the other buildings there are not many really striking artistic features, but the educational section contains a number of characteristic examples of the work done in our chief art schools; and in the commercial sections well-designed and well-fitted stalls are fairly numerous. The Canadian and Australian buildings are judiciously arranged, and though the purpose of the collections housed in them is mainly utilitarian, a good deal of care has been taken to set off effectively the various items in gatherings of an exceedingly comprehensive kind; and the scenic groups, which are introduced as illustrations of the agricultural resources of these countries, are commendably ingenious.

Concerning the general aspect of the exhibition itself as a piece of architectural planning and laying out it is difficult to decide what should be said. Of course in shows of this order it is in some ways unreasonable to expect much seriousness of design, because custom has sanctioned a kind of flippant and restless style for buildings which are intended to last for a season only. But this custom cannot be commended when it is made, as at the Franco-British Exhibition, the excuse for tasteless extravagances and objectionable exaggerations. What has been put up at Shepherd's Bush is simply a jumble of ill-assorted and vulgarly-ornamented erections arranged with no consideration for dignity of effect and with a lamentable disregard of artistic opportunities. From this point of view the



(By permission of the Corporation of Leeds.)

Winter Pastures.
By Mark Fisher.



The Tees: Snowhall Reach.
By David Murray, R.A.

exhibition can best be described as a great chance ignorantly thrown away; it has a cheap and showy appearance, and it is grievously lacking in coherence and distinction. The buildings sprawl untidily over a vast area, and hardly anywhere can an effective architectural group or a fine perspective be discovered. In all directions vistas which might have been beautiful are spoiled by the obtrusion of hideous side shows meant to draw the coppers of the crowd; and everywhere open spaces, which might have been made important facts in a properly-schemed design, are crowded with trivial little constructions entirely out of scale with their surroundings.

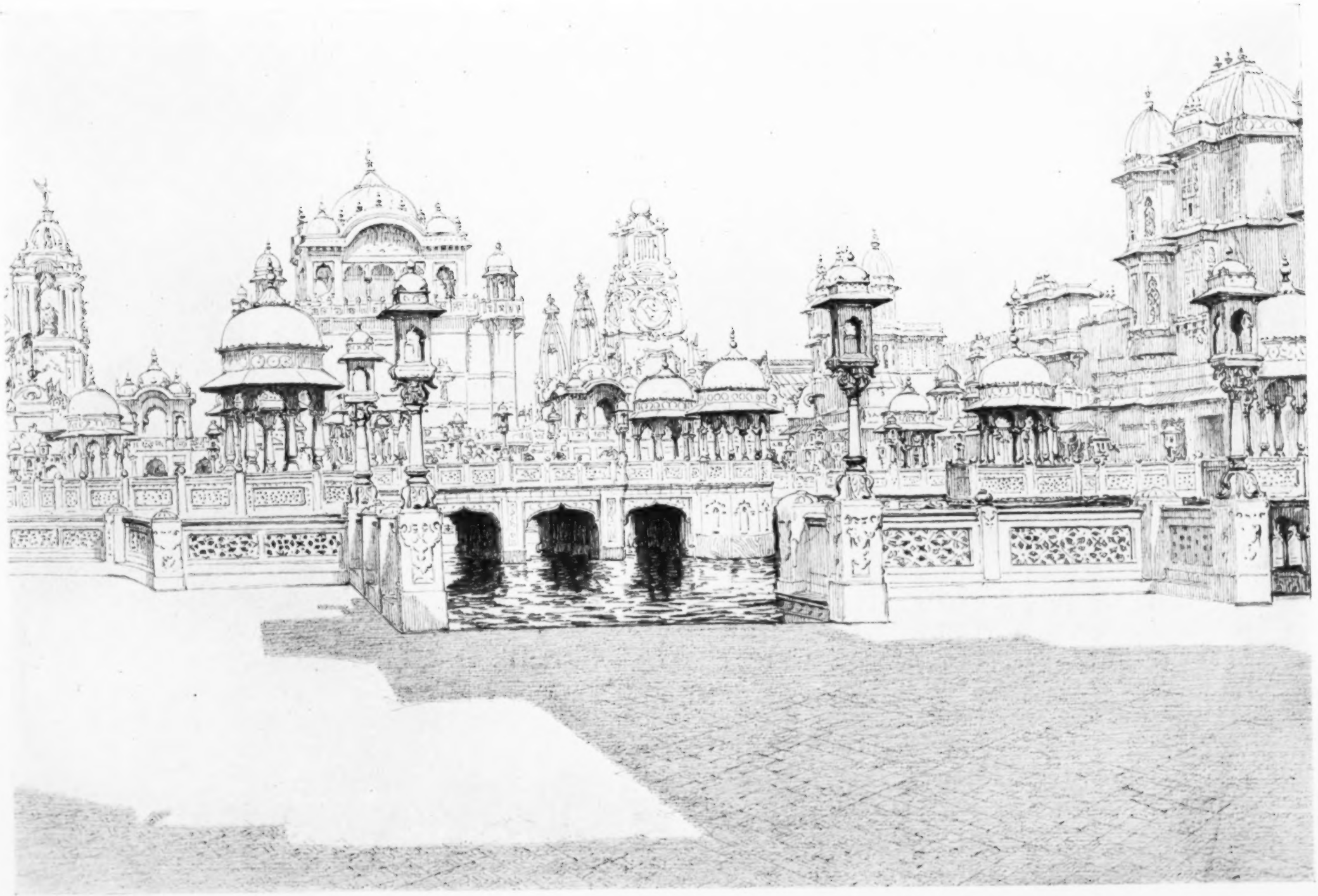
This same want of relative proportion spoils what should have been one of the finest features of the exhibition—the Court of Honour, which is an adaptation of an Indian original. An excessive number of small details have been packed together in a much too restricted space, and the result is curiously ungraceful and unpleasing. But the worst mistake of all has been in leaving practically the whole of the buildings without any touch of colour to relieve their glaring and hideous whiteness. The effect of these acres of bare plaster is extremely wearying, and the eye craves for something to vary the endless and irritating monotony; nothing, perhaps, proves more forcibly the want of artistic feeling in the scheming of the show than this failure to appreciate how much the buildings, with all their architectural defects and errors of taste, would have gained by the addition of properly-harmonised colour. What might have been done if decent æsthetic intelligence had been exercised in giving to the exhibition its finishing touches will be readily appreciated by everyone who studies the dainty "Collectivité André Dćlieux" building with its quaint and original external decorations; it is a delightful oasis in a desert of whitewash, and deserves the sincerest praise as a real decorative achievement. More work of this order would have made the buildings worthy of the wonderful collections housed in them.

(NOTE.—It has not been possible to include illustrations of the works of art in the French section, owing to facilities to photograph them being refused by the authorities.)

SIR JOHN TOLLEMACHE SINCLAIR, as a testimony to his attachment to the *entente cordiale* movement, offered to the French nation for the Louvre gallery a celebrated picture painted on a serviette by Murillo, representing Christ with the crown of thorns. It formerly belonged to Mr. Beresford Hope, whose son wrote to Sir John as follows:—

My father had bought it as a present to my mother, Lady Beresford. We have always thought in the family that he justly paid from £3,000 to £4,000 for it. It has always been considered of very great value as a genuine Murillo.

In the Louvre are at least twelve pictures by or attributed to the "beloved" master of Seville, among them, of course, the far-famed 'Immaculate Conception.'



A view of the Court of Honour.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

'Venice.'

An Original Etching by Edward M. Synge, A.R.E.

A TABLET on the Palazzo Rezzonico on the Grand Canal is inscribed "A Roberto Browning, morto in questo palazzo, il 12 Decembre 1889, Venezia pose." Below appear two lines by the poet:

> Open my heart, and you will see
> Graved inside of it, "Italy."

There are other English hearts that enshrine the same word. The spell of Venice in particular—Venice, the Maiden City, who shall "continue a maid until her husband (the sea) foresakes her," dangerous, sweet-charmed Venice—is queen of the imagination. To Mrs. Browning it was a celestial place: "The heaven of it is ineffable. . . . . The beauty of the architecture, the silver trails of water up between all that gorgeous colour and carving, the enchanting silence, the music, the gondolas—I mix it all up together and maintain that nothing is like it, nothing equal to it, not a second Venice in the world." The noisy steamboats that churn up the waters of the Grand Canal, the hoards of lightning tourists, the despoiling modernisations have robbed Venice of something of her glamour, but still she can be compared only with herself.

The etching by Mr. Edward Synge shows the Ponte di Rialto, till 1854 the only bridge that spanned the Grand Canal. The name derives from Rivo-alto, as the land on the left bank was called, and because of security from invasion it was here early in the ninth century that Venice was founded. The Rialto, then, corresponds more or less to the City of London, and it is to the quarter of the town and not to the bridge that Shylock alludes when Shakespeare makes him say:

> Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
> In the Rialto you have rated me
> About my monies.

Carpaccio, in his 'Miracle of the True Cross,' 1494, shows us the old wooden bridge set up in 1180 by an engineer named Barattieri which replaced the still earlier one made of boats. The present bridge, consisting of a single marble arch of 74 ft. span and 32 ft. in height, was built in 1588–92 by Antonio da Ponte, after many great architects of the period, including Michelangelo himself, had contended for the honour of designing it. Doge Pasquale Cicogna, the eighty-fourth who had occupied that position, though Angelo Partecipazio (810-27) is said to have been the first whose residence occupied the site of the present palace, then governed Venice. In the early days the bridge was abused, but soon criticism was silenced, and on contemporary engravings it is designated "Il Famoso Ponte." It is specially interesting to note that the dove of the Annunciation forms the keystone of the bridge, the Madonna and the angel balancing it on the spans to right and left. This Annunciation is the work of Girolamo Campagna. In Mr. Synge's etching we look past the *pali*—when placed before private palaces they are painted with the heraldic colours of their proprietors—and under the shop-lined bridge towards the Erberia, or fruit and vegetable market beyond which, in the Fondaco de' Turchi, is now arranged the municipal collection of works of art. On the right bank of the Canal is the Fondaco de' Tedeschi, onward from the thirteenth century a German warehouse, but now the General Post Office. High up on the façade slight vestiges still remain of the frescoes of Titian and Giorgione, and a few minutes in a gondola, threading the narrow canals to the right, takes one to the Palazzo Giovanelli, where is the 'Gipsy and Soldier' by the Master of Castelfranco, of whose pictures it has been said that they are the perfect reflection of the Renaissance at its height. Some of Mr. Synge's most successful recent etchings, by the way, are of architectural subjects in Spain.

Ecclesiastical Property.

AT a recent congress of archæological societies a resolution was passed deploring the sale by church authorities of ecclesiastical plate. The Congress appealed to the archbishops, bishops, and others in responsible positions to take steps to render such sales impossible, and it also invoked the influence of the public. Sometimes, however, as a correspondent pointed out, the choice seems to be between a church without plate and plate without a church. In such trying circumstances, no wonder the former alternative commends itself, even though objects presented by pious donors of the past have to be sacrificed. Among many church pieces sold at Christie's there may be mentioned the Elizabethan jug, of Fulham delft or stoneware, its silver-gilt mounts having the London hall-mark of 1581, which came from the church of West Malling, Kent, and in 1903 fetched 1,450 gs. It now belongs to Mr. J. A. Holms of Glasgow. Immediately after the Congress resolution, a Charles II. flagon and cover, engraved "Ex dono Philippa Jones," belonging to the Parish of Sunningwell, Berks, was withdrawn—not, however, as a result of the resolution. One of the most noteworthy incidents with regard to ecclesiastical property relates to the wonderful cope bought four or five years ago by Mr. Pierpont Morgan for about £12,000. Later, during the time it was on exhibition at South Kensington, it was discovered to be the historic cope presented in 1288 by Nicholas IV. to the Cathedral at Ascoli, whence it was stolen in 1903. When this was established, Mr. Morgan, indifferent to the material and æsthetic loss involved, returned the vestment to Italy.



An Original Etching by Edward M. Syng. R.B.C.

Venice

Art Sales of the Season.*

II.—Porcelain, Silver, Objects of Art, etc.

AS we have seen, the principal picture properties sold since January yield far more than an average total. On the other hand, the aggregate for the eight chief art properties in other kinds falls short by £100,000 of the corresponding figures for 1907. The difference is accounted for in the main by the absence of any valuable casket of jewels, such, for instance, as that belonging to the late Mrs. Lewis Hill, which realised £94,805 in 1907. Again, one or two properties were withheld, owing to the temporary indisposition of continental dealers to increase their commitments, and upon them largely depends the success of, say, a dispersal of porcelain. The following table gives a general idea of the results of auction-room activity, apart from pictures, for the first seven months of the year:—

SINGLE COLLECTIONS, JANUARY-JULY, 1908.

Property.	Lots.	£
C. J. Dickens. March 4–6. Porcelain ...	328	44,293
Marchioness Conyngham. May 4–6. Objets d'art	514	33,857
T. H. Ismay, April 2–3 {Furniture and Faience . 203 lots, £11,538}	293	16,724
T. H. Ismay, April 7 {Engravings . 90 lots, £5,186}		
W. J. Braikenridge. February 27–8. Mediæval works of art	296	15,625
Earl of Lauderdale. June 2. Porcelain ...	123	9,543
Sydney Grose. April 6–10. Engravings ...	821	9,458
Hermann Zoeppritz. May 12–14. Bronzes and objets d'art	369	7,606
H. O'Hagan. April 27–May 1, May 4–9, July 13–22. Coins	2,894	13,021
Total	5,638	£150,127

When as Prince Regent George IV. became unpopular because of the extravagance of his expenditure—on furniture for Carlton House he spent £150,000, and his silversmith's bill at one moment was £130,000—an impoverished and almost starving populace wrote ominously upon his walls, "Bread, or the Regent's head." That extravagance, however, has its silver side. Mr. E. Alfred Jones has lately discovered in the Record Office the original bills for a number of objects bought by the reckless Prince, including those for a considerable part of the royal collection of Sèvres porcelain. The highest-priced entry is 350 gs. on July 5, 1813, for "three fine Seve porcelaine vases green ground painted in Figures and Cupids," while a single larger vase, "painted in figures" is charged 150 gs. Needless to say, these sums represent a fraction only of the present value of the fine pieces in the royal collection. To come to our own times, the late Sir E. Page Turner gave £150 in 1867 for a pair of Sèvres biscuit figures of girls bathing, which in 1903 fetched 2,100 gs.; and in 1874 the Coventry vases by Morin made 10,000 gs. The late Mr. Charles John Dickins, whose collection included several of the valuable pieces of porcelain on our table, was a partner in the firm of Dickins and Jones of Regent Street, and the assemblage which during twelve or fifteen years he brought together is one of the most important publicly offered for a decade or more. The remarkable rises in the market-value of Nos. 2 and 12 should be noted. No. 6 indicates the extent to which increased demand by wealthy collectors has caused good pieces of Oriental porcelain to appreciate.

* Continued from page 269.

PORCELAIN, CHINA, ETC.

		Sale.	Price. Gs.
1	Sèvres. Pair of cylindrical vases and covers, 12½ in. high. Gros-bleu ground. (Three fine gros-bleu vases at Windsor Castle cost 330 gns. in 1813). (82)	Earl of Lauderdale (June 2)	3,600
2	Sèvres. Eventail jardinière, 8½ in. high, 11 in. wide. Quay scene by Morin, flower panels, etc., by Sioux, junr., 1763. (1893, Lord Hastings, 580 gs.) I.C. (96)	Dickins (March 4) ...	3,050
3	Sèvres. Oviform vase, 13½ in. high. Designed by Duplesis. Handles mounted with chased ormolu. I.C. (291)	Conyngham (May 6) ...	2,200
4	Sèvres. Pair of vases, 11 in. high. Painted by Tandart, 1763. (56)	Marchioness of Ely (May 28)	1,650
5	Sèvres. Pair of vases, 7½ in. high. 1757. Louis XV. ormolu plinths. I.C. (91)	Dickins (March 4) ...	1,500
6	Chinese. Three vases, 18 in. high. Two beakers, 13½ in. high. Ch'ien Lung (1735–96). Black ground. (Bought by vendor's father, c. 1868, of W. Boore, Strand, 50 gs.). (42)	Dobree (July 2)	1,500
7	Sèvres. Pair of vases and covers, 17½ in. high. Gros-bleu ground. Cupids on clouds. (213) ...	Dickins (March 5) ...	1,400
8	Chinese. Pair of beakers, 14⅜ in. high. Ming. Green wave-pattern ground. (87)	May 28	1,300
9	Sèvres. Vase and cover, 15 in. high. Bleu-royal ground. I.C. (202)	Dickins (March 5) ...	1,200
10	Chinese. Oviform vase, 17¼ in. high. K'ang Hsi. Black ground. Peonies, magnolia and cherry branches. (76)	May 28	1,200
11	Chinese. The companion vase, 16½ in. high. (77)	May 28	1,200
12	Dresden. Pair of busts of children, 9⅜ in. high. (1901, Hope Edwardes, who paid £40 for them, 580 gns.) I.C. (163)	Dickins (March 5) ...	1,150
13	Sèvres. Oviform vase, 15¼ in. high. Apple-green ground. Ormolu plinth. I.C. (292)	Conyngham (May 6) ...	1,100
14	Sèvres. Pair of oviform vases and covers. 10¼ in. high. 1757. Apple-green ground. Ormolu plinths. I.C. (194)	Dickins (March 5) ...	1,080
15	Dresden. Crinoline group. Lady with pug, gentleman in Court costume, and negro, 6 in. high. (1901, Bonnor, £610). I.C. (166)	Dickins (March 5) ...	1,050
16	Sèvres. Pair of eventail jardinières, 7½ in. high. By Tandart, 1760, and Michaud, 1762. White ground. I.C. (85)	Dickins (March 4) ...	1,000
17	Chelsea. Old English clock, square-shaped case of Chelsea porcelain. Mottled dark-blue ground, 19½ in. high. English lacquer plinth. (57)	Marchioness of Ely (May 28)	750
18	Chelsea. Pair of vases and covers, 15½ in. high. Gold ground. Painted with flowers. (41) ...	July 2	640

OBJECTS OF ART, SILVER, ENGRAVINGS, ETC.

		Sale.	Price.
1	Ciborium. 7 in. high, 6 in. diam. Copper-gilt and champlevé enamel. Probably English, 13th century. From Malmesbury Abbey (?). (Since bought by Herr Hoentschel, Paris, who sold his famous collection of French Gothic and 18th century works to Mr. Pierpoint Morgan.) I.C. (50)	Braikenridge (Feb. 27)	£6,000
2	Silver. James I. rose-water ewer, 14½ in. high, and dish 16¾ in. diam. 90 oz. Entirely gilt. By F. Terry, 1618. (Since bought by Mr. J. A. Holms, Glasgow.) R.P. for piece of silver at auction. I.C. (57)	Conyngham (May 4)	£4,200
3	Terra-cotta. Bust of lady, 14½ in. high. Signed Marin, 1791. (1882, Hamilton Palace, 420 gs.). (91)	Quilter (July 2)	2,600 gs.
4	Henry VIII. mazer bowl. 3 in. high, 9½ in. diam. Maple-wood mounted with silver-gilt. London h.m., 1534. On rim in Gothic characters: "Be yow mere and glade and soo the masters tokerys do byed." I.C. (52)	Braikenridge (Feb. 27)	£2,300
5	Rock crystal. Standing-cup and cover, 9¾ in. high, 4¾ in. diam. Burnished gold mounts enamelled. French, early 17th century. I.C. (203)	Conyngham (May 5)	1,900 gs.
6	Silver. Group, partly gilt, of Diana and Cupid, 14½ in. high. Augsburg, early 17th century. (190)	Conyngham (May 5)	1,250 gs.
7	Louis XVI. clock, 20¾ in. high, and pair of candlesticks, 16½ in. high. Ormolu, cast and chased. From Royal Palace. (100)	May 28	900 gs.
8	Flag of the *Chesapeake*. Hauled down by Midshipman Grandy during British *v.* American engagement in Boston Bay, June 1, 1813. (Since presented by Mr. W. W. Astor to United Service Museum.) (564)	Middlebrook, Jan. 30 (D)	£850
9	Silver. Charles I. plain tankard, 6 in. high. 1629. Maker's mark P. G. with circle below in shaped shield. 17 oz. 16 dwt. (127)	January 23	£667
10	Bronze. Crater, 25 in. high, 14 in. diam. Greek, c. 450 B.C. Found at Rua in Campania. (54)	Ponsonby (March 27)	620 gs.
11	Pair of Louis XVI. candelabra, formed of oviform white porcelain vases, ormolu mounts. 33 in. high. (110)	Ponsonby (March 27)	600 gs.
12	Miniature. Gentlemen, 1614. By Nicholas Hilliard. Orig. silver locket. (54)	Braikenridge (Feb. 27)	£620
13	Engravings. Watteau. Œuvres. Brilliant impressions of 238 plates. In clean state. 2 vols. (486)	Lawson (March 6) (S)	£595
14	Six stained-glass windows. 12½ ft. by 2½ ft. German 15th century. From church in Boppard. Once in Spitzer collection. (119)	May 28	500 gs.
15	Medal. Cincinnati Mining and Trading Co. Two-dollars, 1849. One of two known. (Cost O'Hagan, £8, c. 1900). (775)	O'Hagan (April 30) (S)	£435
16	Etching. Rembrandt. View of Amsterdam, c. 1640. (48)	May 1 (S)	£345
17	Mezzotint. Mrs. Stables and Children. After Romney by J. R. Smith, 1781, R.P. (87)	T. H. Ismay (April 7)	315 gs.
18	Balaclava Bugle upon which Trumpet-Major Joy sounded the charge. (Bought by M. at Debenham's, 1898, £750; he is said to have refused offer of 1,000 gs. from Duchess of Sutherland, as he meant to bequeath it to 17th Lancers.) (Since presented by Mr. W. W. Astor to the United Service Museum.) (566)	Middlebrook (Jan. 30) (D)	£300
19	Coloured engraving. Lady Rushout and daughter. After A. Kauffman by T. Burke. R.P. (68)	Grose (April 6) (S)	£245
20	Cradle of Henry V. Originally at Courtfield, near Monmouth. Bought by the King. (267)	Braikenridge (Feb. 28)	230 gs.

NOTE :— (S) Sold by Sotheby ; (D) by Debenham Storr. All others by Christie.

FURNITURE AND TAPESTRY.

		Sale.	Price. Gs.
1	Louis XVI. oblong table. Tulip-wood, 42 in. wide. With 22 square plaques of old Sèvres. Ormolu mounts. (355)	Conyngham (May 6)	2,100
2	Louis XVI. settee, 6 ft. wide, and six fauteuils. Covered with old Beauvais tapestry. (58)	February 7	1,900
3	Three settees and five chairs. Chippendale, covered with old Mortlake tapestry. (1894, Viscount Hill, with two extra chairs, 550 gs.) (70)	T. H. Ismay (April 2)	1,700
4	Old Gobelins. Four panels of tapestry, 13 ft. 6 in. high. Signed Neilson, dated 1772 and 1783. Once at Piercefield Park, Shropshire. (145)	July 21	1,650
5	Old Brussels. Five panels of tapestry. Scenes after Teniers by P. van den Hecke. (120)	May 28	950
6	Louis XVI. settee and 12 fauteuils. Covered with old Beauvais tapestry. (101)	May 28	900
7	Louis XVI. cabinet. Mahogany, Sèvres plaque in centre. 57 in. high, 35 in. wide. Ormolu mounts. (125)	July 9	850
8	Old Brussels. Oblong panel of tapestry. 12 ft. 6 in. by 20 ft. Signed A. van Wercx, after painting by L. van Schoor. Figures allegorical of Asia. (119)	February 14	570

The ciborium which heads our table of objects of art, etc., will be remembered by some as having been exhibited at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and in 1897 at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, being illustrated in colours in the catalogue. The collection in which it and other valuable objects occurred was formed early in the nineteenth century by George Weir Braikenridge, of Brislington, near Bristol, and kept in a museum at his house. The possessions of the late Marchioness Conyngham included, as will be seen, a rare and fine James I. rose-water ewer and dish, a similar dish at Windsor Castle forming the frontispiece to Cripps' "Old English Plate." In connection with the price paid, it may be recalled that a set of thirteen Apostle spoons fetched £4,900 in 1903, and in 1905 the ewer, of rock crystal and silver-gilt, found in the butler's pantry at Beau-Desert, made £4,200. The other entries are self-explanatory.

The table of furniture and tapestry calls for little comment. It is worth noting, however, that the settees and chairs belonging to the late T. H. Ismay were catalogued as covered with old Brussels, instead of with old Mortlake tapestry. Messrs. Duveen sold these eight pieces of decorative furniture to Mr. Ismay on July 31, 1894, for £600, so that they paid for housing, to say nothing of the pleasures of possession. James Neilson, whose name appears on the Gobelins panels of tapestry, No. 4, was a Scotsman, to whom the factory owed a considerable sum in 1772. He proposed and carried out the sale of a number of pieces of tapestry at a reduced price, which liquidated the debt.

The Making of Carpets.—IV.*

By Alexander Millar.

WE now approach debatable ground. The competence of a manufacturer to speak on technical and commercial questions will not be disputed, but his qualifications for giving opinions on the subject of design and colour are not likely to pass unchallenged by those who approach the question solely from the artist's point of view. As a manufacturer who has had the advantage of some training in decorative art, and who has not ceased to study its principles during many years spent in its practical application, I may perhaps be permitted to claim the advantage of being able impartially to consider the subject from both sides.

In discussing the question of the subjects which are suitable for carpet designs, and the right way of treating them, there are one or two points on which there is not much room for difference of opinion. That on a floor, the first essential of which is that it should be level, the ornament should be flat in treatment, is, in principle, admitted on all hands. Another criterion, of equal importance, but not so easy of attainment, is that it should look equally well from all points of view. A third is that it should be equally pleasing whether viewed directly under the eye, or when subjected to extreme foreshortening at the end of a long room.

To these I would add, that as one of the main purposes for which a carpet exists is to impart comfort and softness, the design, and in most cases the colouring, should also usually suggest these qualities. Harsh angular forms and acute jagged points should be avoided, especially when accentuated by strong contrasts of colour. It may be said that many fine Eastern carpets violate this condition; but I think it will be found that in such instances their mellow colour atones for, and in most cases disguises and mollifies the harshness of their forms.

In the selection of subjects, where the designer is free to choose, and is not obliged to work in some particular style, he cannot do better than follow the example of the Persian artists of the great period, who took all nature to be their province. The exception to this is the use of animal forms. Although these are accepted without question as interesting and appropriate features in an Eastern carpet, it seems to be quite hopeless for an English designer to use them. There is some reason to believe that the timidity of the dealers here stands in the way, and that animal forms treated in a flat heraldic or Oriental fashion would not be unacceptable to the public, in small rugs at all events. I have already said that manufacturers are constantly being reproached for continuing to copy and adapt Eastern designs instead of encouraging the production of original work. Now there are none so anxious as the manufacturers to see the evolution or creation of an entirely new style, as good in itself as that of the best Oriental carpet, and as well suited for its purpose; and of late years they have given every opportunity to any artists of the first rank who were disposed to face the difficulties of carpet designing. Such designers have been given a free hand. Manufacturers have studiously avoided the slightest interference with their work, further than the occasional pointing out of technical faults, even these, where it was possible, not being insisted upon unless with the designer's full concurrence. They have done all this, often with the absolute certainty, afterwards justified by results, that the designs would be commercial failures. They have done it in order to remove the reproach so often brought against them, that they stand between the designer and the public, either refusing to produce his work, or altering

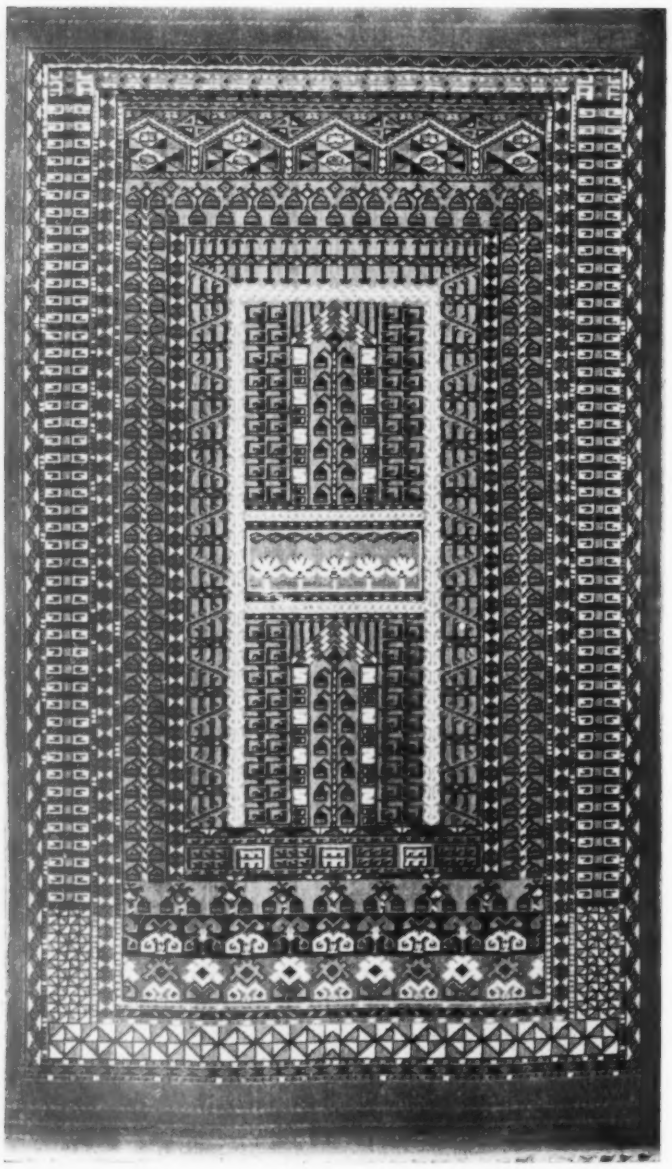


31. By John Crossley & Sons.

* Continued from page 212.

it so that he no longer recognises it as his. In the attempt thus to efface themselves, and to become merely tools in the designer's hand for realising his conceptions, they meet with some peculiar difficulties. Let me give an illustration. A manufacturer, A., bought a number of designs from a designer, B., undertaking to carry them out unaltered in any way. A. had the necessary working designs on ruled paper in body-colour made, and submitted them to B., who found fault with certain details in one of them. A. produced B.'s original design, in which these details were shown exactly as in the working design. B. said it did not matter whether he or the copyist had put them in, and that they must come out. A. gently suggested that there was a certain inconsistency in this attitude, and that he would be placed in an awkward position if, after he had gone to the expense of producing the design, B. should see fit to condemn other portions of his own work. To which B.'s reply was, "I claim the right to condemn to-day what I did yesterday. How am I to progress in my art if I have not liberty to do so?" I do not say that this case is a typical one, but it shows into what extremes the artistic temperament will sometimes lead those who are dominated by it.

I do not believe that any progress in carpet design will ever be made by desultory and unsystematic efforts on the part of those who are masters in other branches of decorative art. Its difficulties are too great and its problems too intricate to be solved by anyone, however gifted, who has not devoted close attention to the subject for a considerable time. A designer who has produced wall-papers or hangings of the very highest order often finds himself in a dilemma when he comes to deal with a floor. He must either, unless in the case of very small patterns, make his designs on the principle of bilateral symmetry, adopting practically the same treatment for the floor as for the walls, thus violating the rule that ornament should be adapted for its position; or he must accept the condition that the design must look equally well from all sides. Thus he is usually driven to adopt the mechanical kaleidoscopic method of making his ornament radiate from central points. But in doing this he finds, as many have found before him, that the motives which he has used so successfully in a bilateral arrangement lose all their style and character, and become more or less stiff and mechanical. Balance and even distribution are easily got in this way, but at the expense of life and interest. I have seen many attempts made to construct designs based on the splendid motives of old Italian brocades, adapting them to this radiating arrange-



32 By John Crossley & Sons.



33. By John Crossley & Sons.



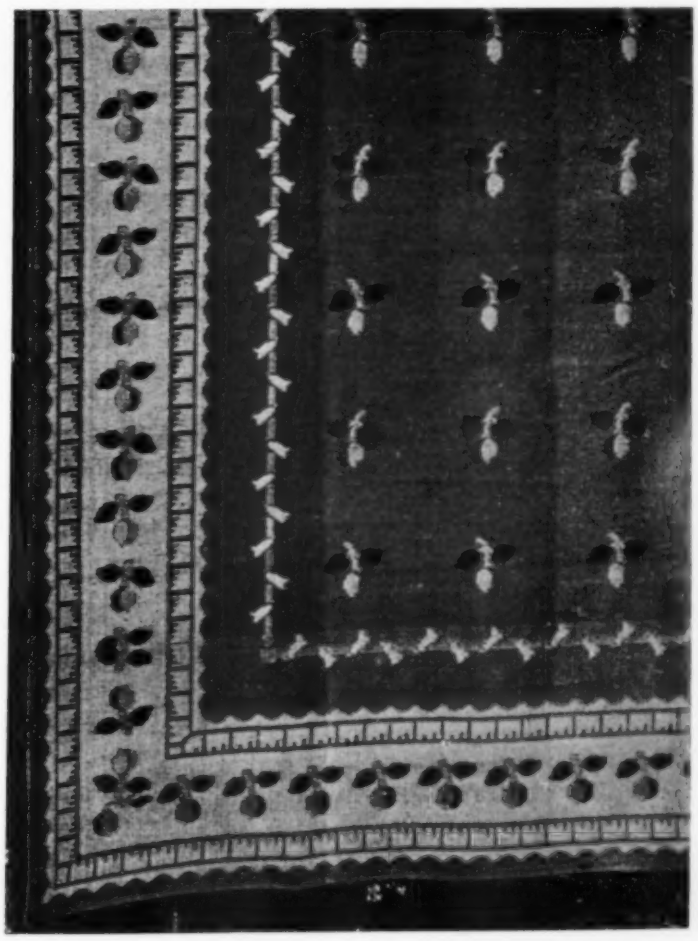
34. By Alexander Morton & Co.

ment, but the best of them were "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null," and the same applies to most designs arranged on this plan by the best of modern decorators. I believe that the main reason of this is to be found in the limited width of the greater number of carpet fabrics, and the necessity of confining the repeat, sideways, within correspondingly narrow limits.

It would seem that, having for so long condemned manufacturers for copying Oriental designs, such leading decorative artists as have occasionally devoted their attention to carpets have deliberately turned their backs upon the East, and refused in any way to draw inspiration from it. William Morris was an exception to this rule. In his "Hints on Pattern Designing" he says, referring to the use of outline, "you will probably have to go to the school of the Eastern designers to attain excellence in the art." And in his own later practice, he went to the same school for a good deal more than lessons in the use of outline. In his "Redcar" pattern, for a "Hammersmith" carpet, all the main features are frankly copied from familiar Oriental forms, and the same applies in a less degree to the "Buller's Wood" and "Black Tree" patterns. I do not find fault with Morris for this. But it shows that when other manufacturer-designers do the same, they are in good company.

And with all deference to those among our leading decorators who have made designs for carpets, I think they would have done well to follow Morris's example. I do not suggest that they should have gone so far as he did in copying Eastern forms, but that they might advantageously have followed Oriental methods. It is perhaps too much to expect that a great decorative artist will, so to speak, go to school again when he begins to design for carpets. Nevertheless, I venture to think that in that direction lies the road to success. It is unfortunate that the designers in question have so far committed themselves to the condemnation of the practice of going to the East for suggestions that they cannot with consistency look in that direction themselves, and it is much to be desired that they should consider whether there is not a possibility that the manufacturers were right after all. If these designers were to apply their great gifts and powers to the problem which has not yet been solved, great results might follow. I mean the problem of putting themselves in the place of the early Eastern designers, looking out upon Nature with their eyes, learning their method of analysis, of simplification, of conventionalizing, and of applying the principles so ascertained to the production of new designs, founded upon our own familiar wild and garden plants and flowers. The wise men of the East have shown us how to do it, once for all, supremely well, and until something entirely new has been produced which will bear comparison with their best work, would it not be the wiser part to try to learn all that they knew before starting on independent lines? A lesson might be learnt from the practice of R. L. Stevenson, who in another field "played the sedulous ape" to the great masters of English, and thus formed that incomparable style in which we all delight. I have myself made some experiments in the direction above suggested, one of the results of which was reproduced in vol. iii. of *Der Modern Stil*, published in Stuttgart.

The experiment of constructing a style *de novo* has been attempted in several quarters, and has had a fair trial given to it, but I do not think that it has made any permanent impression upon the decorative art of the time. And for good or evil it certainly has not impressed trade designers, many of whom have the culture and training which would



35. By Alexander Morton & Co.



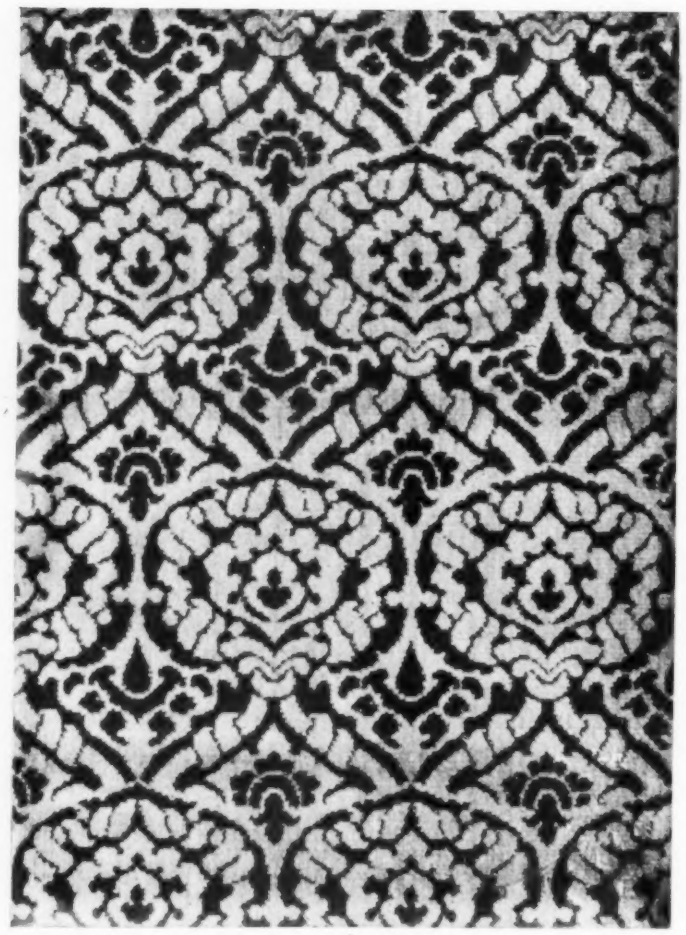
36. By James Templeton & Co.

enable them to recognize a great master of their craft if he should reveal himself, but who are still vainly looking for him. And as, for the reason I have already given, carpet designing does not hold out many pecuniary attractions, the regrettable conclusion would seem to follow, that not much improvement is to be looked for outside the trade.

Here I must say a word for the much-maligned trade designer. He has in most cases had the same training as other decorative artists, he has the same ideals, and the same cultivated tastes. And superadded to these he has had a technical education in his craft and has access to the stores of suggestive material which most leading manufacturers have accumulated, in many cases more inspiring for his purpose than anything to be found in museums, particularly in the matter of colour. So far as his personal influence goes, it is exercised in the direction of keeping up a steady pressure towards the production of good work and of reducing to a minimum the faults of that which he is obliged to produce to satisfy the public demand. He has for the most part employers who are in full sympathy with him, and who give him a free hand subject to the trade conditions by which both they and he are limited. And he produces a large amount of what, judged by the very highest standards, must be pronounced good work. But this appeals mainly to the few appreciative retail firms who have a market for it, and owing to the ephemeral life of carpet designs, it quickly disappears and is forgotten. So that the trade designer is judged by his less ambitious work, which has qualities more popular than artistic, and is seen in every shop window. If his real gifts and his best work were better known they would not be regarded, as they too commonly are, as of an order quite distinct from and inferior to those of designers not connected with the trade.

It should never be forgotten by designers, that in a carpet colour is a vastly more important factor than form. All manufacturers know that the best design if badly coloured, or coloured in such a way as to be out of keeping with other fabrics which are in vogue at the time, bears no chance whatever; while a very inferior design, which in monochrome would have no merit, will often prove a success on account of its fine colour. Yet this all-important feature is that for which manufacturers find the greatest difficulty in obtaining suggestions from outside sources. And this experience is not peculiar to them. The late Mr. Arthur Silver said: "I have had applications from many hundreds of students and designers, but not one in 500 can show an original, harmonious, and practical colour scheme." In my own experience I have only known one designer who could dash off any number of original colour schemes as easily as another would make pencil sketches. I attribute this dearth of the gift of colour, not to any want of natural capacity, but to the absence of any provision for the systematic training of the colour faculty, as such, in our Schools of Art. As I am to have another opportunity of setting forth my views on this subject in THE ART JOURNAL, I shall not pursue it further at present. In the meantime, let me say that designers for carpets would find it to their advantage to pay much more attention to this subject than they have hitherto done.

Long and careful study of Oriental carpets has convinced me that their chromatic charm arises, not so much from an innate feeling for fine colour on the part of their makers as



37. By H. & M. Southwell.

from the simplicity of their dyeing methods. Technical imperfection has been the cause of artistic success. With the colours at their disposal it was scarcely possible to go wrong. Their beautiful gradations have arisen from the necessity of dyeing in small quantities, and from the consequent unequal fading. Up to 1878 British manufacturers regarded these gradations as imperfections to be avoided in their reproductions. In that year, in carpets made for the Paris Exhibition, I tried the experiment of intentionally imitating these gradations, and the practice has since been widely adopted with excellent results, though in some cases it has perhaps been over-done.

In concluding this series of articles, something remains to be said as to what is being done in foreign countries. Of these America takes the lead. The manufacture of carpets is a very important industry in the United States. At one time the manufacturers practically lived upon the reproduction of pirated British designs, but though they still do this when it suits them, most of their designs are now produced at home. On account of climatic conditions, carpets of very light and dainty character are in demand, and many of these are extremely pleasing. Some of their adaptations from Oriental rugs are also excellent. The British public were made familiar with one class of American carpets about fifteen years ago, when a large quantity were "dumped" upon the English market under the operation of a clause in the tariff which allowed a large drawback to the exporter. The prices were very low in consequence, but British manufacturers took determined steps to meet the competition, and it soon died out, more especially as the American carpets were found to be quite unsuited for the English climate. The American



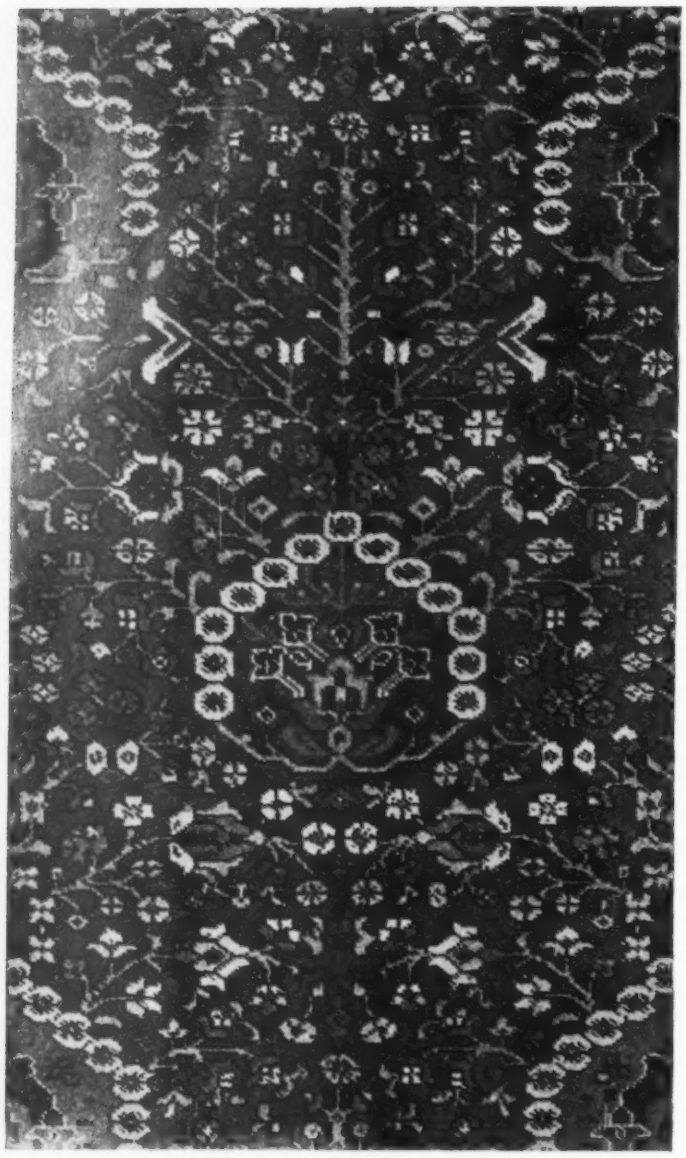
39. By James Humphries & Sons.



38. By H. & M. Southwell.

demand for light colours has had what cannot but be regarded as a lamentable effect upon Oriental fabrics. In many of these, American influence has resulted in the introduction of light washy schemes of colour, entirely foreign to Oriental traditions. The combination of rude Eastern forms with delicate colours borrowed from dainty French designs is very incongruous. Due acknowledgment must be made of the great improvements made by American inventors in mechanical methods of weaving, which are largely used in this country.

France is very conservative in all that concerns carpets. Her fabrics and designs are very much what they have been within living memory. There was a short period during which l'Art Nouveau supplanted the traditional style, but it was alien to the soil and had but a short life. While it lasted it was almost pathetic to see the efforts of French designers to work in a style which they abhorred, and their joy when it passed away was correspondingly great. French taste appears to incline, among the more cultured classes, to very simple effects in delicate colours, while at the same time the most atrocious combinations possible of form and colour seem to appeal to the masses.



40. By Tomkinson & Adam.

In Germany the New Art is rampant. Under the influence of some of its leaders, hand-made carpets are being produced with designs of barbaric simplicity, most of which have no claim to notice beyond their daring crudity. The popular carpet is the chenille Axminster, made in squares without seam. The designs are usually of a hotchpotch nondescript character, the wriggling forms of the New Art being frequently prominent.

A good many hand-made carpets are produced in Austria at very low prices, owing to the cheapness of labour in that country. The designs are usually of traditional French character, but owing to the coarseness of the fabric the delicacy of the originals is lost and the drawing is necessarily somewhat clumsy.

The importation of Oriental carpets continues, and British manufacturers suffer severely from competition with the cheap labour of the East. It is a strange anomaly that while there is a constant demand for novelty from home manufacturers, the public is content to accept from the East an unvarying supply of the old traditional designs. But in the interests of Art it is better that this should continue. No one can wish to see Western influence affecting Oriental design in a similar way to that in which American demands have influenced Oriental colour.

Some years ago Japanese agents made a tour of European museums, with, it was said, the intention of having the best examples of Eastern carpets copied for reproduction in Japan. Not much has come of this. Such Japanese carpets as have found their way here are coarse fabrics of very poor material. They are usually copies from the near East, but Mongolian influence is occasionally apparent. There is little or no indication in their designs of their Japanese origin.

The English carpet trade is at present in a very depressed condition, largely owing to the unrestricted imports of foreign goods, combined with the steady closing of foreign markets by heavy tariffs. This journal is not the place for the discussion of economic problems, but in response to a suggestion from the editor, I simply state the facts.

Of the illustrations accompanying this article, No. 31 is a good example of "Adam" ornament applied to a floor. Shading is reduced to a minimum, and when the colouring is kept soft, in four tones of one colour, there is no disagreeable appearance of relief.

No. 32 shows what can be done by the repetition of a few simple elementary forms. It is, of course, a mere skeleton in monochrome, but it forms an excellent basis for the fine colour of the original.

No. 33 is an average specimen of what is being done in the Oriental style adapted to popular taste. It is shown mainly as a specimen of Class VII., described at p. 103. The characteristic blurring of the colours peculiar to this make is well indicated in the photograph.

No. 34 has been obviously influenced by William Morris, and in common with many of his carpet designs, it has the characteristic of being more suitable for a wall than a floor. But as I have said, it is extremely difficult to arrange designs of this character on any other plan than that of the early Italian silks from which they were originally derived.

No. 35 is an interesting attempt to meet the difficulty of providing suitable carpets for bedrooms hung with the more or less flamboyant floral chintzes and wall-papers which are now, alas! so popular. Its extreme simplicity solves the problem in a very satisfactory way. It will, of course, resolve itself into stripes, but this is not objectionable when it is frankly intended.

No. 36 is a pleasant arrangement of variously coloured panels, founded on the always agreeable ogee line. The Oriental details are interesting and well distributed, and the various grounds give great scope for pleasantly contrasted colour effects. When seen in a larger mass the balance of parts is quite perfect.

Nos. 37 and 38 are good examples of designs founded on old Italian brocades and velvets. The remarks I have made upon No. 34 apply equally to these, but in No. 38 especially it is obvious that the material could not have been arranged as a radiating pattern without losing much of its character, within the limits of a fabric 27 inches wide. For several reasons it would have been better if the design could have been arranged as a "drop" pattern, but this could only be done either by sacrificing half of the details or doubling the length of the repeat. And even then the character of the original type would have been endangered.

No. 39 is a good illustration of the truth that colour is often in a carpet more important than form. In this case

the angularities which stand out in the photograph are lost in the fine colour of the original. It would, perhaps, be an improvement if the prominent narrow band were more broken up.

No. 40 is an excellent example of the way in which Oriental material can be utilized without losing any of its character. And until some genius shall arise and create for us a new style with forms as interesting and as well suited for their purpose as those which Eastern tradition has handed down to us, I think designers cannot do better than follow Morris's advice and example, and "go to the school of Eastern designers." Nevertheless, I do not despair of seeing the creation of a new style on the lines I have indicated.

Netherlorn and its Neighbourhood.*

By Patrick H. Gillies, M.B., F.S.A. Scot.

"Is the remembrance of battles always pleasant to the soul? Do not we behold with joy the place where our fathers feasted? But our eyes are full of tears on the fields of their war. This stone shall rise, with all its moss, and speak to other years."—OSSIAN.

THE lands of Melfort, at one time in the possession of the MacDougalls, Lords of Lorn, were granted about 1343, by King David II., to Gilleasbuig Mòr (Great Archibald) Campbell, Knight of Lochow, who conferred them upon a half-brother, Niel, from whom were descended the MacNeill Campbells of Melfort. Son succeeded father in unbroken succession until 1838, when the property was sold by Colonel John Campbell to an English powder company. During the time of James VII. the lands were alienated and bestowed upon the Duke of Perth, whose successor bears the titles of Viscount and Earl of Melfort in the peerage of Scotland, and Duc de Melfort in that of France. The estate was restored at the Revolution in 1688.

The property was at one time divided into different farms, tenanted, after the coming of the Campbells, by their original possessors. The chiefs made their dwelling at Ardinstur; a tribe of MacColls remained in occupation of Kenmor; while a family of MacOrans occupied the farm of Fernoch, where the present mansion-house, erected in 1808, stands.

About the end of the fifteenth century, MacOran had the misfortune to kill a son of the chief. Flying to Perthshire to escape the vengeance of the clan, he entered the service of the Earl of Menteith, in whose household he obtained rapid promotion, marrying Miss Haldane, a niece of the Earl, and receiving, rent free, the farm of Inchanoch, near the Lake of Menteith. Here for some generations

* Chapter X., Melfort; Kilninver. Continued from page 281.



In Glengallan.
By A. Scott Rankin.

the family resided, but it was observed that any members who left the district assumed the name of Campbell; so that it became a saying that "there never was a Campbell in Inchanoch, nor a MacOran out of it." In 1805, James MacOran and his family left the farm, and removed to Glasgow, assuming, as was the custom, the name of Campbell. His son, James MacOran, or Campbell, became a successful merchant, and was Lord Provost of Glasgow at the time of the birth of the Prince of Wales in 1841, on which occasion he received the honour of knighthood. His eldest son was the late James Campbell of Stracathro, for many years Member of Parliament for the Universities of Aberdeen and Glasgow; while his second son was the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Prime Minister of Great Britain and Ireland.

After his futile attempt upon Craignish Castle, Sir Alexander MacDonald, in his progress northwards, invaded Melfort. The laird, John Campbell, was absent with his retainers in attendance upon Argyll, and his wife, endeavouring to appease the fierce enemies of her clan, gave orders to have a sumptuous repast laid in the mansion house, then at Ardinstur, for their entertainment, while she and all the inhabitants hid themselves in the woods and mountain retreats. The hostile army, having arrived at the house, regaled themselves with the food and drink provided, and being in high good humour, MacDonald issued strict injunctions to his men not to meddle with any of Melfort's property. Shortly after leaving, and as he ascended the hill to pass over into the neighbouring district of Kilninver, he noticed the house in flames. In a great fury he caused inquiry to be made, and hanged three Irishmen, who were found guilty, upon a gallows erected upon the summit of the hill known as Kenmor, at a place called Tom-a-chroch-aidh (the mound of hanging).

Sir Alexander and his army thereafter passed over the hill by a place called Doire nan cliabh (the grove of the creels)—the mountain track formerly much frequented by wayfarers to and from Easdale roughly indicates the route—and arrived in the evening at the house of Ardmaddie, where the royalist laird, John Maol MacDougall, resided. Next day the host of armed men proceeded up a pretty little glen called Glen Risdale, over the ridge bounding Glen Euchar on the south, down Allt Timlich, to Raray House, also a seat of the MacDougalls. Here the army rested, to allow stragglers to rejoin. A small body of Campbells, under Ian beag Campbell of Bragleen awaited battle at a place called Laganmor, and as Alasdair MacColla's men moved to the fight, the pipers struck up a war-tune, since known as "Mnathan a' ghlinne so" (the women of this glen). The words applied to the composition had a dreadful portent:—

"Mnathan a' ghlinne so, ghlinne so, ghlinne so;
Mnathan a' ghlinne so,
S' mithich dhuibh eiridh"—



Lower end of Loch Feochan and Hills of Mull.

By A. Scott Rankin.



Loch Feochan.

By A Scott Rankin.

words imploring the women of the fateful glen to arise and fly for their lives. The wail of the tune—it might well be called a dirge—was well calculated to inspire the inhabitants with the feeling that desperate work was at hand; but none in that sweetest and most peaceful of glens could conjecture the horrors of the day which had just dawned upon the mountains. The action between the opposing forces was short, but decisive; the Campbells were hopelessly beaten, and their leader, a man of great strength and courage, was taken prisoner. Thereafter MacDonald caused his men to scour the glen and its neighbourhood, and drive all the women, children, and old men to the secluded hollow where the fight had taken place. There these inoffensive people, whose only fault was that they belonged to the execrated clan Campbell, were, together with the prisoners, shut up in a large barn, and the building set on fire. All were consumed, with the exception of the Campbell general, John of Bragleen, who, putting a peat creel on his head, burst through the half-consumed doorway, and a young woman who followed in his wake, and who, being very fleet of foot, quickly out-distanced her pursuers. Her descendants are still in the district. John of Bragleen was, however, recaptured, and being brought before the royalist general, was asked, "What would you do, John, if I was in your place?" "I would give you a chance for life. Form a wide circle of soldiers around me, and if I can break through, let me go," replied John. This was done, but try as he would, he could not manage to break through by force. Having recourse to stratagem, he made as if to force his way, but suddenly throwing his sword high in the air, his opponents, endeavouring to avoid the sword in its flight, allowed John the chance he desired of slipping past. John Campbell and Alexander MacDonald had many subsequent encounters, but in all their fighting they appear to have had kindly feelings and genuine respect for one another, and in times of strait to have afforded each other what is known as "cothrom na Feinne" (the fair play of the Fingalians).

The barn where this massacre was perpetrated is known as Sabhal nan cnamh (the barn of the bones), and a heap of ruins close to the main road at Laganmor in Glen Euchar marks the spot.

The public road from Melfort, emerging from the pass, skirts the side of the River Oude for some miles, and at Blaran the entrance to the Corrie of Lorn is passed. A lonely mountain lake, Loch Tralaig, from which the Oude takes its rise, occupies the basin of the glen; the sloping hills surrounding it are known as the Braes of Lorn. From Blaran the road rapidly descends through a delightfully wooded ravine, called Glengallan, to the valley of Euchar, occupied by a river of the same name, which, after a meandering course of three miles, enters the sea at Kilninver, close to the mouth of Loch Feochan.

Glen Euchar presents excellent examples of river



Loch Tralaig and Braes of Lorn.

By A. Scott Rankin.

terracing. It is a debated question whether the successive falls in the level of the river were caused by a corresponding elevation in the coast-line or by a progressive diminution in the size of the river due to altered meteorological or climatic conditions, such as oscillations in rainfall or the retreat of glaciers. Probably in this case we have a glacier-worn valley filled up by the detritus of the diluvial period, the river thereafter, with the retreat of the ice and from other causes, assuming successively smaller proportions, each period being marked by a deposit of alluvium during floods on its banks, forming the flat terraces in question; the process being repeated as fresh, deeper and more contracted channels were cut. In Glen Euchar three distinct terraces are to be noted; the middle one is broad enough to be cultivated, and on one of the fields the old mansion-house of Raray is built. The Euchar affords good salmon fishing, the fish travelling upwards to the spawning-ground in Loch Scammadal. At one time, indeed until very recently, the farmers of the glens provided themselves with a winter's supply of salmon from the pools of the river, by the aid of torch and spear. The fish, often of great size, were cut up, and salted in barrels, and, being a staple article of food during the winter, were not considered much of a delicacy. The rivers are now more carefully watched, so that, if the practice still persists, it is carried out with such precautions as to render discovery improbable.

At Kilninver the road divides, one branch passing along the east side of Loch Feochan to Oban; the other, up the steep gradient known as Bealach 'n daimh dhuinn (the pass of the brown stirk) or Kilninver Brae to the Easdale district. From the top of this brae a good view of the hills of Mid and Upper Lorn is got. Among the peaks visible are Deadh Choimhead (the Pleasant Prospect), the twin peaks of Cruachan, Ben Starbh (the Stalwart Ben) at the head of Loch Etive, Bidean nam Bian (the Peak of the Pelts), the highest mountain in Argyllshire, Buachaill' Eite (the Herd of Etive) and many others.

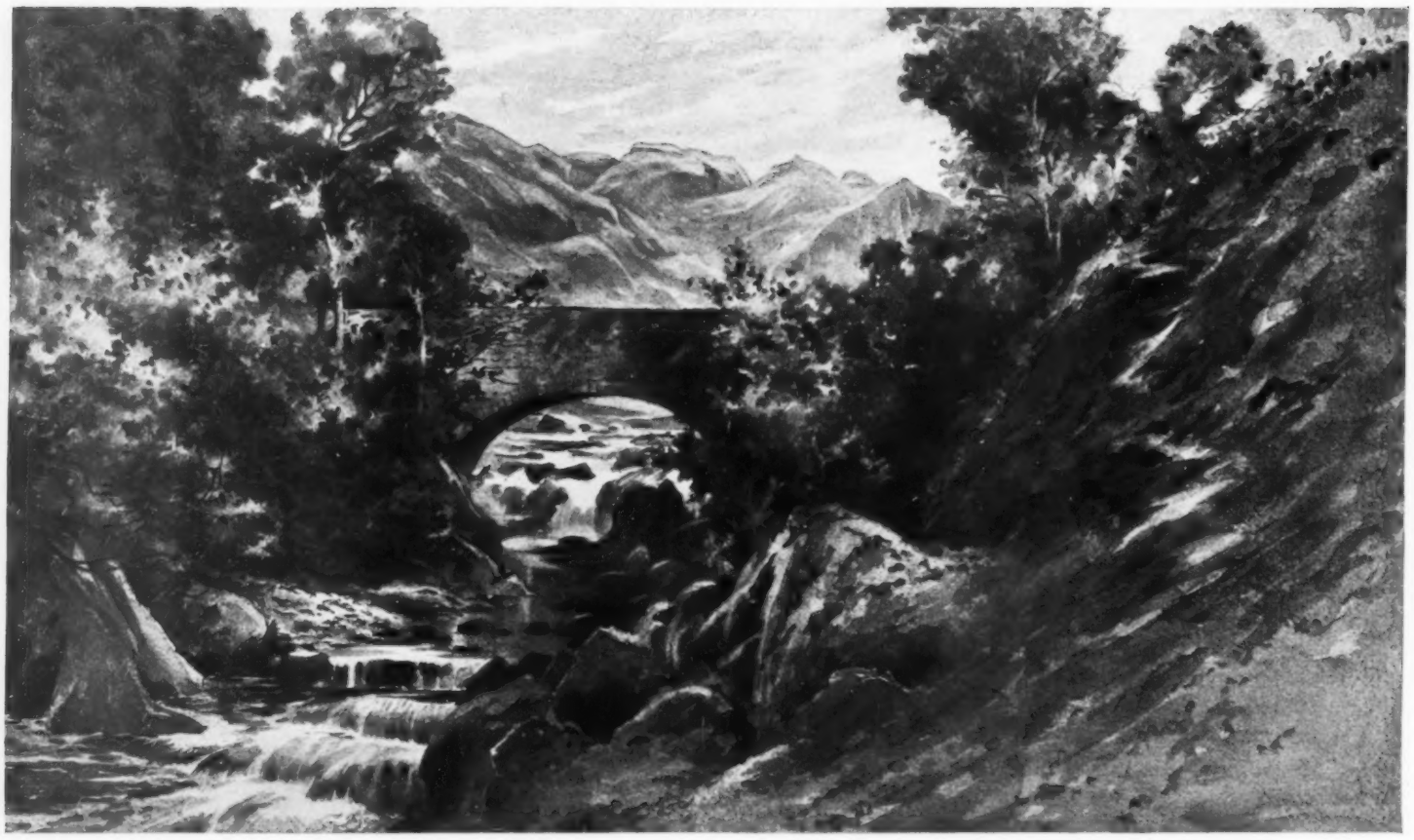
About a mile from Kilninver on the shores of Loch Feochan, quite close to the public road, there is a natural pier of rock, where vessels discharge cargoes of coal and other material for the use of the farmers of the glens: the rock is known as Creag na' marbh (the rock of the dead). Fifty yards from the shore the remains of what must have been a huge heap of stones, known as Carn Alpin, still withstands the tides and waves. Alpin was a great warrior King of the Scots, and father of Kenneth, the reputed conqueror of the Picts and the founder of the undivided Scottish monarchy. The district round about Kilninver appears to have been the scene of much of the strife betwixt the rival houses of Fergus and Loärn for the overlordship of Dalriada; thus we hear of the fight at Rossfoichne (congressio Irroisfoichne), the promontory of Feochan, between those tribes, and again of the battle of Finaglen (A.D. 719) at the head of Glen Euchar, between Ainbhceallaig and Sealbach, two brothers of the house of Loärn, for the chiefship of the race, in which the former was slain. The battle is remembered as Cath Fhionnaghleann or Blar nam Braithrean (the battle of the brothers). The little nation, probably in consequence of these internecine struggles, had much to do to protect itself from the warlike Picts and Britons; but we find it clinging tenaciously to the shores and islands, growing slowly, not by immigration



Ben Cruachan from Barnacarry Hill.

By A. Scott Rankin.

from the parent country, but by its own natural increase, a growth which hardened and educated, which engrained a spirit of caution and self-reliance, still characteristic of the descendants. It was not for many centuries after its establishment in Argyll that it found itself powerful enough to make a decisive move across the Ridge of Alban (A.D. 844), then its progress was rapid. Coming like a flash out of the darkness of those days, we hear of the king transferring his seat from Lorn to Forteviot and Scone, and in a few years afterwards becoming the undisputed lord of much of what is now modern Scotland. But still the veneration for their homeland was such that, however afar they met their death, the bodies of the princes were carried slowly and reverently across the borders of Argyll, and through their beloved Lorn to the place of embarkation on the shores of Loch Feochan, where, at Creag na marbh, the galley awaited the remains for removal to Iona, and where, to this day, stands the lonely cairn amidst the waters in memory of the Royal Race of Alpin and Fergus, a race which in unbroken succession is represented to-day by our gracious sovereign King Edward. As Father Innes, the historian, wrote, "From King Fergus the Second, son of Erc, till James the VI., the last of our kings who resided in Scotland, and the first of Great Britain, we have 63 kings hereditarily succeeding one another during the space of 1100 years, which is a greater antiquity than any hereditary monarch in Europe of one uninterrupted race can pretend to."



Bridge over the Euchar, near Laganmor.

By A. Scott Rankin.

Passing Events.

THE talented Australian-born sculptor, Mr. Bertram Mackennal, who, doubtless by virtue of his parentage, is represented at the Scottish National Exhibition, was entrusted with the design of the commemoration and the prize medals for the Olympian games. The contests stirred the blood of athletes all over the world, and Mr. Mackennal successfully bent his energies to the task of imaging the events. The Olympic Prize Diploma and the Diploma of Merit were designed by Mr. Bernard Partridge.

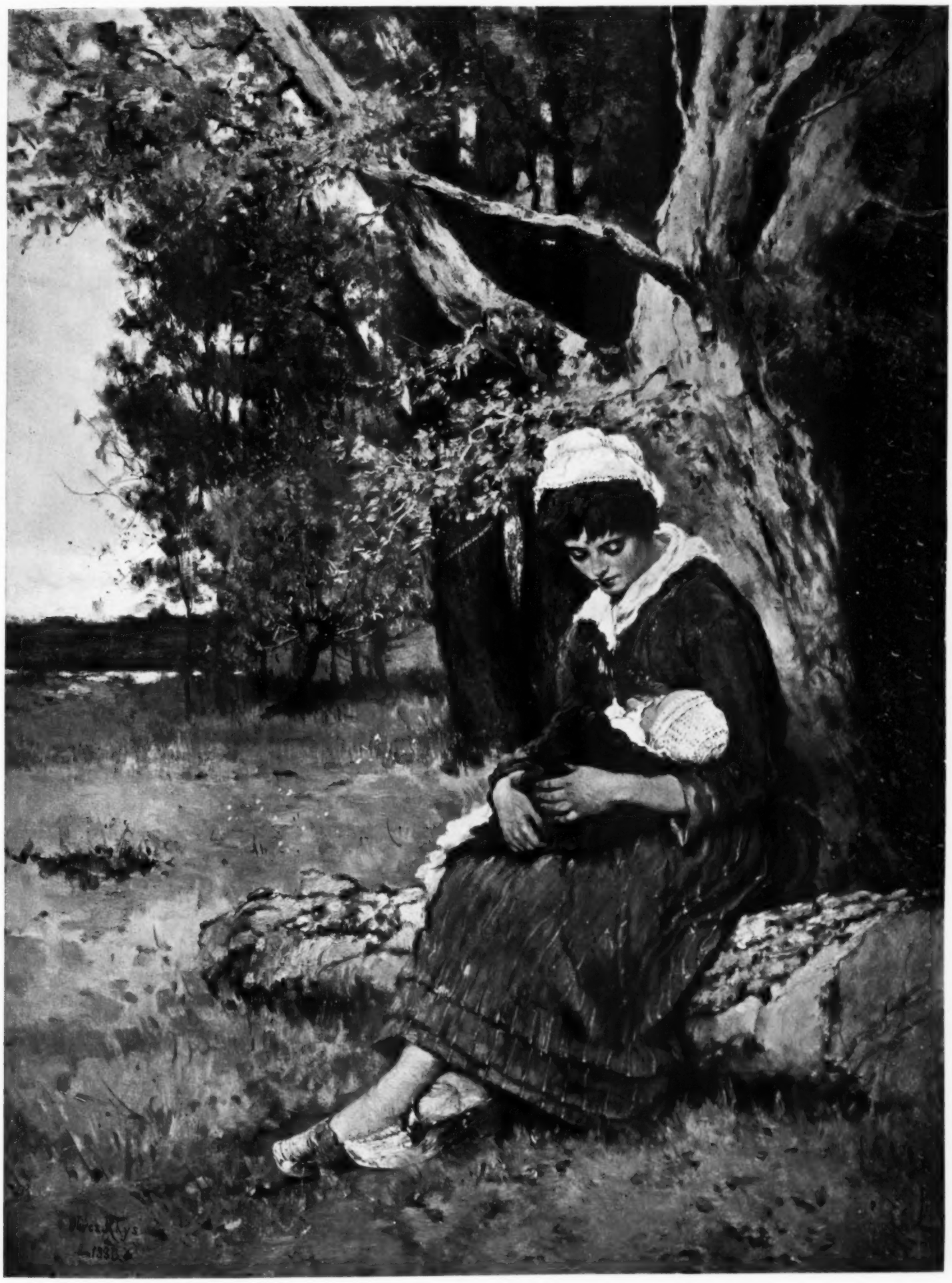
MR. OLIVER RHYS, the painter of 'Motherhood,' 1883, contributed eight landscapes and narrative-pictures to the Academy between 1880 and 1893; he used also to send to the R.B.A., the Grosvenor Gallery, and the Institute of Oil Painters. In 'Motherhood' one of the problems confronting him was to make the figures emerge as it were as an inevitable flower from the landscape.

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S purchase in 1907 of the famous Hoentschel collection of French Gothic and 18th century woodwork and furniture, reputedly for something over £200,000, has proved of signal advantage to the Metropolitan Museum of New York, of which, of course, he is the active President. Mr. Morgan presented to the Museum the 18th century section and placed on loan with the trustees the part embracing examples of Gothic work. In order that both divisions may be properly displayed, a special wing has been built and is expected to be ready early next year. Outside Paris, it would be difficult if not impossible to discover a public or private collection in which the various periods of early French art are so well represented.

THOUGH the Guild of Handicraft as initially constituted has ceased to exist, a certain number of the craftsmen determined, as an alternative to returning to town life, to continue working at Chipping Campden, and so as far as may be to maintain the tradition. The Guild shop in Brook Street is also continued, to the end that there may be a proper agency in London.

THE Institute of Oil Painters has elected Mr. T. B. Kennington to be Vice-President in the stead of the late Mr. John Fulleylove.

A VERY useful chart of the arts in England, 1660–1740, has been issued by Messrs. Lenygon, of Old Burlington Street. One column is given to painters and sculptors, a second to engravers, with the mediums in which they worked indicated, a third to various arts and crafts. In parallel columns, so arranged that we can at once bring about a meeting of contemporaries, so to say, there are given the names, with birth and death dates, of Continental artists, a list of notable buildings in this country and their architects, books on architecture, general literature, historic events, ministries and monarchs. Vermeer of Delft should certainly



MOTHERHOOD.

BY OLIVER RHYS.



By James Barry, R.A.



By James Barry, R.A.

have been included, for he towers above Gerard Dou and Jan Weenix, and it is a slip to call Teniers Dutch. Despite such shortcomings, however, the chronological chart will be found extremely useful.

THE sketches reproduced on this page are taken from a commonplace book kept by James Barry, R.A., now in the possession of Mr. W. Barry McCarthy of Cork.

THE Sunderland Art Gallery, which contains a fair collection of water-colour drawings and oil paintings, some of them loaned from the Victoria and Albert Museum, received under the bequest of the late Mr. John Dickinson, founder of the Palmer's Hill Engineering Works, thirty-one pictures, including a couple of Landseers.

STUDENTS of Turner may like to correct a note in Christie's catalogue of the Holland collection. The water-colour entitled 'Messieurs les voyageurs, on their return from Italy (par la diligence) in a snowdrift upon Mount Tarare, 22nd January, 1829,' was not suggested by an incident on Mont Cenis, as is stated. Mount Tarare, though the name is unfamiliar to modern travellers by rail, was well known, as Mr. Edward Dillon has pointed out, to those who fared by diligence from the South to Paris. It is a steep pass over the mountains of Forez, between Lyons and Roanne. Turner's water-colour, which fetched 520 gs., is, says Mr. Dillon, perhaps the only direct evidence of the route followed through France by the artist on returning from his second Italian tour.

AS one might expect, many artists have been collectors of beautiful objects in various kinds. We at once think of Rembrandt and of the financial straits which caused him to part with his possessions. In our own country there are Reynolds and, pre-eminently, Lawrence,



By James Barry, R.A.



Ruth, daughter of C. A. Cripps, Esq., K.C.
By Frank Dicksee, R.A.

who spent about £40,000 upon drawings by Old Masters, which by his will he offered at £20,000, first to George IV., then to the British Museum, Sir Robert Peel and the Earl of Dudley of his time. In the end Messrs. Woodburn secured the wonderful collection for £16,000. Though on a more modest scale, a living artist of distinction is forming an assemblage of works of art of which some day a good deal will be heard.

WE are reminded of these artist-collectors by the recent exhibition in the Mount Street Galleries of a number of pictures, water-colours and mezzotints, belonging to the late Mr. Edward Hughes, whose portrait of Queen Alexandra is not, as has been persistently stated, in the Fine Art Palace at Shepherd's Bush. Mr. Hughes inherited certain of the works from his father, George Hughes, who exhibited at the Academy 1813–58, others he himself acquired. If we are to judge by the attributions, Mr. Hughes was not to be numbered among the pictorial detectives, but the collection suggested an interest in simple wash-drawings and rich mezzotints for their own sake.

THE interest now taken on the continent in British art is emphasised by the establishment in Berlin of a branch of Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons. Paris, of course, is honeycombed with the houses of London dealers.

MR. FRANK DICKSEE, the skilled painter of 'Miss Ruth Cripps,' a daughter of the K.C., was the youngest member of the Academy when in 1881 he was elected to Associateship. He was twenty-four only when he sent to the Academy 'Harmony,' which after being given a centre in the first room, was bought by the Chantrey Trustees for 350 gs. Hereditary influences are in Mr. Dicksee's favour, for both his father and his uncle were artists.

"SEM," whose clever caricatures and figurines in wood caused much amusement in Bond Street, is in real life known as M. Marie Josef Georges Goursat. He was born in Perigueux in 1863, and initially practised art only in such leisure as he could obtain when commercial activity was ended. "Sem" is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

THE etching 'April' (p. 319) by Miss Katherine Cameron has warrantably attracted attention at the Scottish National Exhibition, Edinburgh, where it was hung near portrait-drawings by Mr. James Paterson and Mr. William Strang, near etchings by Mr. Muirhead Bone and Mr. D. Y. Cameron. April, the month made of tears and laughter, is the month of the Great Mother, the month as George Herbert said when all creatures have their joy and man hath his. One of the virtues of Miss Cameron's delightful plate is that she has apprehended the glad utility of the life of the bee. These pastoral bandits, these winged little people that in the light and warmth drink of the soul of the flowers, seem to know many things that to most of us are no more than the shadow of a shade. Their very flight, their contemplative pauses, the sweet consent of their fellowship, have evidently moved Miss Cameron imaginatively, moved her, too, to imaginative emphasis. She seems to declare that beauty and love and duty are with them an indissoluble trinity. On the human plane that is as yet hardly more than a poet's dream. But true poets—Browning for instance—are creators, heralds, seers of invisible realities. As the bees of the etching gather honey from the soul of the flower, so poets, whether in words, in colour, or in black-and-white so-called, weave from the stuff of the world intangible realities. We believe 'April' is one of Miss Cameron's first essays in etching—her

fairy water-colours and her black-and-white drawings are well known, of course—and it shows that her delicacy of perception, her feeling for translucent or downy textures, for interpretative movement, for a design congruous to the temper of her theme, should in this medium have many welcome results.

THE London School of Art, whose teaching staff includes Mr. J. M. Swan, Mr. Brangwyn, and Mr. Alfred Hayward, held its summer term in the picturesque town of Furnes, near the Belgian coast, not far from the French border. Mr. Brangwyn gave three criticisms each week, and a studio and a costume model were provided.

A SON of the late Henry Seward Constable claims to have discovered the portrait of Robert Burns for which he gave three sittings to Peter or Patrick Taylor at Edinburgh in 1786. Mr. Constable holds that the portrait in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery is of Gilbert Burns, the poet's brother, and a monograph containing some confirmatory evidence is to be published.

THE bequest by Colonel John Temple Temple West to the National Gallery is larger than was anticipated when he died in 1903. According to the official statement the amount is rather more then £96,000, or about £9,000 less than the capital of the Chantrey Fund. In addition, the National Gallery has at its disposal the Lewis bequest of £10,000 dating from 1864, the Clarke of £23,104 dating from 1881, the Walker, and—available for the purchase of British pictures only—the Wheeler.

THE Sub-Committee of the Glasgow Corporation, including the Lord Provost and Bailie Shaw Maxwell, purchased four pictures from the Institute in Sauchiehall Street for the Kelvingrove Gallery. We give the catalogue prices within brackets. Mr. F. Spenlove-Spenlove's 'Vespers—New Year's Eve in the Low Country' (£500), Mr. R. M. G. Coventry's 'The Haven' (£200), Mr. Duncan Mackellar's 'The Minuet' (£175), and the late Alexander Mann's 'Chaff' (£75). There has been secured from another source Raeburn's admirable portrait of Dr. Cleghorn, who is named in the well-known ballad, 'The Lament of Captain Paton.' This was lent by Mr. Robert Mann to the Whitechapel Exhibition in 1901 and to that in the Forbes and Paterson gallery in 1902. Mr. Martin Harvey is evidently a man of taste. During his sojourn in Glasgow he bought Mr. George Pirie's 'A Veteran'—a picture of a dejected cock. Leeds has added to its permanent collection pictures by three Glasgow painters, Messrs. A. K. Brown, J. G. Laing, and James Kay.

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN has generously presented copies of his superb Catalogue of pictures and art treasures to the London Library, the Guildhall, and several like institutions. We understand that Mr. William Roberts is responsible for the descriptions of and the notes relating to the pictures, and these are of the utmost value to students. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild has also presented to the Guildhall a profusely illustrated catalogue of his famous collection.



April.

By Katherine Cameron.

THE Scottish Modern Arts Association has purchased 'The Snow Leopard's Toilet,' a water-colour by Mr. William Walls, A.R.S.A., priced at £20 in the catalogue of the Society of Scottish Artists' Exhibition.



(By permission of the Great Western Railway.)

Departure of a Brittany Fishing Fleet for Iceland.
A Photograph by Leslie Richardson.

Two water-colours by the late Miss Christina Ross, R.S.W., the able daughter of R. T. Ross, R.S.A., whose mastery as a water-colourist is not yet realised, have been bought and presented by a group representing her former pupils.

THE Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours has resolved to rebuild and enlarge its Pall Mall Galleries, and also, if possible, to start a school of water-colour painting. At the annual dinner, Sir Ernest Waterlow, the President, alluded to the fact that at the dispersal of the late Mr. R. E. Tatham's collection in March, works by living members of the Society in several cases realised double the sums paid for them in the Pall Mall Gallery. At the dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution Sir Hubert von Herkomer drew attention to the other side of the picture. Money, he said, had been piloted into channels to which the modern artist has no access. "In plain English he had been shut out by the gambling in Old Masters," whose work was "the plaything of the auction room." Sir Hubert recognises that the raising of the status both of art and of the artist has resulted in greatly increased competition.

AS is well known, Sir Hubert von Herkomer takes justifiable pride in the house which he built for himself at Bushey. Lorenz Herkomer, when Hubert was born at the village of Waal in 1849, exclaimed, "He shall be my best friend—and an artist." Through all privations, the resolve of Lorenz Herkomer remained steadfast, and he lived to see his son prosperous and famed. One of the father's dreams was a great house built by a member of the family. Such is Lululaund. It is a monument to the labours of the artist himself, his father and his uncle. Probably the burglars who some months ago carried off a loving-cup and some other objects from Lululaund did not pause to read the inspiriting inscription over the hearth in the dining-room: "Thus we sit by the fire and take hold of the poles of the earth." All great art tends towards unification.

ONE of several Art Unions appears to think lightly of the New English Art Club and the International. Prize-winners can select pictures from the Academy, the New Gallery, the Old Water-Colour Society, the Institute, and the R.B.A., but not from the two shows first-named. Yet it was from the New English that a South African Art Union prize-winner obtained the little landscape by Mr. Mark Fisher for which the Chantrey Trustees shortly afterwards applied. In the past these art associations have expended large sums in metropolitan and other galleries. At the Academy of 1844, members of the London Art Union spent some £3,300, and the year previous the British Artists benefited to the extent of nearly £3,000.



(By permission of the Great Western Railway.)

Pont Aven.
A Photograph by Leslie Richardson.



The Beethoven Monument (by Kaspar Zumbusch).
By E. A. Rickards, F.R.I.B.A.

Some Public Memorials of Vienna.

By Rudolf Dircks.

WE have heard a good deal lately of public monuments being raised in London to the memory of Shakespeare and Dickens. Dickens, it is stated on the authority of a member of his family, did not wish—particularly did not wish—for a statue. And yet one cannot imagine a greater ornament to any London public square or thoroughfare than a memorial to a writer who portrayed the London of his time with so much insight. There have doubtless been greater novelists than Dickens, but has there ever been a writer with equal gifts of humour and caricature, who deserves more kindly of the city which gave him birth? Shakespeare is not quite in the same case. His work (as has so often been said) is a little remote from local considerations; and it is difficult to memorialise after any local fashion a genius so universal. But is not Dickens' protest against any posthumous celebration of himself a little surprising? Exempt beyond most men from unkindly prejudices, and not above worldly ambitions and vanities, yet he rejected the greatest honour which it may be supposed a country can offer to its distinguished dead! As

some writers object to the supplementary aid of the artist in the exposition of their prose, can it have been that Dickens objected, in anticipation, to the supplementary aid of a memorial in the exposition of himself? But Dickens' attitude is not at all singular: it is largely shared by the public voice whenever the question of a memorial is raised, and whoever may be its subject. Is it that Dickens said, and the public say, "We see about us too many memorials achieved without any great skill, badly placed, and to all appearance forlorn and neglected, to care about adding to their number? They are neither an ornament to our streets and public places, nor a respectful testimony to those to whom they are dedicated. What about a hospital bed or ward instead?" There is probably some truth in this view. But there are indications that we are on the eve of better things; Bills for town-planning are in the air, and these, it may be supposed, will include in their provisions schemes for the disposition and adequate care of public monuments. Other countries are certainly ahead of us in this matter.

Take Vienna, for instance. What could be more admirable than the disposition and care of its public monuments? There you feel that sculpture is a living art, whether it be in the form of statuary, applied decoration, or as accessory to the adornment and charm of a park. Even in cases where its vitality assumes a form which does not always meet with general critical approval, there must be general consent that in whatever degree it may seem excessive or deficient, there is no exhibition of artistic indifference or official incompetence. Unanimity in matters of taste is neither to be expected nor desired; the main thing is that *taste* shall be involved in the question. A doubt of this kind, however, is scarcely likely to suggest itself in regard to Viennese sculpture, notwithstanding that little of it is old enough to claim the exemption from æsthetic criticism which is so often conceded to works of antiquity.



The Goethe Monument (by Edmund Helmer).

By E. A. Rickards, F.R.I.B.A.



(By permission of F. Dare Clapham, Esq., A.R.I.B.A.)

Main Entrance to the Ministry of the Interior, in Wipplingerstrasse, Vienna.

By E. A. Rickards, F.R.I.B.A.

With the exception of some work by Raphael Donner, and some of the statuary in the parks of Schwarzenberg, Belvedere and Schönbrunn, the sculpture is largely of the last fifty years or so. It is therefore modern: and some of it, you may think, with its touches of l'art nouveau, aggressively modern. But whether it be modern, that is of the last fifty years, or whether it goes back two hundred years, it remains equally a vital and living expression of the artistic spirit of its time. It is never uninteresting; it may possess many defects, according to your point of view, but it is never commonplace. It may move you to a spirit of appreciation, as in my own case, or of antagonism, as in the case of some of my friends, but it does not leave you unmoved. You cannot get away from the life of it; its tricks are not those of artistic convention, or, in any narrow sense, of artistic formulæ. But in the larger sphere of schooling, in anatomical knowledge, in keeping the scale of the forms in relation to the proportions which surround them, in placing as it were the right word in the right place, you may find often adherence to a formula as old as the Greeks. In its application to buildings the sculpture is bold and dexterous, even to excess; the modelling masterly. There is little merely sensuous or tamely pretty; the conception and treatment are spacious and skilful. And with a boldness of effect there is an absence of impressionistic modelling whose detail will not repay close examination. The influence of the Baroque period in which Viennese sculpture had its rise is apparent in much of the work of later periods, even of the work of to-day. In the New Market, in the centre of the old city, there is a large fountain, known as the Donner Fountain. Belonging to the latter part of the seventeenth century, Raphael Donner remains the great figure in sculpture of the Baroque period. Through his teacher Giovanni Giuliani, a Venetian of the early part of the seventeenth century, he must have been brought into close quarters with the tradition of the Italian Renaissance, and his work is not

unworthy of the masters of that period. The large fountain which bears his name (and there is other work of his scattered about Vienna) is an elaborate and spacious work, possessing the freedom in design which is characteristic of the Baroque period. The figures on the outer rim of the basin, symbols of four Austrian rivers, in their free-and-easy attitudes, are the least formal of symbols, but superbly modelled: strong, but not without a certain Italian character and delicacy. In these figures we seem to find the first tradition of Viennese sculpture.

In the destruction of the fortifications which surrounded the old city came the great opportunity of the modern sculptor: and not only of the modern sculptor, but of the architect and those in authority who devised the scheme of reconstruction of this part of the city. And in viewing the result of this scheme of reconstruction, it should be remembered that it is not due to one artistic force, but to a combination of artistic and official forces. And in speaking of the sculptor's work credit should be given to those to whom it is due for the *mise en scène* which so greatly contributes to its effect. But in this scheme of reconstruction sculpture played an important part. The memorial monuments to be found in the large boulevards which now encircle the old city largely represent the intellectual history of the German race, as well as that which is warlike and valiant in Austrian history. The catholicity of choice displayed in this selection might furnish material for a volume of appreciative commentary. Artists and men of letters rub shoulders, as it were, with potentates and conquerors. We find men of every type of intellectual enterprise and energy represented: philosopher and dramatist, architect and sculptor, painter and musician, soldier and statesman. In a square adjacent to that in which you have the grandiose monument of Maria Theresa, you have a statue to Schiller in a "Platz" dedicated to him, and across the Burgring, you have a simple and noble memorial

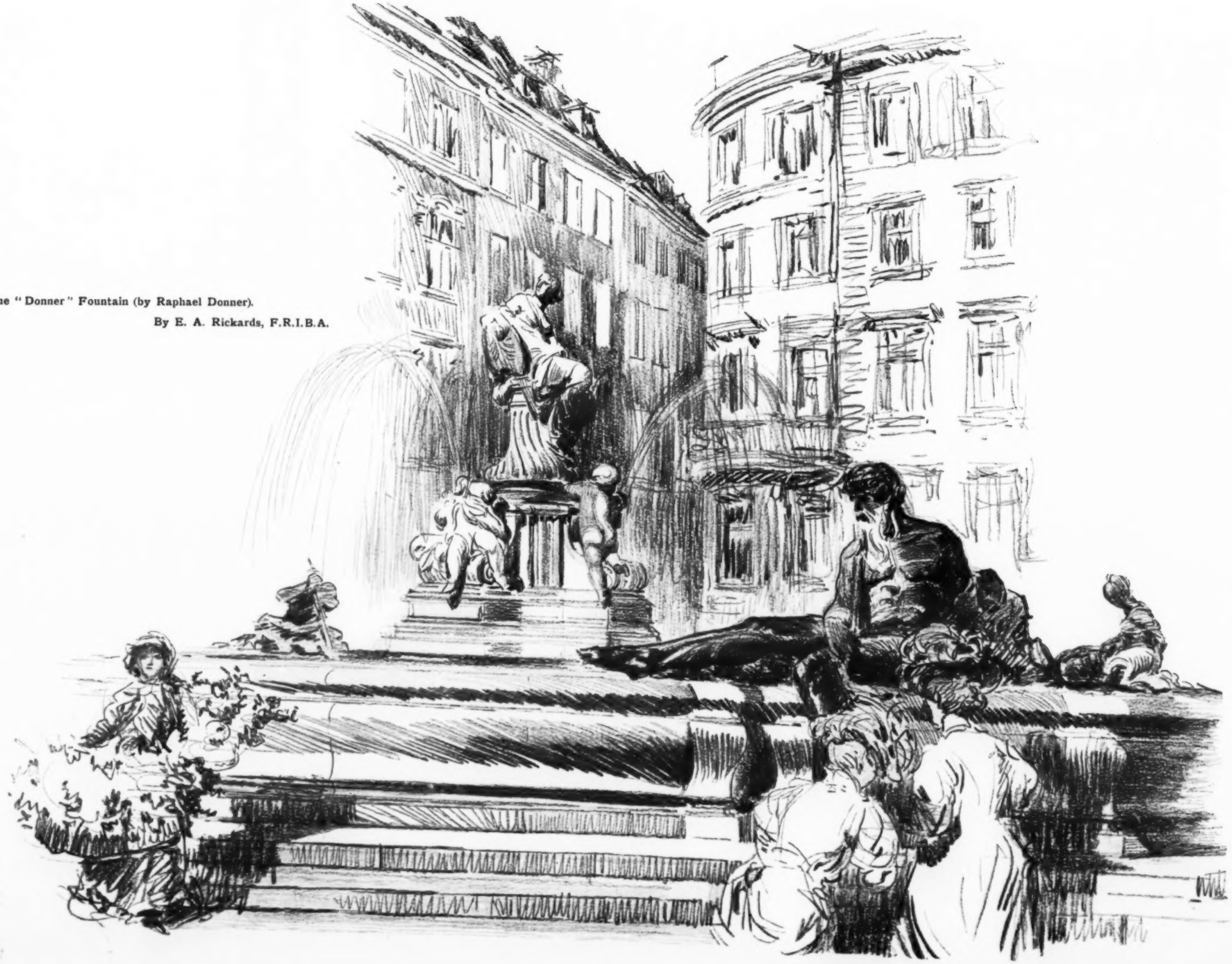


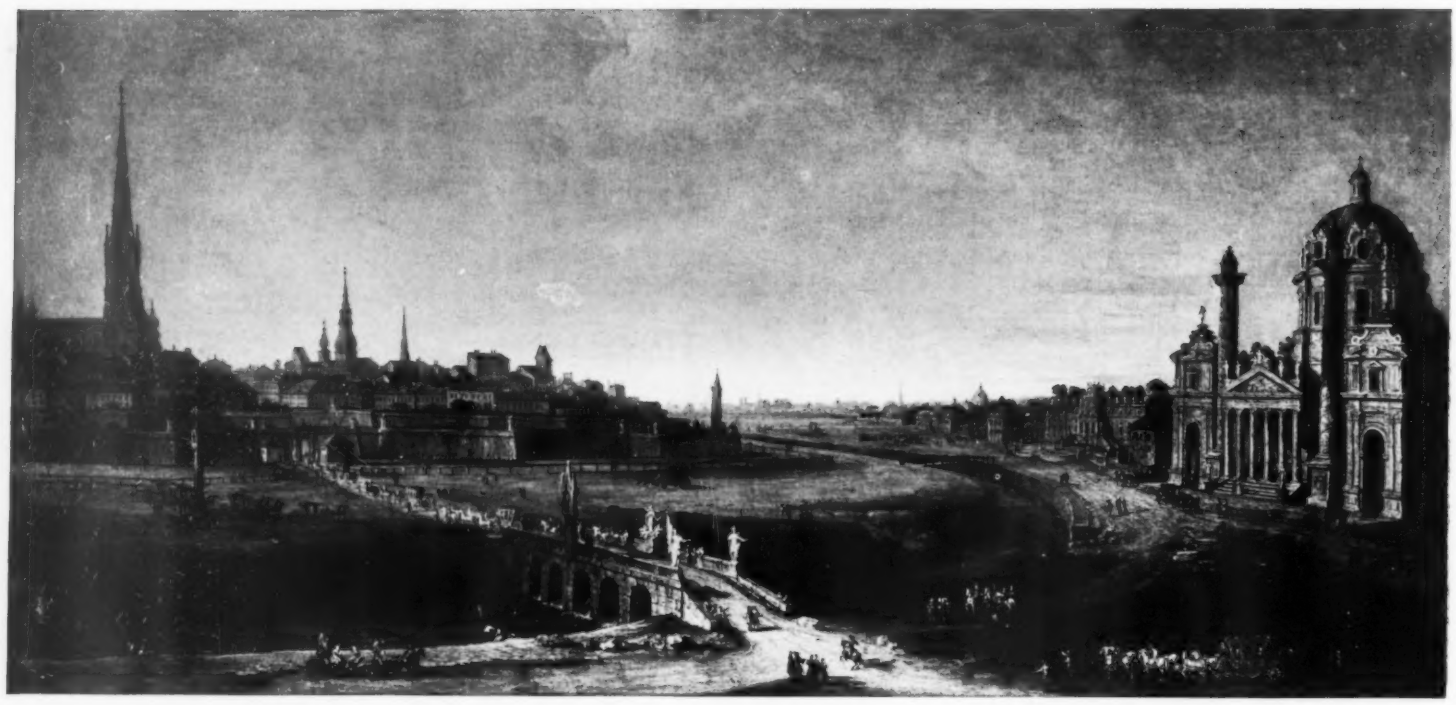
A Group of Statuary in the Grounds of the Schwarzenberg Palace, Vienna.

By E. A. Rickards, F.R.I.B.A.

The "Donner" Fountain (by Raphael Donner).

By E. A. Rickards, F.R.I.B.A.





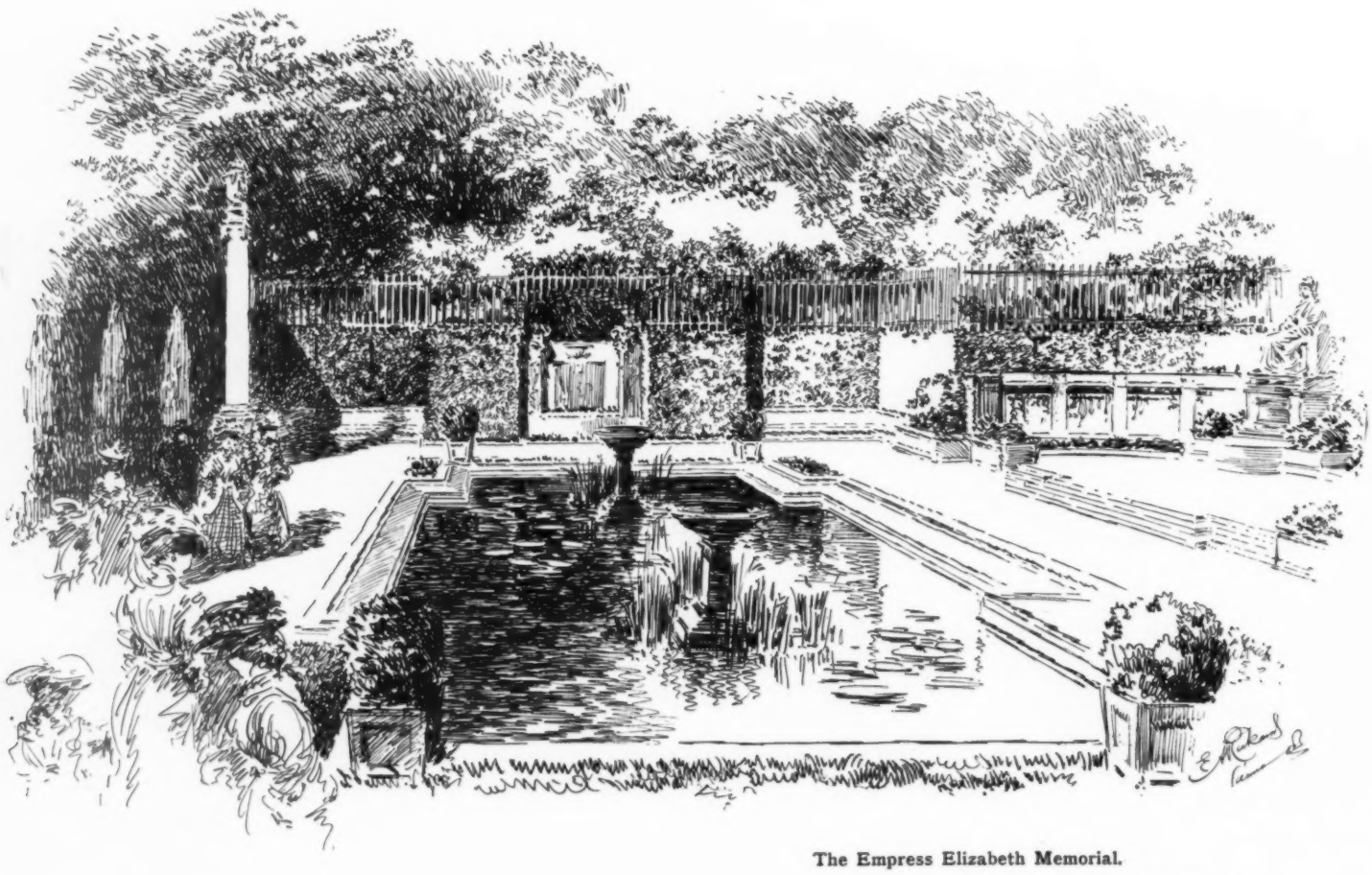
(By permission of the Rt. Hon. Lord Ribblesdale, P.C.)

Vienna, early 18th Century.

By Kaspar van Vittel (1674-1736).

General view of the city, showing St. Stephan's Cathedral to the left and the Church of St. Karl to the right of the old River Wien.

to the vastly greater man Goethe. Again, not far away, in the Volksgarten, spaces are equally devoted to the dramatist Grillparzer and to the late Empress Elizabeth. And it would be easy to multiply instances in which the same ample recognition is observed. And when such memorials as these are finely conceived, finely placed, and greatly cared for, they not only add to the dignity and beauty of a city, but they form a link in keeping the present in touch with the past: they are valuable as a "moral and intellectual" influence in preserving worthily the memory of men and women whose lives and work are a guide and inspiration: and they are a pleasant introduction to the stranger within your gates to your national ancestry.



The Empress Elizabeth Memorial.

By E. A. Rickards, F.R.I.B.A.



Statue of the painter J. Emil Schinder (by Edmund Helmer).

By E. A. Rickards, F.R.I.B.A.

But one must not be led away by the urbanity of the introduction to overestimate the quality of the sculpture. The setting so often wins your admiration that you are liable perhaps to put an extra price upon the jewel. Such and such a monument may not be all that you think it is, but its approach and surroundings are so harmonious and in character, the total effect is so happy, that you may forget how much of this is due rather to the subordinate features, to the general building up, than to the main feature. Take for instance the most grandiose memorial in Vienna, occupying its finest site—the monument to Maria Theresa. No one familiar with Austrian history would be inclined to cavil at the position or character of the monument. Occupying the centre of the fine "Platz" between the splendid buildings of the two royal museums, the grounds of which are laid out in gardens and paths, decorated with fountains composed of animated sculptured groups, with the grounds and buildings of the royal palace in front and with further grounds and royal buildings in the rear, it will here be seen that the memorial has every advantage in the way of position and vista, and of characteristic royal association, that the most careful thought and planning could devise. The monument itself is an imposing structure surmounted by a great figure of Maria Theresa and decorated on the first planes of its base with equestrian and other figures, generals and statesmen, to much smaller scale, as well as with reliefs illustrating some of the principal events of her reign. The general lines of the memorial are not without harmony, but the preponderating scale of the figure of the Empress can only, perhaps, be justified on symbolic grounds. There could be no greater contrast between the lives and temperaments of two women than between those of Maria Theresa and the late Empress Elizabeth; the one powerful, constructive, controlling, indefatigable; the other retiring, reticent, graceful and negative. Nothing would have been more inappropriate than an imposing and grandiose monument to the late Empress; and I know of no public memorial more striking or more effective in its sensitive expression of fitness than in that dedicated to her, to be found in a secluded and tranquil enclosure in a corner of the Volksgarten. Possibly the fateful ending to a life of ingenuous disillusionment may contribute to the sentiment with which one regards the graceful and simple figure with gently folded hands, seated in this retreat, in which the most careful thought and art have sought to express, and succeeded in expressing, a feeling of exquisite charm and repose. However this may be, there are few, we imagine, who can regard this memorial wholly unmoved.

A statue of Schiller stands in the place dedicated to his name. The position is more imposing than that allotted to Goethe in the Burgring, which was not, however, erected until some twenty years later. But the juxtaposition of the two friends is happy, and, in our opinion, the more simple memorial to Goethe is the finer. Helmer, the sculptor, in portraying the seated figure of Goethe, reclining easily on a classic bench, contemplating, as it were, the life and movement before him of the Ring, has achieved a simple and dignified effect. It is an adequate realisation of Goethe, whose commanding figure and finely proportioned head adapt themselves to the sculptor's art. A more secluded position has been found for Zumbusch's Beethoven, whose monument, as in the case of Schiller, is the chief ornament of a Platz bearing his name. Those who, like myself, care to spend a little time on one of the seats in the shadow of this memorial in the carefully-tended garden surrounded by trellis-

work of which it is the centre, with its quiet atmosphere undisturbed by the children playing in the paths or by the nursemaids or mothers quietly reading or sewing, cannot but feel that the memory of the composer is being delicately and worthily preserved. It is not uninteresting to turn from these monuments, of a more or less formal kind, to a memorial of freer design and treatment. In wandering round the lake in the Stadtpark, your attention will probably be arrested by a sculptured figure on, or a little above, the level of the eye, reposing in easy fashion amid the shrubbery at the side of the path. It is the figure of a man in a loose jacket and breeches, with a coat thrown across his knees. Some flowers lie carelessly on the coat and a negligent hand holds a palette. Notwithstanding the naturalistic treatment, the easy position and costume, the absence of detachment which is usually associated with works of this kind, the effect is by no means undignified or unimpressive. Your gaze follows that of the contemplative face before you, to rest upon a charming vista of woodland and lake. There is of course nothing haphazard in this arrangement; you know that you are in the presence of a landscape painter, and if his work is unknown to you, you will probably do as I did, go and look at it.

I have had only space to mention one or two monuments, but these are largely typical. Everywhere you find the same care in regard to position, the same reverence for the memory and appreciation of the character, of the subject of the memorial. A statue is never dumped down in an unprotected, hustled position and left as a camping ground for the loafer and street vendor. Had Dickens been born in Vienna he would probably not have so precisely objected to a plastic conception of himself. If the eyes of the Londoner rested daily on such monuments as have been raised to Beethoven and Goethe in Vienna, the protest against a statue to Shakespeare might not be so insistent. And the cry for something useful, for the subscriptions to be applied to a philanthropic purpose, would doubtless be less prevailing if the controlling powers were to give the same attention to artistic effect that they undeniably give to other matters. Never at any time probably were better men waiting to be employed in the service.

Charminster.

An original Etching by Nathaniel Sparks, A.R.E.

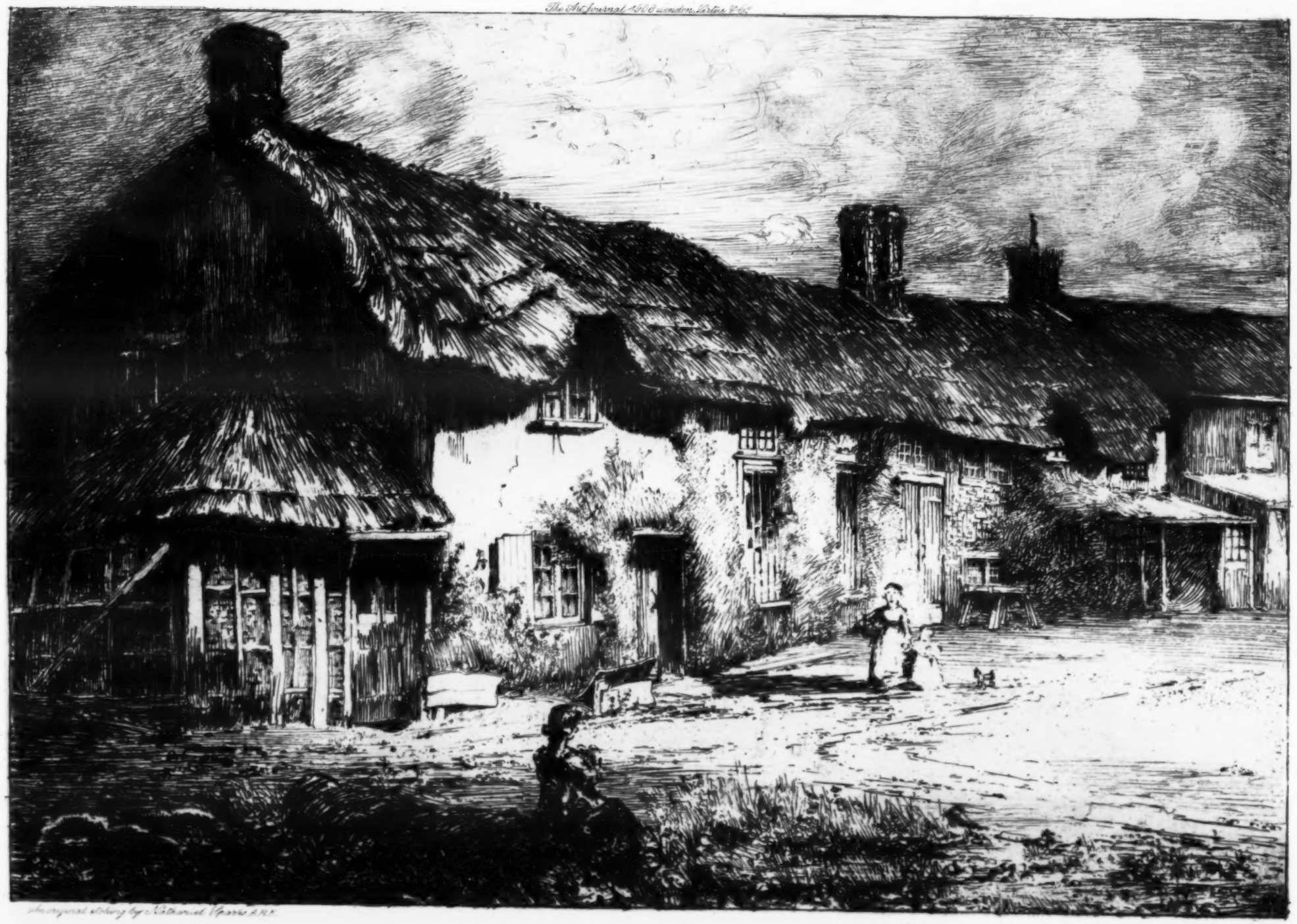
THE county of Dorsetshire has many features of interest for both the artist and the archæologist. To the artist it appeals by the variety of its scenery, the picturesqueness of its towns and villages, and the pleasant wildness of its rolling downs and marshy valleys; to the archæologist by its relics of past centuries and by the number and importance of its historical associations. It is a county in which the wanderer from the beaten track will find much to repay him for any trouble he may take to seek out the beauties of nature or to trace the history of other times recorded plainly enough in many directions. Happily the march of modern progress has not been so destructive there as in the more thickly populated districts of England; it has not obliterated the evidences of antiquity, and it has not taken away from nature her charm or her dainty simplicity. Even in the towns the old-world atmosphere still lingers pleasantly—at Wareham or Dorchester, for instance, which date back to the Roman period, a hint of mediæval quaintness is still perceptible. The struggle for existence seems in such places to lose something of its vehemence, and to become more tolerable; strenuousness is obviously inappropriate among surroundings so peaceful, so suggestive of an age when placid contentment with things as they were was accepted as the rule of life. Far more is this restfulness to be enjoyed in the little villages which nestle in the wooded valleys or hide themselves among the trees which overshadow some winding stream; in these quiet corners it is easy to forget the bustle and turmoil of that larger world where people have ambitions and strive for prizes hardly worth the trouble of attainment. Certainly there is no suggestion of the strenuous life in the etching by Mr. Nathaniel Sparks of a typical corner in the village of Charminster, a place which, despite its nearness to the county town of Dorchester, has lost little of its primitive picturesqueness and has made few concessions to the modern craving for improvement. The group of cottages which the etcher has chosen as his subject is attractive enough in its charming irregularity, in its absence of studied and intentional formality; and it has that distinctive character which only the passage of many years can give. If, as has often been said, time and varnish are the greatest of the old masters and chiefly responsible for the most admired beauties of ancient works of art, certainly time and weather can be claimed as the most efficient workers on the artist's behalf. They give him his best material, and they add to human productions those touches of unpremeditated beauty which could not be deliberately invented by even the most ingenious designer. They are responsible indisputably for much that has made this Charminster subject worthy of the etcher's attention.

Colour-Training and Colour Museums.—I.

By Alexander Millar.

IN the course of a long experience as a manufacturer and designer, and in dealing with and superintending designers, I have been profoundly impressed with the great need for the systematic training of the colour sense, and the lamentable deficiency of any adequate provision for acquiring such training.

The Art Journal 1868 London, Virtue & Co.



The original etching by Nathaniel Hughes R.H.A.

Charminster, near Dorchester.

The popular view is that in the matter of colour every man is a law to himself, and has a right to his own opinion. And this view receives some support from the wide-spread and deeply-rooted belief prevalent among artists that it is impossible to teach colour in the same way in which drawing is taught, and that if it were possible it would be undesirable and unnecessary. I believe that this feeling largely arises from the fact that in their minds the word "system" is associated with the various manuals which have approached the subject from the scientific side, and which have attempted to lay down rules for colour combinations. Artists have also, I think, been repelled by theories founded on the phenomena of coloured lights. These they find at first sight apparently wholly at variance with the facts with which they are familiar in their use of pigments, and they are therefore induced to turn away from such theories as the speculations of men who have no knowledge of the practical application of colour. I have myself passed through such a stage, and for a long time shared the prejudice against colour theories which I have since found to be absolutely sound when tested by simple experiments, and perfectly reconcilable with the results of mixing pigments which are familiar to all who use them.

While I strongly share the view that the study of chromatic theories will never make a colourist, I think that all who work in colour would find both pleasure and profit in the study of such a book as Rood's *Modern Chromatics*, and the working out of some of the simple experiments there described. No one, for instance, can be the worse for knowing that a mixture of blue and yellow lights will not produce green, but grey or white, or that the eye, when fixed upon one colour, quickly becomes wearied and incapable of seeing that colour in its true aspect. I have known a case where a patent was taken out and a costly signal lamp constructed for producing a green by mixing blue and yellow lights. It must have been purely an invention on paper, and could not possibly have worked as intended. And I have known a colour manufacturer who could not understand why a pigment, when spread out on the grinding-slab, looked much duller than when in use in small quantities. He had quite overlooked the effect of eye fatigue, which, under the first set of conditions, produced what amounted to temporary colour blindness. So long as the authors of scientific handbooks confine themselves to statements of fact, and describe experiments by which anyone can verify their statements, they are safe guides. But such verification should not be omitted. Partly for the want of an exact colour nomenclature, partly from differences in the "personal equation," and occasionally through downright mistakes, they are sometimes misleading. For instance, one authority condemns an artist who painted an effect of yellow light falling upon a blue vase and represented the result as green. The critic said it should have been grey or white; but he was wrong, and the artist was right, as a simple experiment would have shown. The critic was confusing the effect of yellow light falling upon a blue surface, which gives green, with a mixture of blue and yellow lights falling upon a white surface from different sources, which, if the colours be pure, gives greyish white. "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

When scientific manuals go beyond verifiable statements of fact, and attempt to lay down rules for the combination of colours, they are going beyond their province. I think they should confine themselves to pointing out such facts as that the subjective ghostly images which are formed by prolonged staring at any colour are true complementaries of the originals and where strong contrast is desired form perfectly safe combinations, and that the results got in this way are confirmed by observations with the polariscope. Further than the grouping of colours in complementary pairs founded on such observations, I do not think it is safe to go in the laying down of rules. And when warnings are given that such-and-such combinations are bad, the judicious reader will say, "It all depends," and will lean to Ruskin's advice in such cases, to "put them together whenever you can."

At the recent Exhibition in connection with the International Art Congress I made a careful search for any indications of a scheme for systematic training in colour, but beyond some elementary diagrams illustrating the colours of the spectrum, I could find nothing. So that apparently we can get no assistance from the practice of foreign countries in this matter.

While attending the meetings of the L.C.C. Conference on Drawing, Modelling and Training of the Colour Faculty, I have been greatly struck by the way in which at the outset the latter subject was referred to. Colour seemed to be thought of as a reward for children who had done well in drawing, and also as a means of expressing form in the mass instead of by outline. But except in isolated cases there did not seem to be any attempt to train the colour sense. In one paper we were naïvely informed, that "It is necessary that the colour being used should resemble the colour of the copied object. To paint a cherry or a football green or blue might lead to confusion in the mind of the child!" This extraordinary pronouncement indicates the place held by colour in the view of some teachers. Another remark was, "Anyone leaving school able to draw outline is fully equipped. Colour can easily come afterwards." This is simply a particularly blunt and uncompromising statement of a view which is very widely held.

I am, however, bound to say that I have been more than satisfied with the way in which a paper of mine on this subject, coming as it did from one who has no experience in educational matters, has been received by the Conference. Several sessions have been devoted to the discussion of it, and the following resolutions, among others, have been adopted by a large sub-committee:—

"That the cultivation of the colour-sense in children is desirable, and should be aimed at as far as possible."

"That the acquisition of a knowledge of pigments and their combinations and of the contrasts of colours is advisable, and we suggest the construction of colour-scales and the copying of flat tints as means of acquiring such knowledge." The subject is still being discussed by the Conference.

A point which particularly struck me was that colour-training has hitherto been regarded solely as a question of putting pigments upon paper. And there is little doubt that this represents the mental attitude of most of those who have given any thought to the subject. The vast army of men and women engaged in the drapery, furnishing, decorating, upholstery, dressmaking, and millinery trades, to whom a training in colour would be of the greatest value, are not catered for in any way. Colour is thought of solely as a

branch of drawing, and no heed is given to those who have to use it in ways which have nothing to do with drawing. Yet it is upon such people, who have had no training but that which arises from their unaided cultivation of whatever natural gift they may possess, that most people rely for guidance in the use of colour in all their surroundings—that is, when they seek guidance at all, and are not, as they usually are, content to remain in a state of opinionated, self-satisfied ignorance.

I have never been able to discover why the colour sense, alone among the æsthetic faculties, should be thought incapable of cultivation, and should be allowed to develope spontaneously and unaided, nor have I ever met with any reasoned attempt to show that there is something peculiar about it which places it in a class by itself. The only definite objections I have met with are directed against certain theories of training, and it is too hastily assumed that all proposed methods are of the same character and open to the same objections. I fully sympathise with these objections, but I venture to hope that I may be able to point out a more excellent way.

The method I propose is wholly practical and to a large extent heuristic. Setting colour theories at first on one side I would start from the fact that the future colourist must usually work with pigments and must accept the results of their combinations as ultimate facts. I would begin by setting the student to test all his pigments, making washes of various degrees of intensity; then combinations of all of them in pairs, making notes of the effects he may observe; how some will combine more readily than others, the greater suitability of some for washes, and so on. He should then treat mixtures of these pigments in the same way, and find out for himself the various ways in which greys can be produced by the mixture of so-called primary and secondary colours. The next step would be the matching of flat tints and thus learning by experiment what pigments should be used to reproduce the colour of any object, and how to modify a tint in any required direction.

Next would come the preparation of colour scales composed of definite separate tints. First from a middle tint up to white, both by diluted washes and the admixture of opaque white, noting the differing effects of the two methods. Then downwards as far as possible, avoiding, as a rule, the use of black, of the effect of which a separate study might be made. Next would come scales leading from one pigment into another, all the hues being of the same value. Then scales leading from a dark tone of one pigment up to the lightest tint of another—from purple to yellow, for instance. Next would come scales leading from pure tints into grey, and from primaries into their opposite secondaries through the grey formed by their mixture. Next scales entirely composed of broken tones, i.e., pure colours modified by grey.

The foregoing suggestions are intended to apply to water-colours, and would require suitable modification when applied to oils or other mediums.

The student would now be prepared for the study of fine pieces of colour, and I suggest that he should carry this out by the method of analysis which I shall describe later on. In the course of such studies, assuming that they were strictly confined to the very best examples procurable, he would learn all the secrets of colour combination, of contrast, harmony, and judicious discord, in a way which no manual, with its lists of good and bad combinations, will ever replace.

I have been met with the objection, "Who is to say what is good colour?" I do not think this would be seriously urged by anyone who is susceptible to its influence. The educated world has long since made up its mind about the great historic masterpieces as standards, and there is no room for discussion. It would be as reasonable to ask a similar question about music.

But where is the student to find this fine colour, and how is he to distinguish it when he sees it? My main object in this article is to answer this question. And my answer is, beside and around him, in a colour museum attached to every school of art.

I propose then that there should be established at all educational centres, and on a smaller scale in every school, collections of objects selected solely for their beauty of colour. Nothing should be too cheap or too costly for inclusion, so long as it possessed this essential quality. If, by some exercise of the imagination, one tries to picture what the effect of such a collection would be, the prospect of its realization to anyone with a keen sense of colour may almost be called intoxicating. Living, as we do, for the most part in a world the inhabitants of which are indifferent to the pleasures of colour, and are willing to ignore or tolerate outrages on the colour sense in every direction, such a chromatic paradise as I have conceived would be not only a pleasure house of sensuous enjoyment for the colourist, but an educational influence of the first order on the mass of those in whom the colour sense is dormant, but is capable of being aroused and cultivated. It would supply a want which is widely felt by all those who have to do with the application of colour, although the need in some cases is one of which its subjects are only vaguely conscious. In the absence of any formal scheme for supplying it, such as I now propose, students have been content to grope their way, getting suggestions where and how they could. That the need for colour museums exists has been abundantly proved to me by the way in which my suggestions have been received by the art teachers and students to whom I have broached them. "Why has no one thought of this before?" has not unfrequently been their reply.

When I first propounded the scheme, in 1894, I laid it before the late Sir E. Burne-Jones, and received the following reply from his son: "Sir Edward Burne-Jones wishes me to say that he heartily agrees with the idea of forming a collection of objects of special beauty of colouring, whether natural or the result of art, and thinks that the suggestion of preserving specimens of beautifully coloured modern fabrics as a standard against which to measure the caprices of fashion is particularly good, and might prove encouraging both to manufacturers and to people who have hitherto scarcely dared to trust their own instincts in the matter."

The late Mr. G. F. Watts wrote, "I should be glad if my opinion cordially approving your project can be of any use."

Mr. Walter Crane said, "I think your suggestions as to a colour museum are excellent, and such an arrangement would be a most valuable addition to our present collection, which indeed could be easily drawn upon to supply the material on the art side. . . . . It would require careful

selection and arrangement, of course, by men of taste and knowledge, as well as practical experience. With the extension of the museum in the new buildings we shall hope to get opportunities for such useful arrangements."

I could add to these expressions of opinion many others of more recent date, and perhaps the most satisfactory and authoritative is the endorsement of my proposal by the recent International Art Congress, before which I read a paper on the subject. After a discussion, the following resolution was unanimously passed: "That the systematic training of the colour faculty should receive more attention than heretofore, and that the establishment of colour museums would be a desirable means to this end."

After this I do not think I am unduly presumptuous in assuming that my case is proved, and I shall next try to develope my notion of the way in which, for educational purposes, such museums should be arranged.

Netherlorn and Its Neighbourhood.*

By Patrick H. Gillies, M.B., F.S.A. Scot.

"Whence that broach of burning gold,
That clasps the Chieftain's mantlefold,
Wrought and chased with rare device,
Studded fair with gems of price?
* * * *
No! thy spendours nothing tell
Foreign art or faëry spell,
Moulded thou for monarch's use
By the overweening Bruce,
When the royal robe he tied
O'er a heart of wrath and pride;
Thence in triumph wert thou torn,
By the victor hand of Lorn!"
—SCOTT, *The Lord of the Isles.*

THE entrance to Loch Feochan from the Firth of Lorn is between Rudha nam Boghanan (the Promontory of the Reefs) near the Toad of Lorn, and Minard Point, the southern extremity of Kilbride parish. On each of these headlands we find a specimen of the "curvilinear" fort. One of these, Dun Mhic Rhonul, is in a fair state of preservation; it is built upon the top of a tower-shaped rock thirty feet high, rising from a broad terrace forty feet above the sea. The building is roughly quadrangular, and access

* Chapter XI. Kilninver. Continued from p. 315.



Laganmor.
By A. Scott Rankin.



Loch Scammadal.

By A. Scott Rankin.

was given to the fort, from the landward side only, by a slope or glacis, which was defended by two outer ramparts of stone. There are traces of a circular building inside the walls, probably the foundation of a hut-dwelling, similar to those found in Dunchonail.

Hut circles are found in many places apart from the interior of forts, generally upon the slope of a hill facing the warmer aspects. They were, for purposes of defence, segregated into little village communities; but occasionally we find a solitary hut circle in the most lonely place; an example is found at the summit of the pass known as Bealach 'n daimh dhuinn. Its isolated position gave rise to the tradition that here was an ambush for unwary travellers; hence the name by which it was known—Leaba fhalach (the bed of spying): and in all probability the circular depression in question may have been used as such, ages after the superstructure of turf and wattle had disappeared; while its position, commanding the passes on both sides of the ridge, made it very suitable for the purpose.

Until a few years ago, a large "standing-stone" stood upon the alluvial flats formed at the entrance of the Euchar into Loch Feochan; the gradual alteration in the course of the river led to its downfall. We do not know what was the special significance of these monuments of a distant age; they may be tombstone or cenotaph, or commemorative of some great event in the history of the tribes; or more likely have had some connection with the mysteries of their religion. We have already referred to the association of this district with the funeral processions of the early Scottish kings, and half a mile from the mouth of the Euchar, on the Melfort road, there is a steep defile whose name, Bealach an t-sleuchdaich (the Pass of Prostration), refers, in all likelihood, to some ceremonial in connection with burial customs or worship. Or it may be that here, where the traveller from the interior gets a first glimpse of the outlet of Loch Feochan and the great sea beyond, the primitive inhabitants were in the habit of prostrating themselves in adoration and prayer before that element which in all—and much more in the untutored minds of a simple folk—gives rise to feelings of awe and reverence and ideas of indefinable mystery. "Man marks the earth with ruin—his control stops with the shore." The same place-name is attached to a defile in the hills betwixt Inverary and Cladich; and a cross, lately removed,—the Cross of Prostration—marked the spot where the glorious expanse of Loch Awe with its inset of verdant islands, Innistrynich and Innishail—the Hesperides of ancient Celtic mythology—bursts into view.

The scenery around Loch Feochan is very attractive. Half a mile from the entrance the loch trends sharply to the left, and continues in a north-easterly direction for the remaining four miles of its length. On the west side, the peninsular part of Kilbride parish presents a typical example of the terraced volcanic hills of Lorn; on the east the slopes are dotted with plantations of larch mottled with the darker colour of spruce and other evergreens, with occasional stretches of natural growth in which the birch and rowan



Loch Avich.

By A. Scott Rankin.

predominate. Towards the head of the loch, the valley widens, and an expanse of broad pastures and cultivated fields, sheltered by belts of trees, interposes between the loch and the engirdling hills. Through the flat meadow-land the Rivers Nell and Feochan pursue a serpentine course. From Kilmore, the pleasant hamlet occupying the centre of the landscape, four natural lines of communication radiate between the mountain spurs: the main-road leads to the left to the town of Oban; another road passes along Loch Nell to Connel and up Glen Lonan to Taynuilt; a third passes through Glen Feochan over the Monadh Meadhonach (Mid Muir) to Taychreggan on Loch Awe-side; while the fourth—a mere bridle-path—leaves the loch-side at Balinoe, and passing over the col between Glen Feochan and the upper reaches of Glen Euchar, descends along the Eas Ruadh (the Ruddy Waterfall) on Loch Scammadal. The road up Glen Euchar skirting Loch Scammadal deviates to the right by Bragleen, over the hills at Finaglen, across the String of Lorn, along Loch Avich to Portinsherrich ferry on Loch Awe. A century ago this was the principal line of communication between Netherlorn and the Low-country; and the district being then in point of population and industries quite as important as Mid-Lorn, it was proposed, after the passing of the Roads and Bridges Act in 1803, to construct a main line of road in this direction. People in those days thought little of a foot journey from Easdale to Glasgow, which an able-bodied man completed in one day; indeed, the story is told of a shepherd who accomplished the distance from Glasgow to Bunessan in the Ross of Mull in twenty hours, making use of the ferries then existing on Loch Long, Loch Fyne and Loch Awe, and that between Ardencaple on Seil Island and Crogan in Mull. With the advent of steamer communication between Glasgow and the west coast, the practice was discontinued; but until 1878, when the railway to Oban was completed, it was a common event for Netherlorn farmers who had estate business to transact to do the journey on foot, to and from Bealach, as Taymouth, the residence of Lord Breadalbane, is still called a distance of 180 miles, in three days.

The best view of Loch Scammadal is got from Laganbeg, a small shelf of arable land in the hills on the west side of the loch, and the climb imposed is amply compensated by the typically Highland valley scene displayed. If by further effort the summit of An Creachan (1,200 feet) is attained, the difficulties of the ascent increase the pleasure of the view we obtain from the top. The prospect, which is in a way similar to that got from many of the lower eminences in the district, attains its attractiveness by the proximity and proud pre-eminence of Cruachan. From here the Ben looks its best, its grand cone bursting heavenwards like the giant it is, dwarfing all its neighbours. The graceful contours of the plateau ridges, the sinuosities of the coast-line, the numerous silvery threads of sea, loch and strait are enhanced in beauty by the greater height from which we see it all. The view from the topmost peak of a country, whence we can see a more or less uniform horizon, is apt to strike the perception as curious and interesting; we gaze upon a completed picture which leaves little to the imagination. It does not appeal to one so much as that which we now contemplate from an intermediate height, where one-fourth of the circumference



Loch Avich, with the Pass of Jura in the distance.

By A. Scott Rankin.



Lochna Sreinge.
By A. Scott Rankin.

is filled with towering hills striving to attain the zenith : the mind comparing the beauty of the landscape unfolded below, pleasurably exaggerates the probabilities of the unknown scenery beyond the barriers.

At the head of Loch Scammadal is the small estate of Bragleen, once the property of a family of the name of Campbell. This family was intimately associated with the history of the supposed loss and subsequent recovery of the Brooch of Lorn. The famous ornament was at one time the property of King Robert the Bruce. After the disastrous battle of Methven, the King was obliged to hide in the wilds of the West Highlands, where the MacDonalds of the Isles gave him protection. The MacDougalls of Lorn, however, whose chief, Alexander de Argadia, had married a daughter of that John of Badenoch, the Red Comyn, whom Bruce had slain in the Greyfriars church in Dumfries, were his implacable foes. They opposed Bruce with relentless animosity, and on one occasion at Dalrigh (the King's field) near Tyndrum, his party was assailed with such fury that he escaped with the greatest difficulty. During the retreat three MacDougalls waylaid him near Loch Dochart. Bruce, who doubtless was clad in armour, managed to slay the three, but left the brooch which bound his plaid in the dying grasp of one of the heroic Highlanders called Mackiachan.

For centuries thereafter the brooch remained a priceless possession in the hands of the MacDougall family. Bruce, when securely seated upon the Scottish throne, visited the lands of the MacDougalls with fire and sword, besieged and took their principal stronghold of Dunstaffnage, which he placed in charge of " an individual of the name of Campbell," who was installed there as Royal Constable. The lands of Alexander de Argadia were forfeited and bestowed upon the already powerful family of MacDonalds, whose leader, Angus Og, had remained the loyal supporter of the King during the great struggle for the independence of Scotland. John de Argadia having married a niece of the King's, regained possession of much of his father's property in the reign of David II., who desired, before entering upon his unfortunate war with England, to conciliate this powerful family. Of this marriage there was an only child, who as heiress carried Lorn Proper, with the exception of the old Dunolly estate, which reverted to a collateral branch, to her husband Robert Stewart, who afterwards sold the lordship of Lorn to his brother John Stewart of Innermeath. In the third generation the estate was bequeathed to the three daughters of the last Stewart Lord of Lorn, through whose marriages the ancient patrimony of the MacDougalls passed into the hands of their hereditary enemies the Campbells of Lochaw and Breadalbane. It is from this connection that the latter family, and many others of the name of Campbell, bear upon their coats armorial the " fess chequy " of the Stewarts. The MacDougalls of Dunolly continued to enjoy the small territory left them until the rising of 1715 ; " when the representative incurred the penalty of forfeiture for his accession to the insurrection of that period ; thus losing the remains of his inheritance to replace upon the throne the descendants of those princes whose accession his ancestors had opposed at the expense of their feudal grandeur." The estate was, however, restored in 1745.

It is related that after the defeat of Montrose, and the ruin thereby of Royalist hope in Scotland, the Scottish Parliament sent an expedition under Colonel Montgomery to besiege the MacDougall strongholds. Dunolly successfully resisted attack, but Gylen Castle in the island of Kerrara was sacked and burned. Among the treasures of the castle



Foxes' Cairn near Scammadal.
By A. Scott Rankin.

was the Brooch of Lorn, and it was supposed that the famous heirloom was destroyed by fire : the MacDougalls preferring to believe this, than that the jewel had fallen into the hands of their enemies. The Campbells of Bragleen, whose ancestor of Inverawe had taken a principal part in the siege of Gylen, made no mention of their possession of the Brooch until one hundred and seventy years afterwards, when under the will of the Laird of Bragleen it was sent to a firm of auctioneers in London to be sold, and the proceeds divided among the testator's family. It is said that the Prince Regent made an offer, but eventually it was bought by Lieut.-General Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochnell, who, in 1826, presented it to his friend and neighbour, the late Admiral MacDougall of MacDougall, the representative of its ancient possessors.

Whether or not the Brooch so recovered is the Bruce's Brooch is open to doubt. It is more likely that it is of much later date, probably the early fifteenth century. It belongs to the class known as Reliquary brooches, which contained below the dome-shaped centre a small cavity in which a relic of a saint or other religious token was kept. Its workmanship is not of the best Celtic character, but of a somewhat depraved type. The Lochbuie Brooch, figured by Pennant, and the Brooch of Ugadal are of the same class. The latter, a beautiful reproduction of which may be seen in the Scottish Museum of Antiquities, is also said to be a gift from Bruce to Mackay, the ancestor of the Ugadal family.

The Garland-Morgan Collection.

AN illustrated catalogue has been published of the great Garland-Morgan collection of Chinese porcelain, now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. It ranks with the famous collection lent by Mr. George Salting to the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the larger, rather unequal assemblage formed by King Augustus the Strong, now in Dresden. Mr. James A. Garland, formerly President of the First National Bank, New York, bought many of the treasures through Messrs. Duveen, and on his death that firm acquired the collection *en bloc*, reputedly for £120,000.

R. A. M. Stevenson.

IN one of his illuminative essays Walter Pater points out that the most delightful music seems always to be approaching to figure, to pictorial definition, and that all the arts in common aspire towards the principles of music. *A propos*, Mr. Will H. Low, in *Scribner's Magazine*, in a "Chronicle of Friendship," has much to say of Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson, who at one time contributed regularly to THE ART JOURNAL. Of the many students of art Mr. Low has known, none, he says, will compare with R.A.M.S. He was "akin to music ; the art which, reproducing nothing, based on naught that is tangible, is yet capable of awakening chords untouched by painting, sculpture or literature." Though unsuccessful as a painter, R.A.M.S. was, by many who knew both, ranked as a more generously-gifted man than his celebrated cousin. His monograph on Velazquez, to whom he assigns the supreme place in art, is a model of learned, sympathetic understanding. Here are two vivid word-pictures by the late W. E. Henley of R.A.M.S., and of his cousin R.L.S., who is the Lewis of the second quotation. "I have in my mind . . . two friends, both dead, of whom one, an artist in letters, lived to conquer the English-speaking world ; while the second, who should, I think, have been the greater writer, addicted himself to another art, took to letters late in life, and, having the largest and the most liberal utterance I have known, was constrained by the very process of composition so to produce himself that scarce a touch of his delightful, apprehensive, all-expressing spirit appeared upon his page. His (Robert's) true gift was that of talk ; and he had it—Heavens ! in what perfection. I think I have heard the best talkers in my time, but among them there is but one R.A.M.S. . . Had Lewis lived to re-assert himself, and had it been possible for any one of us to sit and heed while these two . . . talked of That which is, That which must be, and That which may be, then we should have heard about the best that spoken speech can do."



The Kiss.

By Edward Stott, A.R.A.

MR. EDWARD STOTT'S 'The Kiss,' which ranks as one of the most interesting pictures at the 1908 Academy, might aptly have been entitled 'A Cottage Madonna.' What a delightful and expressive pattern he has wrought of the child's bare legs and the mother's tending hands. Mr. Stott is that none too common person, an artist with a temperament. Yet without a temperament can there be an artist?

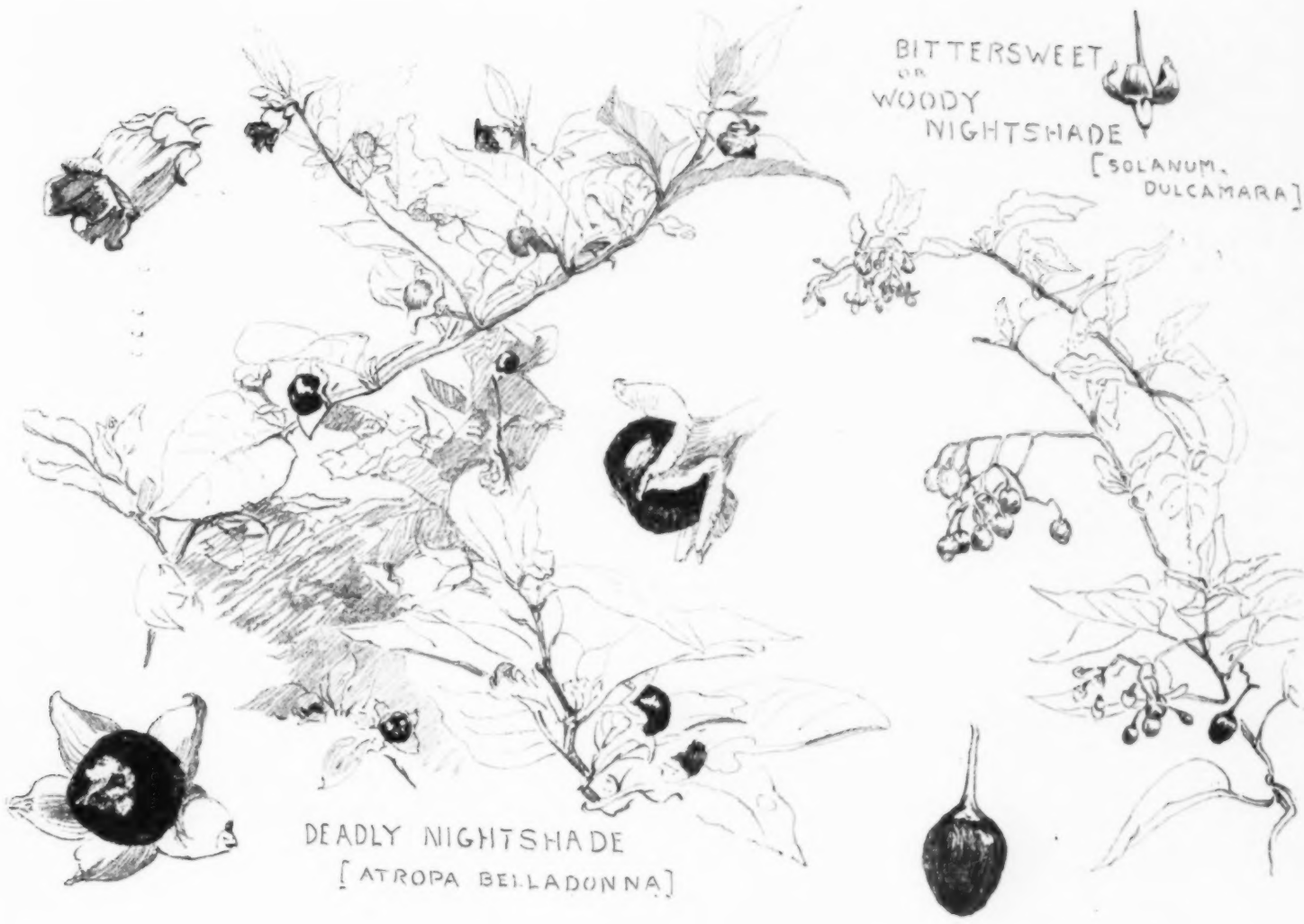


The Nimble Galliard.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1901).

(By permission of W. J. Richardson, Esq., J.P.)

An illustration from THE ART ANNUAL, the Christmas Number of THE ART JOURNAL, devoted to the art of J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. The work, written by Allan Fea, contains over 60 illustrations, including an Etching by C. O. Murray, R.E., and four plates in colours.



Two of the Nightshades.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

Weeds and Waste Places.*

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

WEEDS according to the dictionary are "useless and troublesome plants"; the same authority gives "dirt" as "anything that renders foul." There is a much better definition of "dirt," which says that "dirt is matter in the wrong place," and it seems as if a paraphrase of that saying would fit "weeds"—weeds are plants in the wrong place. A weed is a plant having its own beauties, its own economies, its own place in nature; it is only troublesome—troublesome to man, be it understood—when it grows where it affects adversely some other growth that man prefers. It is doubtful if it is ever useless; whatever and wherever it is, it is struggling to fulfil its mission. However small it may be, it helps in its little way towards making the air breathable; it probably gives food to some insect in return for its aid in pollination, and it may, however modest, give help in other ways, as "the daisy, by the shadow that it casts, protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun." But when it grows where man does not want it, it becomes "troublesome" to him: no matter how choice a plant may be, it is not wanted in the trim garden-path; growths that may be treasured in a flower border may be merely enemies in the cabbage patch. Man has found that certain plants are of use to him for food directly, or as food-producing by feeding his beef and mutton, for his clothing and housing, for his necessities and luxuries; by selection and cultivation he has bent them more and more to his purpose. By his labour he clears the ground of native growths, and plants that which he needs, and then with watchful care protects it from all that might harm it, till he himself shall have gathered the fruits produced by it under his guidance. He says, Let this one thing grow to the exclusion of all else, and by thought and labour works his will. But let him relax his efforts, let the watcher sleep but a while, and the "weeds" regain their lost territory, and his favoured crop, which is perhaps less able to resist by reason of generations of protected cultivation, is damaged or destroyed. This war is continually going on in little garden plot and many-acred farm. It may be possible, as has been said, to gauge the prosperity of a farmer by the condition of his gates, but the state of his land in regard to weeds is a surer criterion. When the spurry forms a tangle at the base of

* Nature-Study Series; continued from p. 266.



On the Common.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

the corn, and the bindweed climbs over the ears; when the grass and the docks and the thistles overflow from the hedges, it may be assumed that either capital is lacking or that it is in the hands of sloth. Man may relax his efforts—Nature never relaxes hers, and in the fight that goes on the "weeds" are generally stronger than the crops.

However disastrous the defeat of the farmer may be in men's eyes, the triumph of the aborigines over the immigrants may be a matter of rejoicing in the natural world; for, as the wild birds will mob an escaped cage bird of their own kind, so one may imagine the natural plant will view with little affection the pampered servant of man. And even to us the re-conquering hordes are full of beauty and interest; the thistle with its spiny leaves, its purple flowers, and its downy seed crop haunted by goldfinches and painted lady butterflies, is a plant of exquisite design; the charlock that springs up in profusion on newly-tilled land, coming from no one knows where, covers whole fields with innumerable cruciform blossoms of delicate yellow, the red inflorescence of the dock makes the surrounding green appear more vivid, the

scarlet poppies make more gorgeous the golden corn. As with fields, so with gardens; in a neglected garden are many weeds rivalling in beauty the garden flowers. Some of the cultivated plants spread from the borders across the paths, and, "growing like weeds," overwhelm their less hardy neighbours; while others, forgetting their cultured habits, return to their former wild condition.

On the other hand, "weeds" when growing in waste places such as moors and commons are dignified with the name of wild flowers. In rough moorland, such as is shown by Mr. Rigby (p. 342), mossy turf and rushes are possessors of the soil; on the common, up where the decaying oak, showing the marks of many storms, stands by the pathside, is little but bracken; but in the more sheltered parts of moor and common are found the purple heather and the ling, the gorse and the broom, the bramble and the ragwort, and hosts of other flowering plants. They are merely wild flowers, but they, too, find some things troublesome—might not the term "weed" be given to the dodder, for example, than which none has a more directly cruel way of troubling its neighbours? There is something terrible in the sight of heather in the octopus-like embrace of the lesser dodder: the stem turns pale, the leaves wither, and but a few wizened flowers show at the branch end, while the parasite sucks its life-juices and exultingly decks its victim with its own dainty, pink, wax-like stars. It seems too beautiful to be so cruel and too cruel to be so fair. There is something ferocious in the way the bloodthirsty little tyrant fastens on to its victim and even severs its red, leafless, thread-like stems from the ground it has sprung from, burns its boats, so to speak, lest in a moment of weakness it should have pity and retreat; yet all the time it flowers with most excellent daintiness. The protective prickles of the bramble and rose by the wayside are harmless in comparison with the lesser dodder, and when its near relative, the clover dodder, invades the field it is called a weed indeed.

The weeds of the ground gone out of cultivation, the land being "opened up by the builder" and left to itself in patches between clusters of rising villas, or the place "where once a garden smiled, and still where many a garden flower grows wild," rapidly get the mastery, varying in kind according to soil and situation. In some places the ground is in a short time completely covered with a crop of groundsel, in others everything is crowded out by thistles; in a grass field left untouched the grass coarsens, and clumps of docks spread till they join equally spreading clumps of thistles; in a deserted garden-plot a lingering rosebush may be seen blooming in a tangle of willow herb and chicory, and weighed down with trailing bryony. Sometimes near ruins are found traces of an old herb garden, where the henbane and the nightshade still linger. These two plants, though sometimes found absolutely wild, are more often the descendants of plants cultivated in the earlier days of medicine. The henbane is a thing of horror, though its



An old Oak.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

cream-coloured flowers with purple veining, and its regular rows of leaves are not without beauty, its odour of mice and its clamminess to the touch are most repulsive. The deadly nightshade is repulsive, too, by reason of its gloom; its dull purple flowers and polished black berries, though one would imagine them a mine of wealth to a designer, seem fit for the most poisonous plant we have. It belongs to a family including many poisonous plants and many very serviceable ones, ranking as its near relatives the black and woody nightshades, the henbane and the thorn-apple, the potato and the tomato, the mandrake and the winter cherry, the Duke of Argyll's tea-tree and tobacco. The woody nightshade or bitter-sweet, very generally called the deadly nightshade, is a much more common weed, growing very freely on waste places, and even on walls, and very rankly in moist ground; but perhaps the commonest of the three on cultivated land is the black nightshade, having flowers similar to the bittersweet, only white, and numerous black berries, more like those of the deadly nightshade than the beautiful red ones of the woody. There is another plant which bears the name of nightshade, but which neither belongs to the family nor shares its poisonous qualities—this is the Enchanter's nightshade, also a weed, and specially troublesome in damp gardens. It is a relative of the willow-herb, and though a modest, seemingly harmless plant with little white or flesh-coloured flowers, yet by some irony has been named *Circæa*, after the witch Circe, a name more properly belonging to the mandrake.

The willow-herb itself is often an early arrival on the site of a former garden, and another member of the family, the evening primrose, which, though only naturalised and not a native, is often found in such a situation, being, perhaps, only a descendant of some originally planted in the garden when it was cared for.

The weeds that grow by the wayside, whether they be brambles like those placed by Fred Barnard by Barnaby Rudge's path (p. 344), or only the little plants like the silver weed that grow in the roadside turf and with it ever try to creep farther and farther over the road, are weeds we would not be without, though they have to be kept back in their place. If the country were left to itself as one great waste place, it is difficult to imagine, but interesting to conjecture, what would eventually be triumphant in the fight for its surface. It would seem that the list of plants would be greatly narrowed down; grass would possibly be the first thing to over-run the dismantled houses while the fungi were devouring their timbers. But when it is considered how numerous are the oak seedlings at the edge of a Kentish wood, and how they spread farther and farther out, it might be thought that the land would become one forest of oaks, seeing that they can grow on many soils and at a good altitude. On the other hand, it is known that if oaks are planted with beeches for nurse trees, and the latter are not cut in time, they will triumph over the former, and the forest become pure beech—this not only by the shade they cast, but by their shallow root system enabling them to absorb the good materials before they can reach the deeper roots of the oak. The beech has other elements in its



On the Moors.

By Cuthbert Rigby, A.R.W.S.



'Building Land.'

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



Barnaby Rudge.
By Fred G. Barnard.

favour, its great capacity for enduring shade would make it practically impossible for any other tree to smother it by robbing it of light, the dense shadow that it casts prevents anything growing beneath it, and it matures and bears fruit at a much earlier age than the oak, which would enable it to spread at a faster pace. The beech, too, is much less attacked by insects than most trees, while the oak suffers from more pests perhaps than any other. Such speculations, however, are limitless, for if all flowering plants were crowded out the honey insects would have no food. The beech being wind-pollinated, offers no nectar to attract insects, and if all the grass were equally denied existence the herbivorous animals would starve. If the ruling condition of life became for insect and animal the power of living on the beech, would not new forms evolve that would devour that tree, and let the other plants come back and begin it all over again?

Obituary.

BY the death of M. Albert Maignan the Société des Artistes Français lost one of its prominent members and France one of her popular decorative painters. Born at Beaumont-sur-Sarthe in 1845, Maignan was a pupil of Luminais and made his first successes in the Salons of 1874 and 1875. At this year's Salon he showed a picture of three girls under a big cedar tree, and 'Été,' but he is best know to the public as the decorator of the panels and ceiling of the Opéra Comique, of the "Orange Theatre" at the Lyons railway station, and of the commemorative Chapel of the Bazar de la Charité in Paris. Works by him may be found in many of the provincial museums of France, several are in the Luxembourg, and the Metropolitan Museum of New York possesses a large historical canvas, 'L'Attentat d'Anagni.' At the time of his death the artist was at work upon eight compositions, to be carried out in Gobelins tapestry, which the Government had ordered for the Senate.

WITHIN as many months the Royal Scottish Water-Colour Society lost three members. First there was Mr. Joseph Henderson, later Mr. A. D. Reid, and Mr. Duncan Mackellar. Mr. Archibald Reid came of a notable family of artists. Sir George Reid is the eldest brother, while the youngest, Mr. Samuel Reid, has exhibited at the Royal Academy onward from 1883. Born in Aberdeen in 1844, Archibald Reid received his early training in that city, and afterwards studied in Edinburgh and Paris. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy eleven years ago, and has been a frequent exhibitor there, and at the Society of Oil Painters. In addition to landscapes, he executed a number of portraits and also did work in black-and-white. Latterly he had painted much in France and among the Norfolk Broads, and he was represented in the 1908 exhibition of the Scottish Academy by a view of Blakeney Harbour, Norfolk.

DUNCAN MACKELLAR worked in quite another vein. He found his scope in subjects illustrative of the leisurely and picturesque days when ladies wore stiff, gleaming satin gowns, and gentlemen knee-breeches, silken stockings and buckled shoes. Mr. Mackellar received his art education in Glasgow and London, working at Heatherley's Life School and at the South Kensington Museum. He frequently exhibited in foreign cities, and a couple of years ago a work by him was purchased by the Local Art Union of Prague and reproduced in colour for the members. Mr. Mackellar will be permanently represented in the Kelvingrove Galleries by 'The Minuet,' seen at the exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute this year and purchased by the Corporation.

BY the death of Mr. Spencer Stanhope another link is broken with the Pre-Raphaelites. Though never rightly a Brother, he practically wore the "hood," and a canvas by him representing the Biblical story of Jael and Sisera formed part of the Pre-Raphaelite exhibition held in Whitechapel in 1905. Spencer Stanhope was a pioneer in the revival of the use of tempera, and was one of that band of artists who worked under Rossetti at Oxford, where he designed 'Sir Gawain and the Three Damsels at the Fountain.' Mr. Stanhope first showed at the Royal Academy in 1859, and intermittently until 1871. Then there was a lapse of thirty years, followed in 1902 by two symbolical canvases, 'Knowledge strangling Innocence,' and 'The Vision of Ezekiel: the Valley of Dry Bones.' Manchester owns 'The Waters of Lethe' presented by the artist in 1890. His work may be studied, too, in the chapel of Marlborough College, of which he was an old pupil.

St. George Hare, R.I.

By A. L. Baldry.

IT is so unusual to find an artist in this country who is willing to devote a considerable portion of his time to serious study of the nude, that there is a special reason for calling attention to the work of Mr. St. George Hare. In a long series of pictures painted during a period of about twenty years, he has given convincing proofs of his interest in this branch of art practice, and of his power to deal confidently with the many exacting problems which it presents. A firm draughtsman and a skilful executant, with an agreeable sense of colour management, he treats the human figure with dignified restraint and with a certain largeness of manner that is distinctly impressive. With soundness of method he combines considerable fertility of imagination; he chooses subjects which are dramatically effective, and handles them with excellent understanding of their pictorial possibilities, and even in his slighter exercises he is notably successful in avoiding any hint of triviality or any theatrical suggestion. He has a wide range of achievement, and paints with equal skill ambitious motives that call for prolonged and serious effort, and dainty fancies which need the lightest possible touch and a definite degree of delicate humour. Strong individuality he undoubtedly possesses, but there is in his work a commendable absence of conventionality, and a real freedom from those small mannerisms which so often count as defects in art that is otherwise well balanced and thoughtfully expressed.

But the close attention he has given to the problems of flesh painting has not prevented him from acquiring marked distinction as an exponent of other types of subject-matter. He is an eminently successful portrait painter, and his pictures of modern life incidents are always pleasant in sentiment, and unspoiled by insistence upon things not really worthy of being recorded. As a portrait painter, indeed, he has taken a prominent position among our better known artists, a position which has been well earned by the sterling quality of his work and by the correctness of his interpretation of shades of character. He follows in portraiture a sane tradition, and does not attempt extravagances of arrangement or eccentricities of treatment, but he studies his sitter sympathetically and is never content with the simply superficial aspect of the person he is representing. The dominant note in everything he produces is, in fact, a consistent sincerity, the sincerity of the scholar who has by close analysis made himself master of his subject, and who has by assiduous striving acquired a full command over the executive processes of his craft.



A Study.
By St. George Hare, R.I.



Books and Bonbons.
By St. George Hare, R.I.

Mr. Hare's professional experience has undoubtedly been both extensive enough and varied enough to give him a more than ordinarily clear apprehension of the responsibilities which every artist, who aims at something more than the commonplaces of practice, is plainly bound to accept. He began his training in the art school at Limerick, in which city he was born in 1857—he is, by the way, not of Irish descent, but the son of an Englishman who settled in Ireland—and after working in that school for some three years under the direction of that well-known and successful



A Dangerous Playmate.
By St. George Hare, R.I.

teacher, N. A. Brophy, he came to London in 1875 and entered the National Art Training School, as the Royal College of Art was then called. This move to South Kensington was made because he contemplated choosing teaching as his profession, and wished to equip himself fully for the post of Art Master at one of the schools controlled by the Science and Art Department. With this idea he had taken the first Art Master's certificate while he was studying at Limerick; and after he settled in London he continued the prescribed course of training, and, during the seven years that he spent at South Kensington, not only passed the examinations for further certificates but acquired by actual teaching much useful insight into the work which would be required of him as master of a school.

However, when the period of his training came to an end, he decided to give up any idea of taking a school. He preferred to make painting his main profession, and teaching, which he did not entirely abandon, only an incidental occupation. So he began to bid for the attention of the public by exhibiting at various galleries. In 1882 and 1883 he was represented by water-colours at the Dudley Gallery: in 1883 and 1884, by paintings of some importance at the Suffolk Street galleries, and in 1884, for the first time, at the Royal Academy by a picture of a domestic subject, 'The Little Mother.' In 1885 he sent to the Academy a canvas which achieved immediate popularity—'Natural Instincts,' a study of a child before a looking-glass. It had just the right combination of quaint inventiveness, delicate humour, and technical skill, to make it generally appreciated; and it had both the effect of bringing him at once in touch with the public, and of proving to his fellow-artists that he was a man who would have for the future to be taken into account.

He struck a very different note in 1886, when his powerful and dramatic composition, 'The Death of William the Conqueror,' appeared at the Academy; and again in 1890, when he was represented there by his first important painting of the nude, 'The Victory of Faith,' a white-skinned girl and a young negress sleeping side by side in a cell below the arena. To these have succeeded 'The Gilded Cage,' shown at the Institute of Oil Painters in 1891, and afterwards, at the Paris Salon, a large 'Crucifixion,' painted in 1893, but not exhibited; 'A Dangerous Playmate,' at the Institute of Oil Painters in 1896, 'Miserere Domine,' at the Academy in 1902; 'Saved,' at the Institute of Oil Painters in 1905; 'The Death of Attila,' and 'The Sail,' at the Academy in 1908, and 'The Adieu,' recently completed, which, with many others—like, for instance, "The Sea People,' exhibited in 1897—bear indisputable testimony to his powers as a flesh painter. And besides these there is a long list of pictures in oil, water-colour, and pastel—he has a complete command of all three mediums—from which many other examples could be chosen to prove the wideness of his outlook and the catholicity of his taste. All of them are well worthy of consideration on account of the technical merits by which they are distinguished, and because they have a definite power of appeal to people of intelligence.

Among the greater qualities of Mr. Hare's art can certainly be counted its avoidance of that namby-pamby sentimentality by which painters with less strength of character so often seek to gain popularity. He has pro-



The Children of Lady Grace Barry.
(By permission of Lady Grace Barry.) By St. George Hare, R.I.



The Death of Attila.

By St. George Hare, R.I.



(By permission of
Sir Henry Hoare.)

Miserere Domine.

By St. George Hare, R.I.



(By permission of
Sir Henry Hoare.)

The Adieu.

By St. George Hare, R.I.



His Gift.

By St. George Hare, R.I.

duced many pictures which are slight enough in subject, which are frankly intended to illustrate some comparatively trifling incident, rather than to teach a profound lesson; he has played often upon motives of the lightest kind, and with material that is in a sense unimportant. But even in these lesser performances, by which he has put himself on good terms with the art lover who does not wish to think deeply, he has never forgotten that there lay on him an artistic obligation which could not be evaded. Always he has worked with scholarly thoroughness of method, always with a thoughtful intention to make the most of whatever chances the subject might give him; and he has brought to even the least ambitious of his paintings an entirely personal manner of expressing his own convictions, which, by its freshness and originality, conveys an impression of decisive power. He has the knack—a rare one, indeed—of making everyday facts interesting by seeing them in a new light and by getting out of them their fullest possible degree of meaning.

It is because he possesses so strongly this faculty of making the most of what is presented to him for study, that he has done so well as a portrait painter. The essential in sound portraiture is reality, but this reality must not be dull and unsympathetic, or simply a representation of the most obvious of the sitter's characteristics; it must be arrived at by a process of analysis in which details of character, not immediately apparent on the surface, are allowed to influence the pictorial summing-up. The fine portrait is not a snap-shot of a person seen in some momentary aspect, or under some unusual conditions, but a sincere presentation of a personality, as it has been appraised by a shrewd observer. If this observation is lacking, the painting, no matter how great may be its technical power, no matter how skilful it may be as a rendering of flesh surfaces, or the textures of a costume, cannot rise above the level of a study of superficialities, and runs the risk of being easily dismissed as clever enough at first sight, but too empty to deserve any permanent consideration.

In such portraits as those of Lord Clarina, Sir Henry, and Lady Hoare, Mr. Archibald Murray, Colonel Vigor, Mrs. Church, and the Mayors of Leicester and Tunbridge Wells—to quote a few out of a large array—Mr. Hare has proved that he is by nature and training well equipped for this branch of art practice. As a painter of children, especially, he is notably happy; his groups of the children of Lady Evelyn Mason, Lady Balcarres, and Lady Grace Barry have unusual charm, both as pictorial arrangements and as records of the grace of childhood; and he has painted, besides, many things of the same kind, which worthily support his reputation. It can safely be said of him that the position he has taken among the artists of this country has been gained by very intelligent cultivation of faculties, naturally of a high order, and that he has used in the development of his powers more than ordinary care to avoid straying from the right direction. He does good work because he has never allowed himself to contemplate the possibility of doing anything else.



The Children of Lady Evelyn Mason.

(By permission of Lady Evelyn Mason.)

By St. George Hare, R.I.

Passing Events.

LITTLE time was lost by the National Gallery in hanging its latest and much-discussed acquisition. The portrait-group of ten figures by Franz Hals, acquired by the Trustees for £25,000 from Lord Talbot of Malahide, near Dublin, has been placed on the west wall of Room X, with on either side of it the portrait of a man and of a woman by which till now the art of the Haarlem master had alone been represented. The wisdom of pledging the Government grant for the next three years and a half for the purchase of one picture has been called in question, but undeniably the canvas is of importance, though it cannot rank with such superb groups as the Officers of the Corps of St. Adrian, gathered round their Colonel Jan Claesz Loo at Haarlem. Great would have been the criticism had it been allowed to pass into a foreign gallery. The strange thing is that this canvas was unknown until a few months ago. Mr. Buttery discovered it while restoring pictures at Malahide. It will be remembered how much interest was aroused by the exhibition at the Old Masters of a group of five full-length figures in a landscape by Hals, lent by Colonel Warde. That picture measured 79 by 112 ins., while the new one is 59 by 100 ins. The family of ten are not very happily related, nor are the figures in Colonel Warde's picture, or those in the Beresteyn family in the Louvre. As a composition it is no more successful than either of the works already mentioned. Beyond the nurse and child to the left, who recall the vivacious picture in Berlin, is a stretch of flat country. The colour is quiet, and and in certain passages, such as the little girl seated on the ground, delightful; but the blue-white starched effect of the collars and cuffs which everywhere break the sombre blacks have an unhappy look, as though of milk mixed with ink.

MR. CHIOZZA-MONEY, M.P. for North Paddington, who is said to breakfast on Statistics and lunch on Blue Books, some time ago asked the Prime Minister whether he could see his way to make representations to the Royal Academy as to an increase in the number of R.A.'s—this in view of the vastly increased number of British artists since the institution was founded in 1768. The reply was, of course, that the Government has no control over the Academy. Moreover, would any good purpose be served were Mr. Chiozza-Money's implied suggestion to be carried out? It is open to grave doubt. And what would the British public do without its Faultless, Fearful, Fortuitous, Formidable Forty? Those with a genius for alliterativeness would be called on to show their metal, and the very structure of Burlington House might be menaced.

THE Germans are nothing if not thorough and energetic. Some years ago, as Mr. Frederick Ross pointed out in an introduction to a Whitechapel Art Gallery catalogue, a conference was held at Dresden of 200 persons, among them artists, educationalists, publishers, for the purpose of considering pictures which in reproduction were specially suited for schools. In the issue several hundred landscapes



Engaged.

By St. George Hare, R.I.

—for the necessity was recognised of bringing the country and its delights within the ken of city children—and other pictures, boldly and simply treated, were chosen. The London County Council has moved in a like direction, and its example is being followed by other educational authorities in this country. One does not quite understand, however, on what grounds certain members of the Educational Committee of the L.C.C. objected to master-works such as 'The Syndics' of Rembrandt and Turner's 'Dido rebuilding Carthage.' The Rembrandt ranks as one of the most glorious portrait-groups of pictorial art.

A SENSATION at the last Exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters was the discovery that there had been amateurishly added in water-colour some streaks of dirty grey, intended to represent chiffon or lace, to the top of a *décolletée* black bodice in Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mrs. E. G. Raphael, which was first seen at the New Gallery in 1905. Apparently the person responsible had no idea of the æsthetic iniquity involved, and the addition being in water-colour was easily removed. One of many notable cases of a similar kind relates to Reynolds' portrait of Squire Musters of Colwick, for which he received 150 gs. in 1778. The costume was kept up to date until the sitter's death, soon after which the re-paintings were removed. The portrait was in 1907 bought by Mr. Hugh P. Lane for 1,950 gs.



(Wallace Collection.)

A Coast Scene.
By R. P. Bonington.

THE Society of British Sculptors shows praiseworthy activity. Some time ago it issued a circular advising the promoters of every competition to appoint "one or more sculptors of established reputation" as assessors, offering its services as honorary advisers in the task of selection.

ROBERT ALEXANDER HILLINGFORD was born in London on January 29, 1828, some eight months before the flame of young Bonington's genius was quenched in the metropolis. The two names may be coupled because the picture reproduced at once recalls Bonington's 'Henry IV. and the Spanish Ambassador,' No. 351 in the Wallace Collection, bought by Lord Hertford at the Demidoff sale of 1870 for £3,320. That picture, summing up the romanticisim of the time, ranks as one of Bonington's masterpieces. Its sumptuous colour, wrote Charles Blanc, is that which covered the palettes of Titian and Veronese, the light is restrained and mysterious. Hillingford was not, of course, the equal of the painter whose early death Lawrence so deeply deplored. Nevertheless, hundreds will be interested in his rendering of an unmonarchical intimate incident in the life of Henry IV. (1553–1610), who by his father was tenth in descent from Saint Louis. Bright-tempered, humorous, fond of a frolic even when grave matters pressed, Henry IV.—like his predecessor—was murdered, this by Ravaillac, who plunged a knife into his heart, which is said to have been the eighteenth attempt upon Henry's life. Marguerite de' Valois, his first wife, had no children, but Marie de' Medici bore him three sons and three daughters, one of them succeeding to the throne as Louis XIII. France owed much to this vigorous, good-natured, self-indulgent king. Other of Hillingford's pictures were engraved in THE ART JOURNAL, 1871.

THE mural decorations of the House of Lords and those in the Manchester Town Hall are far from being the only ones whose condition gives anxiety to custodians. In the Antwerp Hôtel de Ville the wall paintings of Baron Leys, Alma-Tadema's master, have for some time shown signs of deterioration. It is proposed to wash the frescoes with a composition which it is hoped will be effective.

WHEN foreign critics protested against the too-blue seas of Henry Moore, he was wont to explain, "What do they know of the high seas, they who judge the sea only by their own flat, sandy shallows?" He himself was a born cruiser as well as a born painter. Wind, rain and cold, with a plank between him and tumultuous waters, he regarded as allies rather than enemies. Born at York in 1831, his first important marines were exhibited at the Academy in 1868. It was not, however, till 1885, when 'Catspaws off the Land' (p. 352) appeared at Burlington House and was bought by the Chantrey Trustees for £350, that Moore's virile talent was widely recognised and he was made A.R.A. He felt acutely the long official neglect of himself and his brother Albert Moore, who, it will be recalled, died without being made an Associate. Henry Moore's industry may be judged from the fact that he contributed 550 pictures to various exhibitions during his forty years of active life. Sailors call little eddies or swirls of wind catspaws. In our picture they break the surface of the sea into countless tones of blue.

THE Royal Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts means finely to celebrate its Jubilee in 1911. The intention is to bring together a genuinely representative collection of Scottish art covering the period of the Institute's life, or perhaps longer.



HENRY IV. OF FRANCE AND HIS CHILDREN.

BY ROBERT A. HILLINGFORD.

AMONG the treasures of the Dresden Royal collection are six prunus ginger jars of old Nankin, similar to that which in the Huth sale three years ago realised £5,900. Five of these have a gold patterning imposed on the blue and white, a European addition to the original work. Greatly prized, too, is a shallow Chinese dish, with a lady and her servant in a garden painted upon it with great delicacy, for which 80,000 frs. has been offered, of course ineffectually.

THERE seem to have been several unknown treasures in the Stisted Hall collection of pictures dispersed in Essex some time ago. For instance, a Braintree furniture dealer procured for 3 gs. a picture bearing the name of and possibly actually by Velazquez, and another Braintree tradesman, attracted solely by a fine gilt frame, obtained for 2½ gs. a work which proved to be by Carlo Maratti, and to represent the Sacrifice of Noah. Maratti, known as Carlo delle Madonne, because of the large number of Madonnas he painted, an imitator of Raphael, born in 1625, was for nearly half-a-century one of the most eminent painters in Rome, where he died in 1713. In the National Gallery is his portrait of Cardinal Cerri, at Hampton Court 'The Virgin and St. Francis.' Another interesting "find" is what claims to be a portrait by Lawrence of Canova, the Italian sculptor. It was discovered near Bologna, in the house of a countess, where apparently it had been ever since painted by Lawrence.

MRS. SARAH FLOWER, daughter of the late Philip Martineau, has bequeathed to the Shakespeare Memorial Association Whistler's 'Battersea Bridge,' showing a reach of the Thames with the bridge in the distance to the right, an illuminated clock tower on the left, and in the foreground a barge with a man rowing, seen at the Whistler Memorial Exhibition; also a picture by Keeley Halswelle, and a portrait of her husband by Phil Morris.

'THE BLUE GOWN,' by Mr. George Henry, A.R.A., a life-size full-length portrait, which was honoured by a place on the line in Gallery III. at the 1906 Academy, is now in the Public Gallery at Capetown. It is probably his high-water mark in portraiture, and the dark surface of the mahogany cabinet, against which the fair head is silhouetted, is rich and admirable.

MR. ARNESBY BROWN'S 'Midsummer,' which attracted attention at the Academy of 1906, was awarded a State Gold Medal at the International Exhibition, Vienna, to which he sent for the first time. It is a study of cattle in rich pasture lands, with quivering aspens in the mid-distance.

THE Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery state that the much-criticised water-colour of Charlotte Brontë, signed "Paul Heger, 1850," has been made the subject of a searching investigation, and that they have satisfied themselves that it is a genuine work of the date specified and an authentic likeness of the talented writer. It may now be compared in the gallery with the portrait by George Richmond.

MR. ALBERT H. HODGE, the able Scottish sculptor, several of whose works at recent Academy exhibitions have been enthusiastically received, has completed three portrait-figures which, when carved in stone, are for the adornment of the Clyde Trust Buildings in Glasgow. They are of James Watt, popularly known as the inventor of the steam-engine, Henry Bell, the designer of the *Comet*, the first practical steamship which worked regularly on any European water, and Thomas Telford, the engineer of the Menai Bridge. Mr. Hodge holds firmly to the principle of a treatment according with architectural necessities—viz., the figures are intended first of all to tell as legitimate adornments of the structure.

FOLLOWING the already mentioned purchase by the Louvre of a huge 'Crucifixion' by El Greco, the Autumn Salon in Paris, as part of its retrospective section, brought together eighteen works by the Cretan whose colour Huysmans characterised as "atroce." Those who know the fifteen canvases by which Domenico Theotocopuli is represented in the Prado, or his masterpiece in the Cathedral at Toledo, do not feel that El Greco can here be seen at his best, though there are many interesting examples such as the dramatic cloister of San Juan de Los Reyes in the neighbourhood of Toledo (THE ART JOURNAL, p. 185). By the way, it is not unusual to find that pictures by El Greco have frequently been given to Venetian painters. This was the case with the 'Healing of the Blind Man' in Dresden, which Hübner ascribed to Leandro Bassano. A beautiful 'Annunciation,' with bright blue sky seen beyond a cool grey stone arcade, is one of the treasures of the Imperial Academy in Vienna, and is evidently an early work, when the artist was under the influence of his master, Titian, and of Paul Veronese.

BY the will of the late M. Charles Drouet many of the Parisian museums benefit considerably. 'Le Prisonnier,' by Murillo, goes to the Louvre to join the dozen or more Murillos there, including the 'Nativity of the Virgin,' one of the pictures which Marshal Soult was wont to remark he placed great value upon, as it had saved the lives of two estimable persons. Landscapes by Constable and Turner, a view of Venice by Bonington, and a number of Japanese prints and kakemonos, also go to the Louvre. A portrait of an old man smoking, by Whistler, and 'Antoine Jecker,' by Carolus Duran, are for the Luxembourg, and a collection of drawings by the Old Masters for the École Nationale des Beaux Arts. By the way, the directors of the Louvre have now labelled the picture given by the late Monsieur Groult as 'École Turner.'

WE understand that an interesting departure is to be made in January by the group of six distinguished landscape painters who annually hold an exhibition in the galleries of the Old Water-Colour Society. It has been resolved to invite one or two visitors, as some years ago the New English used to do. Mr. J. Lawton Wingate, one of the most gifted of Scotland's landscapists, and Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton are named as likely to be the first guests.



(Tate Gallery.)

Catspaws off the Land.

By Henry Moore, R.A,



A Picardy Village.
By José Weiss.

José Weiss.

By C. Collins Baker.

THAT a man can stand squarely with one foot on Art while the other rests on Science well-known instances have fully demonstrated. Nor should it arouse in us surprise, when we reflect that the qualifications of the artist square in their essentials with those of the scientist. To each of these gentlemen, in fact, are necessary the faculties of imagination and analysis. They diverge at the point they come to grief. Excessively imaginative, the man of science goes practically to pieces, even as the painter obsessed by the science of his art is vain. At this time of day, no scientific problem could so eloquently move a landscape painter charged with a sense of Nature's spaciousness as might the problem of aerial navigation. On this problem and on that of out-door painting Mr. José Weiss has from his youth concentrated his serious attention, although perhaps it is only for the last twenty years or so that he has been enabled to devote his every effort to their solution. Introduced to London, and as it were vouched for by Mr. Marchant of the Goupil Gallery, he has made a strong position, which, in these days, is no usual achievement, when good work by living men so rarely finds a bid. Perhaps its reason partly is that Mr. Weiss' robust outlook on Nature is simply intelligible. This quality is not of course inherent in more creative work. That, indeed, by its essential transfiguration soars into regions that we cannot easily make out. In our sweeping way with things above our understanding, we lose no time in brushing such work aside as mad imaginings. But the art with which this article deals belongs to the interpretative order, and as such ranks high in contemporary landscape. In both orders



(In the Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago.)

September on the Arun.

By José Weiss.

of art—in the creative and the interpretative—are revelations made. The first implies for us a world of almost supernatural wonder, the other shows us things that, though before we had not realised, yet now lie within our vision. It is thus, and by the especial nature of his outlook, that our painter fills an important place.

For inherently his conception of Nature is large: his appreciation of her solemn significance high. The frivolous and ephemeral aspects of landscape make no sort of an appeal to him. Or you might put it that for him Nature is only important when she responds to his sense of austerity and fine design; that the trivial or fussy in her gets out of him but calm neglect. The type of his best inspiration is 'September on the Arun' (p. 354). It was hung but a few years ago at Burlington House, and will find permanent moorings in the Armour Institute, Chicago. Of a severe dignity and a singularly harmonious scheme, it epitomises the things in Nature that attract its painter to his most successful themes. The colour scheme is in its essentials one dear to him. His use of an especially luminous and pure grey opposed to rich golden-white is in this impressive canvas, even as in 'At Sunset' (p. 355), the *motif*. But whereas in the former the colour is rather muted, crying as it were the sadness and presage of dead summer, in the latter we have an unwonted glow. It is the same scheme of silver and ivory transfigured by mellow radiance.



A Normandy High Road.

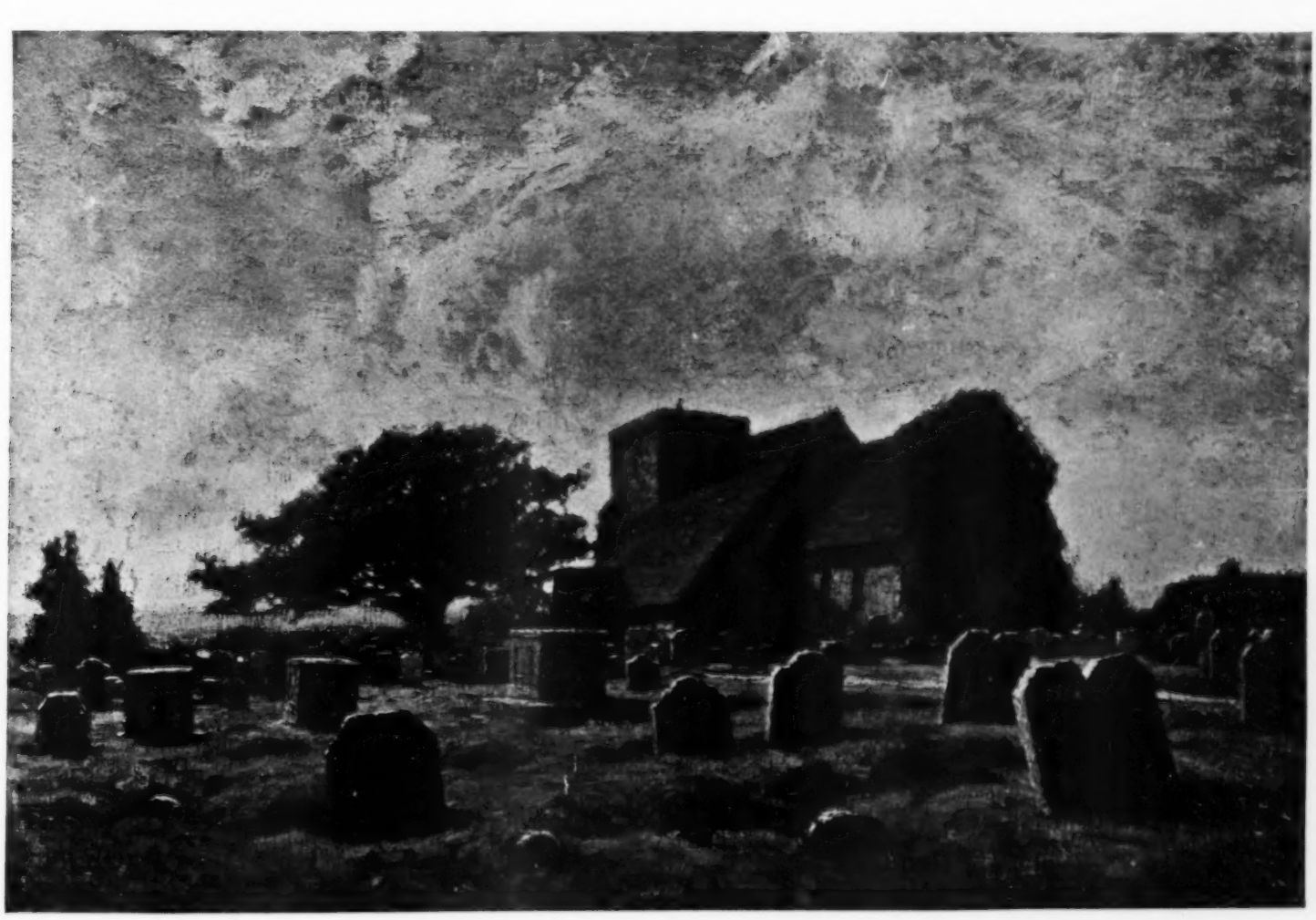
By José Weiss.

'November Dawn' (p. 356), a large and earlier work, in the greyer vein, while it has defects of immaturity, still is noteworthy for the treatment of leafless branches against bright light. With a peculiar handling, that is at least expressive, the painter well surmounts the problem of that mist-like confused tracery. Again we should remark the choice of shape and simplification of dispensable detail, in the tree contours and silhouettes of branch form. In this respect the fine qualities of Mr. Weiss' design are patent.



At Sunset.
By José Weiss.

Simplification, in a word, is the business that this painter fully understands. Aware of the message that most clearly he receives from Nature, he has gradually found his own way to his most adequate interpretation of it. The spectacle of recent efforts to translate Nature into terms of paint is, we all know, a sort of motley. In almost every fashion has she been wooed. It seems to some of us that the frank advances of Impressionism were importunately crude. Their vivid greens and chromey lights, while attaining what looks like the maximum of imitation, noisily fall short of art, while the gloom and dinginess to which a certain number of other men show so extravagant attachment, strike one as reminiscent of no truth.



Amberley Church.
By José Weiss.

Mr. Weiss, starting from a sombre and rather colourless pitch, has little by little reached a very adequate solution of the trouble. For while he renders with rare and admirable force the illusion of light, he still subordinates the offensive notes and crudities of local colour. His tone relations, in brief, have the effect of marvellous justness, while at the same time his colour is luminous and liquid. When he errs it is towards blackness in certain of his effects of contrast, an error that is apt to beget theatricality of light.

His contribution to landscape painting is of permanent value. For in an age when the decorative importance of painting is usually ignored for the trivial and meretricious, the severity of his design is an eloquent protest. Again, his position as a colourist is considerable; his individuality has struck out symphonies of reticent and pearly beauty. His most successful inspiration lies in such austere subjects as 'September on the Arun,' and pre-eminently in 'La Seine.' Perhaps his enthusiasm for the problem of flight is due to his love and understanding of large wind-filled skies in which great white clouds sail buoyantly, that his work displays so finely. But it must not be supposed that only in that mood has Nature interest for him. In the mood inspired by Daubigny, and in that of Corot, a less stern, and less individual *motif* actuates him. As a rendering of hot glaring sunlight few canvases could pass 'Summer Evening,' (p. 357). But this and 'Sunny October' (p. 357), with all their gentle charm, yet fall short of the sense we derive from his more solemn moments; the feeling of a man intent upon the theme most suited to him.

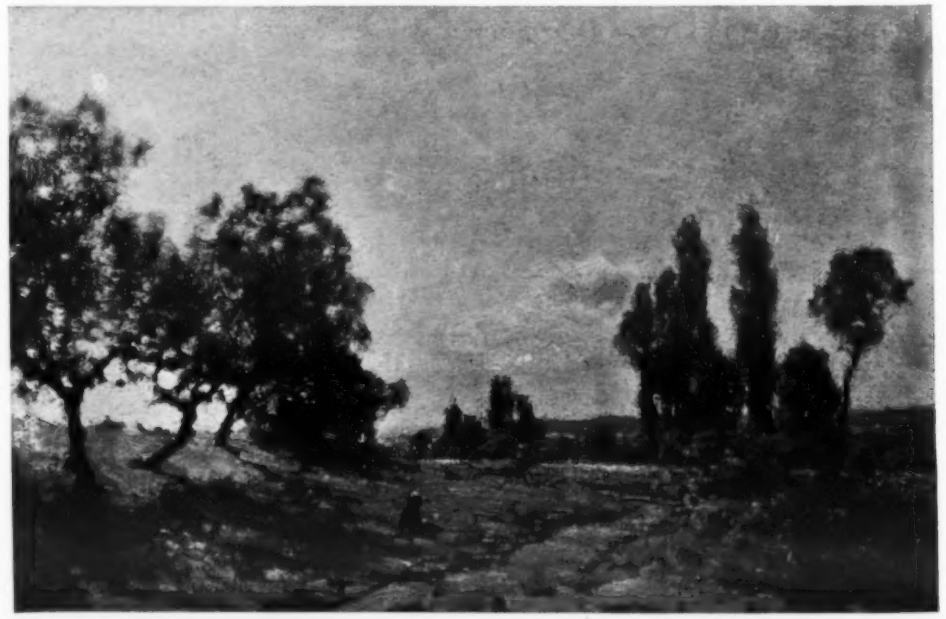
For the artist and the student it is interesting that Mr. Weiss lavishes scrupulous care on the preparation of his canvases. The priming of the colourman does not convince him of its excellence. Each of his pictures is painted on the reverse side which his own hand has prepared. The value of underpainting is well known and regarded by Mr. Weiss; on a ground of red, or on a ground of grey his actual pigment is superimposed. For his technique it may be claimed that, though it may lack certain qualities of refinement, either in brushwork or surface, upon which some lay such importance, and unerring handling, yet it has the conviction of intention and courageous method. It is indeed a robust expression of a healthy and vigorous art.

Mr. Weiss was born in Paris on January 22, 1859, and became a naturalized Englishman in 1899. His pictures have been seen for many years in the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy and at the Paris Salon, where, in 1899 he was awarded a "Mention Honorable" for his picture 'February.' For the last few years the greater portion of his production has been eagerly sought after by the American collectors.

The reproductions to this article have been made by special permission of Messrs. William Marchant & Co., The Goupil Gallery, Regent Street, London.



November Dawn.
By José Weiss.



Summer Evening.
By José Weiss.



Sunny October.
By José Weiss.



Stormy Morning.
By José Weiss.



On the Banks of the Arun.
By José Weiss.

Abinger Hammer.

An Original Etching by Percy Robertson, A.R.E.

MR. PERCY ROBERTSON'S 'Abinger Hammer' depicts with sympathy and skill a peaceful aspect of Nature. The impulse of the spring thrills in the leafless trees, and has already its witness, perhaps, in the first pale primroses starring the green banks in the shelter of the hedge. That great renewal of the joy of earth, that pulsing of the hidden life, is the most potent symbol of the creative energy that fulfils itself in perfect tranquillity. The quiet of the countryside is never more enfolding than on a fair day when the trees are reddening with the rising sap, and the lap of the sun-warmed earth holds the first flowers of spring. Of that serene peace 'Abinger Hammer' is a rendering. To look at Mr. Robertson's etching is to feel that the spirit of the place is of inviolate calm; yet, plain to read in the place-name, is another record. This one of the Abingers takes its distinguishing name from its past industry. One of the iron furnaces or foundries that once blazed in the Weald of Sussex and in the adjoining Surrey border was here. Abinger Hammer resounded formerly to the clang of the forge. Now the woods stand unthreatened by the hunger of the furnace, and but for the name and the presence in the country of "hammer ponds," there would be no trace of that noisy past. The country has resumed its right of peace. The small Tillingbourne turns some mills in its course; but not till it has quitted the meadows of Abinger. Mr. Robertson has grasped the essential reality of his delightful subject. The etching renders with delicacy and perspicuity the quiet folds of the hills and woods, the fine presences of old hedgerow trees in the open space of the foreground. It is a genuine picture in etching, composed with practised skill.

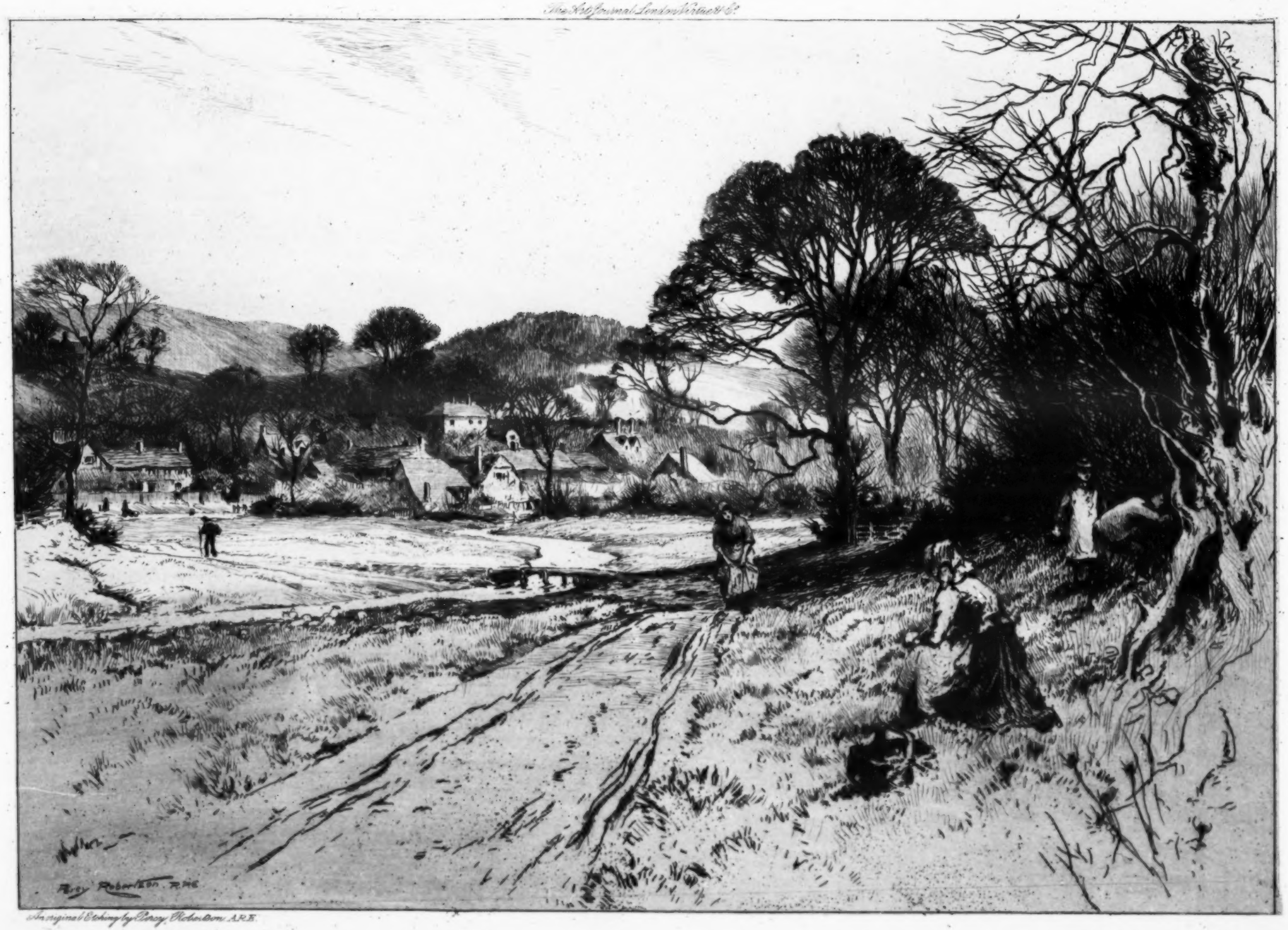
Colour Training and Colour Museums.—II.*

By Alexander Millar.

IN a colour museum, as I conceive it, two ends should be kept in view. First, the stimulation of the colour sense of the average visitor, and the calling forth of a feeling that the enjoyment of good colour adds a new pleasure to life, and conversely, that bad colour is a real, though an unnecessary evil. It may be said that in our every-day surroundings, undue sensibility in aesthetic matters brings with it as much pain as pleasure, but in the present case the pain would be a curable one. Bad colour is always the result of misdirected human activity, and if recognition and dislike of it became general it would automatically disappear. The popular taste in colour is far too much under the control of fashion, and while the draper's "New Art Shadings" are sometimes very pleasing, it is to be feared that they are popular mainly because of their (supposed) novelty. There are distinct signs of decadence, and in shop windows, which at one time were an unfailing delight to the cultivated eye, we now see chintzes and wall-papers of Early Victorian crudity. A colour museum, as Sir E. Burne-Jones pointed out, in the letter quoted on page 330, would be a standing protest against such relapses into chromatic barbarism. And it would help to create a feeling for colour which would make it impossible for a lady with a screaming discord on her head to walk into a harmoniously-decorated room, placidly unconscious that to the sensitive it is as though she were to start a comic song in the middle of a Philharmonic concert.

The needs of serious students should also be catered for, those who seek for training in colour combination alone, as well as painters and designers. To bring out the full educational value of the museum for the benefit of both classes of visitors, I propose that to every object, or group of objects, there should be attached a very full descriptive label, setting forth, for the benefit of the most uncultivated visitor, the points in which the special beauty of the object consists. This idea is borrowed from the system so admirably carried out by Sir William Flower, at the Natural History Museum. He once said that "a museum should be a collection of labels with explanatory objects." For the benefit of the student I venture to make a further suggestion—that beside each many-coloured object there should be shown what I may call analytical sections. These would take the form of strips of paper on which would be shown, by means of transverse bands of colour, all the principal effects and combinations of the original. These effects should, I think, be reduced to a number of definite representative tints without insensible gradations. For most industrial purposes this simplication of the colour scheme would be of great value, especially to designers who have to work under conditions where the number of colours is limited. It would not only offer them a large number of prepared colour schemes which they might copy and adapt for their purposes, but it would teach them how to set to work in analysing and adapting to their purpose any fine piece of colour which they might anywhere meet with. This suggestion of analytical sections is not merely an untried theory. It is founded upon the practice with which I have been familiar for years, of making what are called "trials" in carpet manufacturing. In order to test the effect of the colours of

*Continued from page 331.



An original Etching by Percy Robertson, A.R.E.

Abinger Hammer.

a new design, paper sections such as I have described are made, and from these strips of carpet reproducing them are woven. These strips show the complete colour scheme apart from the pattern, and from them, if necessary, the same scheme can be reproduced in another design.

In addition to the analytical sections, I propose that in selected instances there should be shown beside them examples of their application to various works of art, pictorial and decorative, also to millinery and dressmaking, and other kindred industries. Thus the original coloured object, the sections, and the various applications of the colour scheme, would together form a complete object-lesson, educating the faculty of seeing the essential features of any fine piece of colour, and of analysing and applying them.

For some the intermediate stage of analysis may not be necessary, but for the majority it would undoubtedly be of service. The suggestion is the outcome of my experience of many cases where a designer, asked to apply the colour scheme of one object to another wholly different, has been unable to see how to set about it. Without this power, the finest examples of colour would have no educational value.

I venture to think that such a method of analysis and application would be a means of training of great value to students, and I am glad to be able to quote Mr. Walter Crane's approval of it in the following terms—"Your suggestions for a practical and progressive method of training students in the use and choice of colour appear to me admirable." It is highly gratifying to me to have my proposals thus endorsed by an artist for whom I have such a profound admiration.

It is scarcely necessary to specify the various classes of objects which might go to form such a collection as I have in view. But I think woven fabrics should have a prominent place. And here I would urge that the practice of ignoring contemporary work, which appears to be the settled policy of our museum authorities, should be departed from. "They manage these things better in France." In the Lyons museum there may be seen not only a historical collection of stuffs, but a selection, acquired year by year, of the best modern productions. But with us fine pieces of colour are constantly being produced and allowed to pass into oblivion. And in a hundred years time a collection of imperfect fragments cf these, if present precedents be followed, will be bought at a high price, while they could now be acquired for next to nothing. Manufacturers would, without doubt, be willing to contribute samples, gratis, of any of their productions which might be judged worthy of the honour of a place in a national collection. In fact, the difficulty might be in making a selection from those which would be freely offered. I do not of course suggest that all of those which are selected should be exhibited. At Lyons only a small portion of the enormous collection is on view to the public at any one time. But the rest of it, which is so stored as to occupy very little space, is accessible to the student with a freedom and a courtesy on the part of the officials, of which I make grateful acknowledgment.

I hope that Sir E. Burne-Jones' hearty approval of this part of my scheme will secure for it a favourable reception.

At the present time the London student in search of colour inspiration can find it among the Old Masters at the National Gallery and elsewhere, and the tapestries and Oriental carpets at South Kensington. While it is impossible to bring these together in one collection, I venture to think that something might be done by way of loan, and it would certainly be possible at no great cost to make copies which would be suggestive to the colourist, while the originals would still be available as at present. I lay great stress upon the creation in the proposed collection of a colour atmosphere, by the bringing together of every possible kind of beautifully coloured object. For this purpose copies, made with little or no regard to form, but with the sole object of setting out the colour schemes of the originals, might be even more suggestive than their prototypes. And the astonishing success of some recent reproductions of famous paintings, together with the prospect of further improvements in colour photography, justify the hope that facsimiles of colour masterpieces of all kinds will soon be available for local collections.

Among the other objects which would be worthy of a place are birds, insects, shells, lichens, minerals, pottery, glass, enamels, autumn leaves preserved so as to retain their colour, finely coloured woods, marbles and other stones, clays from volcanic regions, broken bricks picked up from the roads—in short, fine bits of colour from any and every source.

I think that there should also be arrangements for showing the effect of the mixture of coloured lights, such as Maxwell's discs, and apparatus for throwing lights of two colours upon a screen, etc. I have devised a very simple arrangement for this purpose—a box in the form of a little house with gabled ends, forming a double roof with grooves in which sheets of coloured gelatine are placed. There is also an inner roof of tissue paper, which blends the colours. With this arrangement I have been able to produce yellow from a mixture of red and green, white from blue and yellow, and blue from green and violet in a very satisfactory fashion.

Full explanations of all such demonstrations should be appended, with diagrams or models showing why the blending of lights in some cases produces different results from the mixture of pigments.

Arrangements should also be made for showing the phenomena of polarized light. The chromatic wonder-world which is opened up by the polariscope is quite unknown to many artists, and a first sight of its glories is always a new and undreamt-of pleasure. Rood, in his *Modern Chromatics*, is very enthusiastic in his description. "The entire field tinted with soft grey and pale yellow, with here and there dashes of colour like the spots on a peacock's tail, showing like coals of fire; set off by very dark shades of olive-green, dark brown, and greys . . . purples and golden greens, or dull olive greens and carmines, woven together so closely as almost to produce a neutral tint. . . . Some glow like coloured gems, or bristle with golden spears, or suggest a rich vegetation made of gold and jewels bathed in sunset lines."

The polariscope is also a most valuable aid in the study of complementary colours, which it shows with absolute accuracy, not merely in pure spectral hues, but in all sorts of greys and broken tints. It gives a range of colours infinitely wider than those of the ordinary spectrum.

The effect of ordinary illumination might be illustrated by the provision of deep recesses lined with black, in which objects of the same colour might be placed in different positions, from the highest light to the deepest shadow,

showing, for instance, that in a very subdued light bright yellow looks like brown paper, and vermilion like dark marone. This would impress upon the student the important lesson that in colour as well as in form he should copy what he sees, and not what he knows. A useful adjunct would be a dark room to which daylight could be admitted at will, and in which the effect of various kinds of artificial light upon colours could be studied, and contrasted with the effect of daylight.

A most important point which should be illustrated by examples is that of eye fatigue, and its bearing upon contrast and upon the use of complementary colours. A set of coloured diagrams arranged for the production of subjective visual images, with instructions for their use and explanations of the effects observed, would be of great value.

Arrangements should be made for showing the effects of coloured lights upon objects of a different colour, for illustrating the phenomena of inter-reflection, as in the interior of a gilt cup or the folds of a coloured stuff, and by means of good wax models, of the effect of draperies upon skins of different complexions. There should be models showing the effect of stained glass windows upon interior decorations. (I have seen the colour scheme of a chancel wrecked by discordant windows.) The effect of texture and quality of surface upon colour should also be illustrated.

A prominent feature should be the construction of groups showing good colour combinations and contrasts. For this purpose it might be well to call in the aid of the experts who are responsible for the delightful combinations shown in some of our shop windows. Many of these are perfect poems in colour, and are well worthy of being reproduced in a national collection. It should be recognized that anyone capable of conceiving and forming such combinations is an artist, though he may not be able to draw a line or lay a wash, and that his creations are as well worth preserving as if they were wrought out in pigments. The pity of it is that through some capricious turn of fashion, they and the materials of which they are composed may disappear and be forgotten.

Examples of the fine results to be obtained by the use of a severely limited range of pigments should be shown, and the special attention of students and others should be directed to these.

Specimens should be shown of all known pigments and of their combinations, with colour scales prepared from them in great variety, their component pigments being set out beside them. Dyes and the result of their use upon various fabrics should also be shown, and full information as to permanency or the reverse should be given. There should be a complete set of the materials used in enamels and in pottery and glass painting, with specimens of their use before and after firing.

Something might be done to further that most desirable end, the establishment of a standard nomenclature of colour. As a beginning I would suggest the collection of specimens of such natural and artificial colours as do not vary, and the attaching to them of names derived from their origin. In the case of those which are evanescent, careful copies in permanent pigments would serve. For instance, paintings of all the principal varieties of the chrysanthemum might be made, the object being not pictorial effect, but absolute accuracy of colour. These might be named after the varieties from which they are taken. In cases where the beauty of the flower arises from gradation of hue, the complete group of tints which go to make up the effect might have a distinctive name, or a system of notation might be devised by which such a group of tints might be as easily indicated as is a chord in music.

Inasmuch as in colour training it is as necessary, if not more so, to point out errors as to teach right methods, I am disposed to recommend a revival of what once existed at South Kensington—a small chamber of horrors, in which bad colour combinations might be exhibited and their faults pointed out. And in connection with this it might be shown how harmony of dominant tint can be obtained. A crudely coloured picture could be converted into something resembling a Dutch Old Master, by viewing it through a sheet of golden-brown glass or gelatine, and the student might learn how to produce the same result by mixing a similar pigment with all his colours.

I feel that in the foregoing attempt to describe in detail the museum which I desire to see established, I may have failed to realize all its possibilities, and that the idea is capable of different and wider developments under the direction of those who are, what I have no claim to be, great authorities on and masters in the application of colour. But I shall be satisfied if I am successful in directing their attention to the subject, and if the result should be the raising of a better structure than mine on the foundation I have attempted to lay.

The Fine Arts in Italy.

SIGNOR RAVA, the Minister of Public Instruction in Italy, is strenuously taking in hand the branch of his ministry which deals with the Fine Arts. The sum of £200,000 is now available for purposes of purchase, and the preservation of existing monuments, such as St. Mark's in Venice and the cloisters of San Vitale at Santa Maria in Porte, Ravenna, will at once receive attention. It is significant that the dispersal of one of the most important collections of coins ever offered in Italy was stopped at the last moment by the Government, when representatives from various European museums had gathered in Rome to bid for some of the outstanding treasures. In France, too, the Minister of Public Instruction is seriously considering what means can be taken to prevent the exportation of examples of historic art. A Governmental Bill on the subject will cover not only national, municipal and church possessions, but pictures and other objects in private hands. Perhaps the famous Kann collection was not deported any too early.



Carnasarie Castle.

By A. Scott Rankin.

Netherlorn and its Neighbourhood.*

By Patrick H. Gilles, M.B., F.S.A. Scot.

Am fear a bhios fad' aig an aisig, gheibh e thairis uarieigin.—GAELIC PROVERB.

THE watershed between Loch Awe and the Atlantic runs along a ridge of moorland known as the String of Lorn (Sreang Lathurnach). From a little lake known as Loch na Sreinge the Bragleen river emerges, and passing down the glen to Loch Scammadal, is joined at Finaglen by Allt an Ath' dheirg (the Stream of the Red Ford), which rises on the shoulder of Beinn a Chapul, the highest of the Netherlorn hills. About 1294, the MacDougalls of Lorn had a dispute with the Campbells of Lochow regarding the marches between their lands. With the object of arriving at a peaceable understanding it was agreed that the disputants should meet at a burn flowing into Loch na Sreinge, still known as Allt a' Chomhlachaidh (the stream of the Conference), and settle the exact boundary; the String of Lorn being roughly the line of division. The MacDougalls, principally from Netherlorn, when on their way to the meeting, halted beside Loch Scammadal to confer as to the procedure to be adopted at the meeting; and when divining by means of a magic crystal the probable issue of a conflict, the charm was spirited out of the seer's hand and lost in the loch. Discouraged at the auspices, the MacDougalls of Raray returned home, and the remainder, in no good humour, proceeded up the glen to meet their rivals. The Campbells, who, by the defection in their opponents' ranks now outnumbered them, had arrived at the place selected at the appointed time, and, taking the non-appearance of the enemy as a forfeiture of the MacDougall claims, proceeded down the glen into hostile territory. The forces met at Ath Dearg, and, with little preliminary in the way of debate, a mortal combat began. The MacDougalls, hopeless of the result, fought to die; while the Campbells, not anticipating a battle at the moment and too confident in their numbers, neglected good generalship. A Netherlorn scout, who managed to work his way behind a boulder (Carn Chailein, the Cairn of Colin) on the flank of the Campbells, shot an arrow, which transfixed Cailein Mòr the Campbell chief, killing him on the spot. This stroke of fortune saved the MacDougall army from destruction, but such was their loss that it is said the river ran red, and the bed of the stream was choked by dead bodies: hence the name—Ath Dearg (Red Ford). The Campbells retired, carrying the body of their chief, which was interred at Kilchrenan on Loch Aweside. The late Duke of Argyll erected a monument with a suitable inscription over the grave of his ancestor.

It is from Cailein Mòr, or as he is still called, Cailein

* Chap. XII., Kilninver: Kilmartin. Continued from p. 336.



Cascade near Salachary.

By A. Scott Rankin.

Mòr na Sreinge (Great Colin of the String of Lorn), that the Dukes of Argyll derive their patronymic, MacCailein: a title corrupted into MacCallum Mòr (the son of great Malcolm), a corruption for which Sir Walter Scott is chiefly responsible.

Crossing the String of Lorn, the road descends by Loch Avich into the valley of Loch Awe, thence skirting the west side of the Loch to Ford it runs through the Vale of Ederline and the pass of Craiginterve (Creag 'n tairbh, the Rock of the Bull), to join the main road from Lochgilphead to Oban, at Kilmartin. The scenery of this part of Loch Awe, though pleasant, has not the rugged and romantic beauty which the towering hills, and deep glens and passes, confer upon that of the north. The rounded smooth outlines of the hills, the mammilated forms of the rocks and islets, and the deep ruts and scratches, show the influence of the ice sheet. The glacier flow was in a south-west direction, along the valley of the loch, across Kilmartin towards the Sound of Jura. There can be no doubt that until comparatively recent geologic time the outlet for the waters of the Awe Valley and the deep glens—Glen Strae, Glen Orchy and Glen Lochy—at the head of the loch was in this direction, and in the River Add (Flumen Longum, Abhuinn Fhada) and Kilmartin Burn we find the relict of that discharge. The line of weakness which aided the forces of denudation to determine the direction of this longitudinal valley was probably a continuation of that great fault which, traced from the upper part of Strathspey, passes in a straight line through Loch Ericht and Loch Lydoch to the eastern corrie of Cruachan, and which in all likelihood is continued along the Awe valley, through Loch Crinan to Loch Tarbert in Jura. The present configuration of Loch Awe and the cutting of the outlet at the north end along the Pass of Brander were events of the glacial and subsequent periods. How the later outlet was formed is matter for conjecture, but, as Sir Archibald Geikie says, "it is another example of a watershed cut through by streams which flow in opposite directions, aided doubtless both by the sea and by the stream of ice that came down from the mountains and pressed through every available outlet to the ocean."

Entering the Strath of Kilmartin by the road from Loch Aweside, we come upon a scene of rural beauty and a district of great interest. The old name was Strathmore of *Ariskeodnish*; a title the meaning of which it is difficult to determine, but which may be translated as "the territory of the Scots." It was here that the earliest settlements of the Scottish adventurers were made, and Dunadd rock, rising like a fortress 170 feet above the level of the plain, was the early capital of the kingdom. The valley is studded with cairns, megaliths, inscribed stones, forts and other monuments of antiquity. The number of these is but a tithe of what existed two centuries ago: old men alive at the beginning of last century spoke of more than a score of cairns and many standing stones being removed to make room for the plough, or to build dykes and form steadings. Some fine specimens of pottery and of bronze urns were recovered from the demolished cairns and placed for safe keeping in Poltalloch House. It was at this period, that is during the eighteenth century, that improved methods of agriculture were being introduced; any obstacle which interfered with the path of the plough was ruthlessly destroyed, and cairns, large standing stones, or other prehistoric erections which afforded a suitable quarry for stone for building byres, barns, or dwellings were barbarously removed. It was vandalism of this thoughtless type which caused the destruction in 1743 of Arthur's Oon, the supposed *Templum Termini*, near Stonehouse, a most remarkable relic, noticed by Nennius in the early years of the seventh century. Similarly the Stone of Odin, near Loch Stennis in Orkney, after having survived the waste of centuries, "until it had nearly outlived the traditionary remembrance of the strange rites with which it had once been associated," was destroyed by a farmer in the year 1814: and it is said that had it not been for the interference of the eminent historian Malcolm Laing, the whole of the world-famed group of Stennis would have been treated in like manner. In the case of Kilmartin, the almost complete extirpation of the native race during the Montrose wars, the civil discords preceding the Revolution of 1688 and the colonisation of the district, through Lowland immigration, by a people who did not possess the traditionary reverence of the Celt for the monuments of shadowy heroes and early religion, but who probably looked upon these as vestiges of idolatry, would account for the wholesale removal.

The best view of the Strathmore of Ariskeodnish is got from Carnasarie Castle, an imposing ruin situated at the apex of the fork of hills which flanks the valley. The castle is in the form of an oblong hall with stepped gables,



Kilmartin.

By A. Scott Rankin.



Hill Fort on Kilmartin Road.
By A. Scott Rankin.

tall chimneys and turrets; the walls are thick, with stairs and cubicles in the thickness: a plain, substantial building with little attempt at ornamentation, except the presence of a stone with armorial bearings, and ornamental tracing above the door. The present building was built on the site of an older one by John Carswell, Bishop of Argyll. In the old castle Carswell was born about the beginning of the sixteenth century, his father having been Constable of Carnasarie for the Earl of Argyll. John Carswell was one of the most eminent men the Highlands has produced, and his name is well worthy of being held in reverence by a race for whom he translated and had published in Edinburgh, on the 24th day of April 1567, a Gaelic edition of the book known as John Knox's Liturgy: the first book printed in Gaelic or indeed in any Celtic tongue. This book contained a compendium of the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church, and was, during the seventy years following, practically the only spiritual guide which the Highlanders of Argyll and the Isles possessed. After the first flame of enthusiasm among the Reformers had subsided, the loss of revenue due to the spoliation of the estates of the older church and other causes made the supply of ministers difficult to obtain. It was not until the ardour inspired by the Covenant had revived the interest of the people in religious affairs, that an attempt was made to give a proper supply of clergymen to these parishes. And it was during this interval that Carswell's publication proved of inestimable value to the Gaelic-speaking Protestant of Scotland.

Of this book there are only three copies in existence: an almost perfect copy is carefully treasured in Inverary Castle; the second, but imperfect one is in the Library of Edinburgh University; and the third, also imperfect, in the British Museum.

Carswell performed the work well, considering the fact that he was unacquainted with the literature of the Gael, then abundant in MSS.; as he himself states, "If any learned man find faults in this writing or composing of this little book, let him excuse me, for I never acquired any knowledge of the Gaelic except as of the people generally," and that it was a labour of love and devotion, and not for vain glory, we may well believe. In his dedicatory epistle he writes to the following effect: "If I saw any man of the Gael of Alban or Eirind that should undertake, in aid of the Church of God, to translate this book into the Gaelic language, in which men could understand it, it would be very grateful to me, and I would not undertake the work; but since none such has been found, or if there be, I do not know him, who will undertake it out of love to God and to the Church, with more ability than my means and my power can bring to it, I hope that God will aid me in my defects and ignorance," a humble and, as it has been remarked, a very unnecessary apology.

Carswell received his training for the priesthood in St. Andrews, taking the degree of M.A. there in 1544; but after serving as rector of his native parish, and, subsequently, as Chancellor of the Chapel Royal at Stirling, he was in 1560, after the Reformation in Scotland had become an accomplished fact, appointed Superintendent of Argyll.

The duties of superintendents were much the same as those of bishops—to create new charges, to visit churches and schools, to suspend or deprive ministers, to confer benefices, and to eradicate all monuments of idolatry in the bounds assigned them. It is very probable that Carswell, who was deeply attached to Queen Mary and her cause, had strong leanings towards the old religion. We find him in 1566 appointed by the Queen to the temporality of the Bishopric of Argyll and the Isles and the Abbey of Iona. He was never consecrated, however; and although rebuked in the Assembly for accepting the appointment, he remained Titular Bishop until the end of his days. The enormous extent of his diocese imposed a vast amount of labour upon the good bishop, but he was a man of herculean frame and iron endurance: he was known as "An Carsalach mòr" (the big Carswell). The income derived by the bishop in those days would consist, besides money, of many exactions in kind from the parishioners in the neighbourhood of the castle, and the payment of tithes in the shape of eggs, butter, chickens, and other farm produce caused much irritation amongst the good wives of the strath, grumbling which found expression, still surviving, in the following lampoon:—

"*An Carsalach mòr* tha 'n Carnasarie,
Tha na coig cairt 'n a osain,
Tha dhroll mar dhruinnin na corra,
'S a sgròban lom, gionach, farsuing."

(The Big Carswell in Carnasarie, There are five quarters (45 inches) in his hose, His rump is like the back of a crane, His stomach empty, greedy, and unfortunately capacious.)

After his censure by the Assembly, Carswell withdrew from Court and retired to Carnasarie, where he died in the year 1572. He was buried, by his own desire, at the Priory of Ardchattan. The leaden coffin lies below the floor of the kitchen of the present mansion-house, which was, with a spirit of desecration hard to excuse, built over a part of the old graveyard. Such was the weight of the coffin, the violence of the storm which prevailed on the funeral day, and the consequent hardships endured by the mourners, that a saying is still current when any extraordinary event happens, "Cha d 'thainig a leithid bho latha adhlaic a Charsalaich" ("There has not been the like since Carswell's funeral day").

Our rude sketch of Netherlorn and its neighbourhood is ended. Of a country where every hill and hollow, every loch and river, every skerry and bay has its name and history; of a country replete with legend and tradition, much more might be told. It might be that something should be said of the people and their characteristics, but how can one, to whom they are kith and kin, do so: he may see their merits and demerits, but through the haze of affection. They are a kindly race, with many of the characteristics of a primitive folk, suspicious of strangers,



The Post Office, Ford, Loch Awe.
By A. Scott Rankin.



Poltalloch House.

By A. Scott Rankin.

but hospitable, and once their confidence has been secured, frank and genial; slightly tinged with Celtic gloom, the outcome of a religion ill-suited to the Celt, but ardent devotees of Presbyterianism withal. I think the ancient faith, a ritualistic one, was best adapted to the temperament of the Gael, and that his Presbyterianism is impregnated with faults of the older religion. If he does not reverence saints and images, his worship is still a worship of idols: a worship of the *Word* and the *Roll*. This declension is the result of his innate conservatism; it is the cause of an intolerance—far too prevalent—of the lighter vein of human nature, of an aversion to the amusements, music,—nay, even to the language of his forefathers. He wished his church to be free. Free it cannot be, as long as the strange hybridism of Celtic fervour and Presbyterian self-righteousness exists. Yet notwithstanding the effects during the last century of the tyranny of church and of land laws, a truly national spirit is uprising, a spirit which awakens within the Gael the feeling that his salvation as a race, and as a useful and in many ways unique component of the British Empire, is by development of his own good points, by development from within, and not by the imposition upon him of an alien culture which makes him at best but a sorry imitation of his protagonist.

To appreciate the people one must know them: so also with the scenery. While there are no outstanding freaks of nature which all the sightseeing public strive to see, yet, taken as a whole, its varied aspect and contrasts, its wonderful mellowness and rich colouring, its freshness and freeness are ample repayment to the appreciative tourist. A week may be well spent in excursions on foot or by boat into places where the "whole might seem, the scenery of a fairy dream." Those who know it well remember it well and fondly. Those who are of it, when far away will say,

"Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
Where about the graves of our fathers the whaups are flying,
My heart remembers how!

"Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races,
And winds, austere and pure.

"Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and to hear again the call;
Hear about the graves of our fathers the peeweets crying,
And hear no more at all."

Wrought Iron Work.

By Edward Spencer.

FOR the last ten or twenty years, it has been a point of honour among the critics of the English handicrafts to refer to the period that has witnessed the exercise of their artistic discrimination as one of singular and fortunate revival, not only of good taste in the public at large, but of vigorous creative capacity among producers. There is this to be said in support of their contention, that never before in the history of civilisation has Art occupied so large a share of the public attention: never before have the Crafts been so much written about and talked about. To some however this very fact has seemed evidence of the superficiality of the movement, and of this view too there is much to be said in justification, for the final test of the genuineness of such a revival, of its strength and salutariness, is in the effect it produces in the special field of industry it seeks to inform, and it can hardly be denied that the general level and standard of production is lower in 1908 than it was in, say 1878, in spite of the labours of such men as Ruskin, William Morris and Professor Lethaby, and, most curiously, in spite of the undoubted advance during the same period of public and domestic architecture.

In no branch of the handicrafts is this failure more evident than in wrought iron work, and it is in none more lamentable. With our magnificent national tradition and natural resources, the nineteenth century before its close might well have seen a general and unexampled revival in the craft. But it was not to be. The same causes which have kept the other handicrafts in a condition of exotic fragility, compromised by ineffectual amateurs on the one side and parodied by "the trade" on the other, have prevented the splendid work that one associates with such names as Edmund Street, Henry Wilson, and Bainbridge Reynolds from exercising its

characteristic influence upon the craft in general. To-day the wrought iron work one sees about is of the poorest description, and depends very largely for whatever excellence it possesses upon the design and superintendence of interested architects.

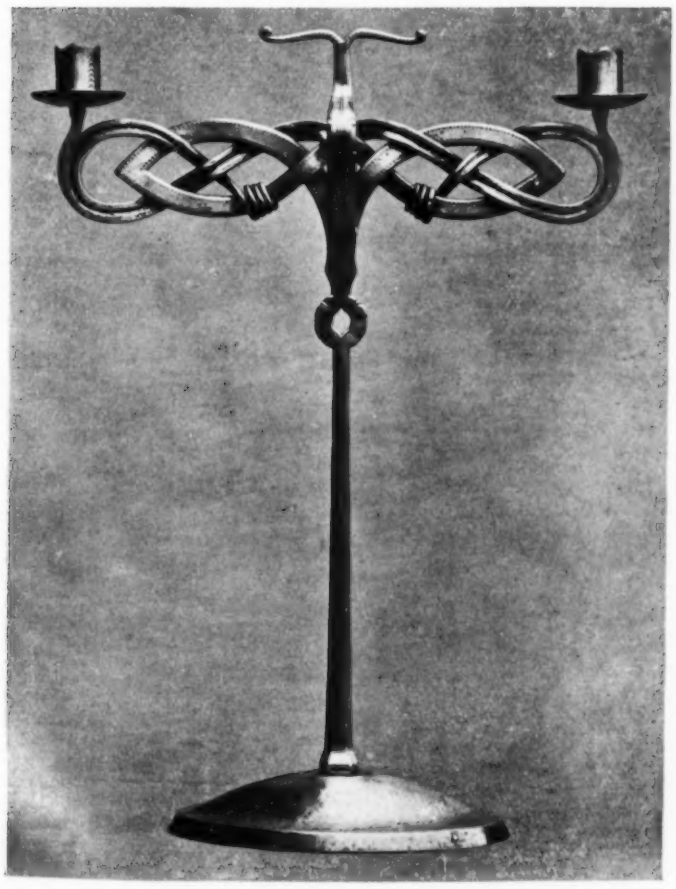
The reasons for such a state of things may be suitably discussed under three headings :—

(1) *Competition and the Cutting of Prices.*—As in the case of every other handicraft, this is one of the most fundamental reasons for the prevalence of bad work. The only sound method of "speeding up" the production of wrought iron work is keenness and dexterity in the use of sound methods. Time, which means money, may nearly always be saved by a careful selection of means to the desired end and by good discipline and organisation in a workshop.



Pulpit Lamp Bracket, showing the use of different sizes of stamped leaves and fullered stems.

Designed by Edward Spencer and forged by Walter Spencer, of the Artificers' Guild.

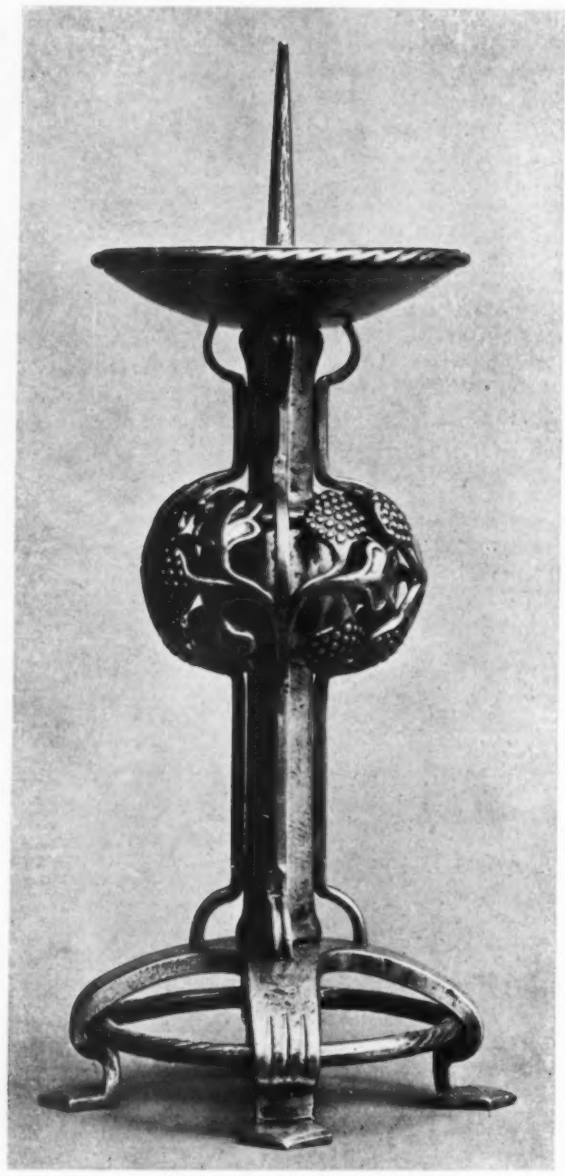


Candlestick, showing the use of plaited strands of iron, a method employed before the eleventh century, also filed and tooled work.

Designed by Edward Spencer and forged by Walter Spencer, of the Artificers' Guild.

Beyond this, little but evil can result from the expedients now universally employed in the competitive cheapening of production. Of these the first and worst is : (*a*) The cutting of wages under a system of piece-work, which results in scamping and the passing of blemishes of every sort in the finished article : (*b*) The specialisation of function whereby a lad who shows proficiency in the use of a single tool or method is kept at that particular task alone, so that a profit may be snatched at the expense of his incompetence in every other branch of his calling. This is a prolific cause of unemployment, since once thrown out of a job a half-trained hand must obviously wander twice as long as an all-round smith, to pick up exactly the berth that suits his capacity : (*c*) The abuse of labour-saving machinery, which produces evils we will discuss later ; and (*d*) The development of businesses on a large scale to effect a proportionate decrease in establishment expenses, with all the evils attendant upon highly capitalised industry.

(2) *The Abuse of the Apprenticeship System.*—The failure of apprenticeship as a system of craft education to-day is due to the inherent evils of the modern system of industrial organisation, or rather to the modern want of system. Owing to the tendencies mentioned above, and especially under the headings (*b*) and (*c*), it is now almost impossible to give a complete and satisfactory training to an apprentice during his period of probation. In most modern firms the lads are spared much of the simple but tedious work which, patiently and intelligently accomplished, has so salutary an effect on



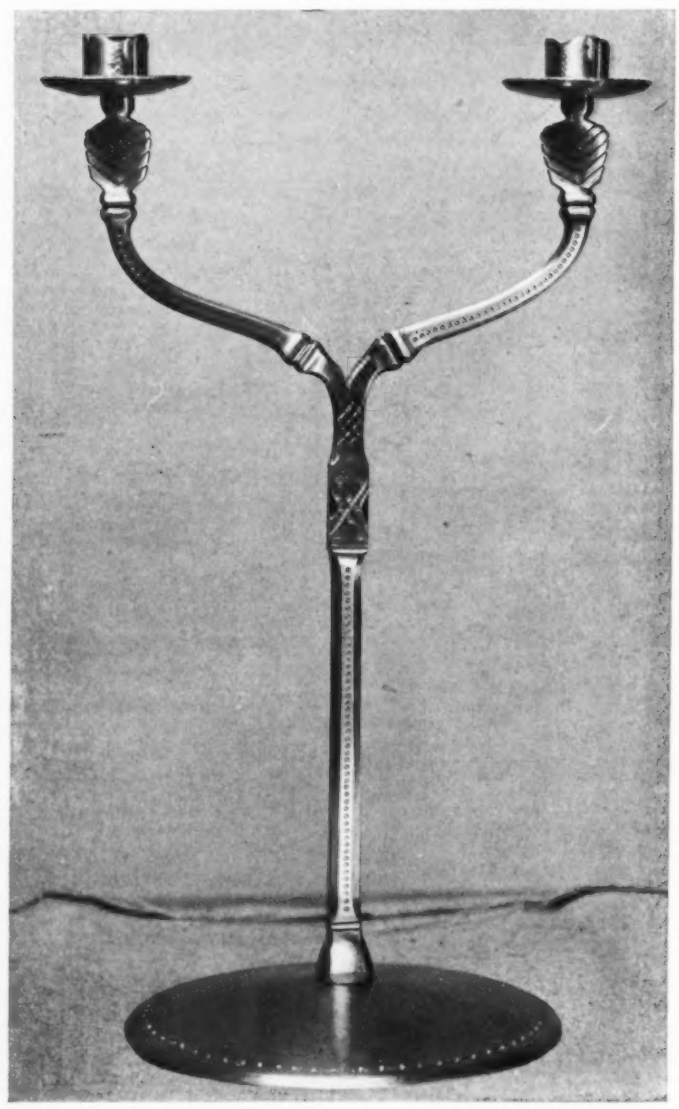
Altar Candlestick with knops of stamped work.

Designed by Edward Spencer and forged by Walter Spencer, of the Artificers' Guild.

the character and capability of the apprentice, by the use of all sorts of power-driven machinery for shearing, tenoning, fullering, etc. In attendance upon these machines the lads are deprived of the proper ritual of approach to the mystery of the craft; while the use of the automatic blast leaves them idle spectators of the heating of the metal, the regulation of which by hand-worked bellows is, and must always be, the best possible method of getting to understand the exact degrees of temperature required in the varying processes of the work. The loss of confidence in the utility of such a system of education works both ways. Employers and parents are every year slower to avail themselves of its doubtful advantages; the employer because he can get work as cheap and as good from lads who have picked up the rudiments at the workshop without going in as apprentices, for whose further advancement he feels no responsibility; the parents, because in the general and increasing financial stringency they must perforce urge their children to enter employment which provides immediately, though in most cases but temporarily, a wage on a higher scale than that within the reach of an apprentice.

(3) *The absence of any sound Native or Local Tradition in the modern workshop.*—Nothing is more detrimental to the best interests of a craft than the absence of a strong living tradition in method and design. Permeating the atmosphere of the mediæval workshop, the natural bias to this or that shaping of the accustomed units of a craftsman's stock of ideas reproduced in the finished article all sorts of interesting and intimate reflections of the influences, æsthetic, political and religious, that surrounded him. In this manner ideas dimly apprehended and slowly germinating, born of local myth or national legend, found their way without the blighting assistance of handbooks or reference libraries into magical efflorescence under the hands of the master craftsman.

To-day "style" has taken the place of tradition, and it is "style" in the worst sense, a purely artificial thing imposed upon the craftsman from without, to satisfy the ever-varying demands of fashion, so that our progress in the handicrafts is a mere drifting up and down the ages, staying nowhere long enough for a root to strike, cut off from everything that stands for true authority and mastership, trifling with the Romanesque to-day as we trifled with "first principles" yesterday, and as we shall trifle with the Rococo to-morrow; and in the meantime how starved and ailing are our best attempts! What is our wrought iron work to-day but an apparently fortuitous aggregation of scrolls and bars, C



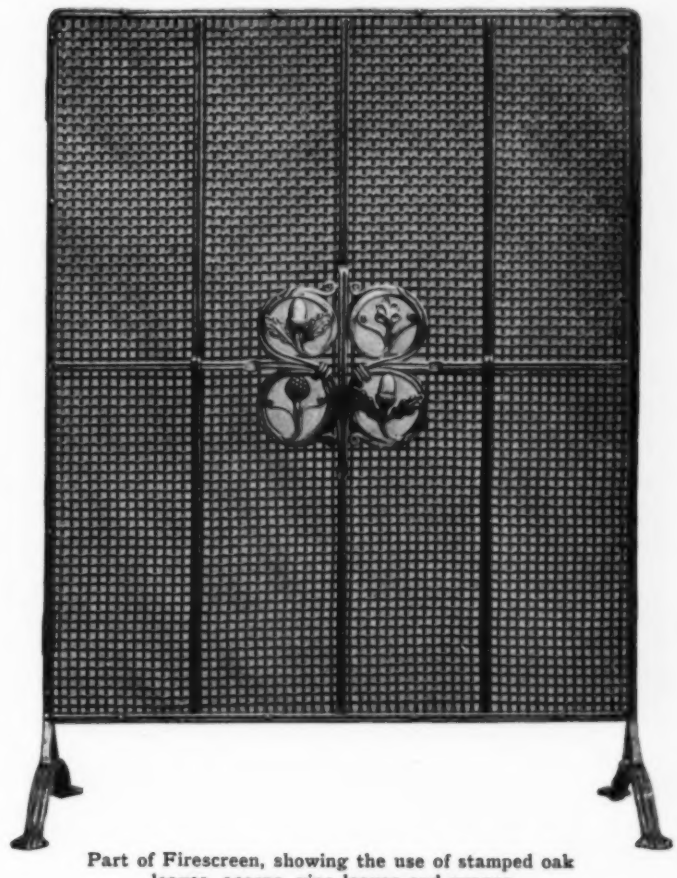
Candlestick in bright steel with filed and tooled enrichment.

Designed by Edward Spencer and forged by Walter Spencer, of the Artificers' Guild.

scrolls and S scrolls, and bars cut off in lengths, raw and scaly from the rolling mills.

To enrich our vocabulary of units: that, pending the reorganisation of industry, is the first important step in the direction of a national tradition. We are still rich in the preserved fragments of the best periods; let us carefully observe these, copying not the forms, but the *methods* employed by the old craftsmen, and when we have made ourselves masters of their methods we shall find that, instead of a few isolated expressions in a foreign tongue, we shall have at our fingers' ends a whole language of inexhaustible richness and resource ready for the masterpieces of the next generation.

The accompanying illustrations are all examples of methods that are practically a dead letter to-day, so far as the general stream of supply and demand is concerned. They were all forged by Walter Spencer, of the Artificers' Guild, who has worked with me in the preparation of this paper, and show varieties of stamped work, a revival of a thirteenth century method of which our Eleanor grille at Westminster Abbey is a famous example, interlaced work and work showing the use of ring punches with chevron and other tools used in later work, and especially familiar in the pierced candle-sconces, warming pans, and household metalwork of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.



Part of Firescreen, showing the use of stamped oak leaves, acorns, vine leaves and grapes.

Designed by Edward Spencer and forged by Walter Spencer, of the Artificers' Guild.

Books.

The following books have been published or are announced:

"Cruikshank," by W. H. Chesson (Duckworth, 2*s.*).
"Ancient Art," by Giulio Carotti (Duckworth, 5*s.*).
"The Middle Ages," by Giulio Carotti (Duckworth, 5*s.*).
"Whistler," by E. R. and J. Pennell (Heinemann, £1 16*s.*).
"A Midsummer Night's Dream." Illustrated by Arthur Rackham (Heinemann, 15*s.*).
"Modern Art," by J. Meier-Graefe (Heinemann, £2 2*s.*).
"Art in the British Isles," by Sir W. Armstrong (Heinemann, 6*s.*).
"Rip van Winkle." Illustrated by Arthur Rackham (Heinemann, 15*s.*).
"American Painting," by C. H. Caffin (Hodder and Stoughton, 10*s.* 6*d.*).
"The Tempest." Illustrated by E. Dulac (Hodder and Stoughton, £2 2*s.* and 10*s.* 6*d.*).
"Twelfth Night." Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson (Hodder and Stoughton, £2 2*s.* and 10*s.* 6*d.*).
"Hunts with Jorrocks." Illustrated by G. Denholm Armour (Hodder and Stoughton, £2 2*s.* and 10*s.* 6*d.*).
"The Tempest." Illustrated by P. Woodroffe (Chapman and Hall, 10*s.* 6*d.*).
"Dickens." 866 illustrations from the original wood blocks (Chapman and Hall, 10*s.* 6*d.*).
"Aubrey Beardsley," by Robert Ross (Lane, 3*s.* 6*d.*).
"A. St. Gaudens," by C. Lewis Hind (Lane, 12*s.* 6*d.*).
"Corot and his Friends," by Everard Meynell (Methuen, 10*s.* 6*d.*).
"Rubens," by Edward Dillon (Methuen, 25*s.*).
"Florentine Sculptors," by Dr. Bode (Methuen, 12*s.* 6*d.*).
"Ghirlandaio," by G. S. Davies (Methuen, 10*s.* 6*d.*).
"Drawings of Alfred Stevens" (Newnes, 7*s.* 6*d.*).
"Drawings of Rembrandt" (Newnes, 7*s.* 6*d.*).
"French Prints," by Ralph Nevill (Macmillan).
"Engraved Work of Turner," by W. G. Rawlinson (Macmillan, vol. i., 20*s.*).
"William Morris," by Alfred Noyes (Macmillan, 2*s.*).
"Sheffield Plate," by H. N. Veitch (Bell, 25*s.*).
"Arts and Crafts in the Middle Ages," by J. de W. Addison (Bell, 7*s.* 6*d.*).
"The Plate Collector's Guide," by P. Macquoid (Murray, 6*s.*).
"Venice: the Decadence," by P. Molmenti (Murray, Part iii., 2 vols. 21*s.*).
"Baldassare Castiglione," by Julia Cartwright (Murray, 2 vols. 30*s.*).
"The Shores of the Adriatic," by F. Hamilton Jackson, R.B.A. (Murray, 21*s.*).
Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "History of Painting": under revision by Langton Douglas (Murray, vol. iii., 21*s.*).
"Water-colour Painting," by H. M. Cundall (Murray, 21*s.*).
"Indian Sculpture and Painting," by E. B. Havell (Murray, £3 3*s.*).
"The Glasgow School of Painters," by G. Baldwin Brown (Maclehose, £5 5*s.*).
"The Science of Picture Making," by C. J. Holmes (Chatto and Windus).

"Stories of the Flemish and Dutch Artists" (Chatto and Windus, 7*s.* 6*d.*).
"Stories of the English Artists from Van Dyck to Turner" (Chatto and Windus, 7*s.* 6*d.*).
"Fairyland," by Holme Lee (Chatto and Windus, 5*s.*).
"William Callow," by H. M. Cundall (Black, 7*s.* 6*d.*).
"John Pettie, R.A.," by Martin Hardie (Black, 20*s.*).
"Michelangelo," by Emile Gebhart (Goupil, £20).
"Painting in the Far East," by Laurence Binyon (Arnold, 21*s.*).
"The Mistress Art," by Reginald Blomfield, A.R.A. (Arnold, 5*s.*).
"La Peinture," by L. Hourticq (Laurens, Paris, 10 fr.).
"Allgemeines Lexikon." Vol. 2 (Engelmann, Leipzig, 32*s.*).
"Old Lace," by Mrs. Lowes (Unwin, 5*s.*).
"Old Miniatures," by J. J. Foster (Unwin, 10*s.* 6*d.*).
"Oriental China," by J. F. Blacker (Unwin, 5*s.*).
"The Nun Ensign." Illustrated by D. Vierge (Unwin, 7*s.* 6*d.*).
"Old England," by W. S. Sparrow: illustrated by James Orrock, R.I. (Nash, 24*s.*).
"Engraving and Etching," by A. M. Hind (Constable, 18*s.*).
"Decorative Glass Processes," by A. L. Duthie (Constable, 6*s.*).
"A History of Engraving," by S. Austin (Laurie, 6*s.*).
"What is a Picture?" by G. G. Millar (Stock, 2*s.* 6*d.*).
"Mr. W. L. Wyllie's Sketch-book" (Cassell, 5*s.*).
"Recueil de Contes de Grimm" (Siegle, 1*s.* 6*d.*).
"Recueil de Contes d'Anderson" (Siegle, 1*s.* 6*d.*).
"Fairy Book," by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lang (Longmans, 6*s.*).
"Angling in Scotland," by E. E. Briggs, R.I. (Longmans, 12*s.* 6*d.*).
"Scottish Painting," by J. L. Caw (Jack, 21s.).
"The National Gallery," 100 plates in colours (Jack, 17*s.*).
"Old Norfolk Houses," by G. Birkbeck, R.B.A. (Jarrold, £1 12*s.* 6*d.*).
"L. Raven Hill" (*Punch* Office, 1*s.*).
"Italian Art," by Grant Allen (Grant Richards, 10*s.* 6*d.*).
Smith's "Catalogue Raisonné" (Sands, 9 vols. £5 5*s.*).
"Frank Short, A.R.A.," by E. F. Strange (Allen, 21*s.*).
"J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.," by Allan Fea (Virtue, 2*s.* 6*d.*).

Obituary:

Artists and Those Identified with Art.

November, 1907, to October, 1908 (inclusive).

(*Refer to General Index under Names.*)

Artist.	Died.	Artist.	Died.
Battersea, Lord	November 27	Karageorgevitch, Prince	April 2
Bischoffsheim, H. L.	March 11	Knight, J. Buxton	January 3
Busch, Wilhelm	January 9	Knowles, Sir James	February 13
Callow, William, R.W.S.	February 20	Lefevre, Paul	July
Campbell-Bannerman, Sir H.	April 22	Léon, Hermann	December
Colnaghi, Martin	June 27	McCulloch, George	December 12
Colson, J. B., F.R.I.B.A.	January 21	Mackellar, Duncan	August 13
Cooke, Bancroft	January 6	Maignan, Albert	September 29
Day, Sir John	June 13	Mann, Alexander	January 26
Detmold, C. Maurice	April 9	Mountford, E.W., F.R.I.B.A.	February 7
Devonshire, 8th Duke of	March 24	Paget, Sidney E.	January 28
Evans, Sir John	May 31	Raggi, Mario	November 26
Ferrières, Baron de.	March 16	Reid, Archibald D.	August 30
Foster, Charles Rolls	May 15	Rico, Martin	April
Fraser, E. A.	July 11	Rylands, Mrs.	February 5
Fulleylove, J., R.I.	May 22	Sparkes, J. C. L.	December 12
Goodall, E. A., R.W.S	April 16	Stacpoole, F., A.R.A.	December 19
Grant, Mary	February 20	Stanhope, J. R. Spencer	August
Grego, Joseph	January 24	Stannus, Hugh, F.R.I.B.A.	August 18
Goulu, Camille	January 13	Steinheil, A. C. E.	June 1
Henderson, Joseph	July 17	Sukhorovsky	March 16
Hodson, S. J., R.W.S.	July 5	Thumann, Paul	February 23
Hughes, Edward	May 14	Werner, Fritz	April 16



Old Cocoa-nut Oil Mill.

By E. A. Hornel.

Mr. Hornel in Ceylon.

By E. Rimbault Dibdin.

THE effect of foreign travel upon a painter's work is as a rule proportionate to his originality and power of clear seeing. Your minor artist, with a recipe or two (usually borrowed) which suffice for all his simple needs, may safely be trusted to go round the world and come back unaffected. Send him to the Italian Lakes, and he will cheerfully manufacture pictures of them indistinguishable from "bits" of Windermere and Coniston: take him to Naples or Palermo, and you will see him placidly transposing them to the key of Whitby or Pwllheli. The facts are, of course, new; but the art, such as it is, is unaltered. The real artist—he who has the rare gift of vision, and sets down nothing on canvas which he has not first seen truly, understood, and assimilated—is a quite different case. For him, new scenes and new experiences are momentous: they may make or mar him. He may find his truest inspiration, as did Gérome; or lose it, as did Wilkie.

After I had said good-bye, one dreary winter day, to my friend Hornel and his sister when they took ship for Ceylon, I went back to work, wondering what the effect might be of new experiences on an artist notable for the strength and certainty of his personal outlook. His art had matured to such unerring beauty of expression in rhythm and colour that one could not wish it altered—could not fail to be apprehensive of the possibly disturbing effect of new motives and ideas. Its very limitations—the odd way in which the repeated variations on a few themes resulted in new and surprising qualities—made for apprehension. Some men grow monotonous in ranging far and wide for subject-matter: Hornel was ever new and sparkling while composing delectable variations on a few favourite themes, such as Kirkcudbright children rolling Easter eggs beside white-thorn bushes; Kirkcudbright children playing in the spring-decked recesses of their native woods; Kirkcudbright children catching butterflies among the burnet roses on the Brighouse shore. The more intimately he knew his material, the more liberally it seemed to repay him for his intense and untiring observation. What would be the effect



Tea-planting in Ceylon.
By E. A. Hornel.

of a separation from all this, of a change to new scenes, new lighting, new atmosphere? One was reassured by remembering that a former visit to Japan had made for good; but the new change to a tropical hunting-ground was a much more emphatic change; in climate and atmosphere, if in nothing else, Japan was much nearer to Scotland.

At the London Spring Exhibitions I saw the first completed results of the expedition, and was at once reassured. In Ceylon, Hornel had seen Ceylon—not Galloway. I was even a little puzzled. It was because he had seen Ceylon so rightly, and shown me what I did not know of. For I, like others who have not seen the tropics, imagined a radiancy of colour the like of which we in the north have never seen.

Not until the summer was officially over and "chill October" was at the door was I able to keep my promise to go to Kirkcudbright to see the Ceylon sketches. Summer obligingly lingered to show to the best advantage the woods spread so picturesquely along the coast, where autumn tints had succeeded to the vanished hyacinth and hawthorn blossom, and the shores of the quiet bay where the roses no longer gemmed the turf. The stove was alight in the studio, but when we had turned over the sketches and studies the summer temperature made us prefer that other studio where the artist oftenest paints—his long garden full of strange and beautiful shrubs and flowers, which extends right down to the shore of the estuary and commands a charming view of the water and the wooded shore beyond. There, on a clematis-canopied bench just above the ripple of the tide, we sat, and he told me of his travels.

Hornel did not attempt to "do" Ceylon thoroughly. He went first to Colombo, then after visiting the pearl fisheries, where his cousin, a well-known scientific worker, is engaged, he went to Galle. Thence he travelled to Australia, his native country, before returning home. He did not paint there or in Ceylon when, going up to the tea plantations some 6,500 feet above the sea-level, he found himself suddenly back in European surroundings. "But I didn't paint there—it was of no use to me; I went out to paint Ceylon and the Cingalese. However, it was a real treat to hear once more a blackbird whistling instead of parrots eternally squalling, and to have porridge for breakfast."

It is characteristic of the man that, having set out with a definite purpose, he had regard to nothing else. That purpose was to experiment in painting from the black end of the palette instead of the white, and to exercise himself in the attendant difficulties of colour-arrangement.

So he painted the natives and studied their avocations as much as the temperature and the facilities for obtaining models permitted, and also the landscape, which seemed to him most like the interior of a vast neglected greenhouse.

The Cingalese he found a pleasant, friendly, domesticated folk—rather a slack, effeminate lot, content always to do as little as possible, living chiefly on rice. If they happen to have a very good crop they make it last two years, and neglect their fields, with the natural result that the soil gets full of vermin, which destroy the crops of the third year. Then, of course, they can only blame the Government for allowing a famine.

An old chief with whom he used to gossip said they all revered the English Government, which gave them absolutely just laws and administered them well; but they resented the overbearing, insolent behaviour of the lower sort of



Offerings to Buddha.
By E. A. Hornel.



(By permission of Louis Schwarbe, Esq.)

Cingalese Water Carriers.
By E. A. Hornel.



Preparing for the Bath.
By E. A. Hornel.

English, who treat natives as if they were dogs. However, the Cingalee is a long-suffering, negative sort of person, void apparently of superfluous energy. He has no art to speak of, though the ruined cities at Anaradnapura show evidence of a remarkable art in the distant past; his only notion of music is the banging of tom-toms, a crooning noise is his nearest approach to singing, and he never dances. A nation that doesn't dance is in Hornel's opinion past redemption. Of course, they have their devil-dancing, which, however, is not done for the fun of the thing—but as a means of curing sick people. If sickness be the result of diabolical possession, contemplation of these dances might well incite the devils to flee away.

Regarding Ceylon as a painting-ground, what struck Hornel most was its unexpectedness. He looked for radiant colour, and found a prevailing cold greyness. This is due to several causes, chief among them the absence of verdure, the fact that the trees are almost all evergreens, whose dark, glossy leaves reflect the cold light of the sky, the lack of flowers—for though there are gorgeous flowers, they are all at the tops of trees and are not in evidence—and the intensity of the light. The only colour as a rule is in the costumes, which are gay and picturesque. The children too are pretty frolicsome creatures, and as was to be expected, Hornel oftenest found his inspiration in depicting them.

This explained what I had felt rather than clearly understood when I first saw the Cingalese pictures at Burlington House, the New Gallery, and the Franco-British Exhibition. Hornel has splendidly mastered his self-set task of working with a reversed palette: the figures are perfectly seen, perfectly harmonised with their surroundings. There is all the old charm in the treatment of costumes more picturesque and more beautiful in colour than those at home, but the setting and the enveloping air and light are strange and less beautiful—or at any rate, more cold, grey and restrained. It would have been so easy to paint it otherwise, but to this painter, who is by the non-understanding accounted fantastic and unnatural, the phenomena of nature must be recorded with reverent respect. And he is right here as usual; for after one has seen all the studies and sketches that he brought back from his travels—the raw material for many beautiful pictures yet to be—the conviction is borne in on one that the new chapter in his development which they will illustrate will be one of triumphant advance. Ceylon in his hands will be a new thing in British art—indeed, in European art; for behind all that we call his mannerism Hornel now, as always, gives us the result of an unerring vision of the thing seen. It is poetic, not photographic, and the poetic eye sees ever more truly than the lens. Such activities as the people have (they are not many) are to be brought to our knowledge, as we cannot have known them before, by his pictures of the lace-makers of Galle, the tea-pluckers, the water-carriers, the tom-tom players, the worshippers making their offerings of flowers, the cocoa-nut mills, and the children bathing. Mrs. Grundy need not be afraid of



Captives.

By E. A. Hornel.



Tamil Water Carriers.

By E. A. Hornel

this last item, for garments—not always too rigidly insisted on in the tropics—must for some reason be worn at such times. The pearl fisheries alone yielded little result, because painting was made almost impossible by the heat and the smell of the oysters left on the shore to rot and be eaten by maggots as a preliminary to the collection of the pearls.

Remembering joys such as these and the eating of the dorien, a much-prized fruit which has an odour so violent that you must hold your nose to eat it (it tastes like walnuts in cream, with a dash of onion), Hornel is as glad to be back in Scotland as all his friends are to have him there. He does not see much in the drawback that his friend the old chief mentioned. He had been in England, and said he was very glad to get home, though they were kind to him, for it is a queer country. During all the time he was there he never saw a cocoa-nut tree.

F. R. Lee, R.A.

FREDERICK RICHARD LEE was, like Reynolds, a Devonian. Born at Barnstaple in 1799, he entered the army early in life, obtained a commission in the 56th Regiment, and served through a campaign in the Netherlands. As an amateur he had practised painting, and when weak health compelled him to resign his commission he substituted the brush and palette for the sword with less chagrin than might have been expected. Lee became a student of the Royal Academy in 1818, an exhibitor in 1824, ten years later was elected to associateship, in 1838 to full membership. From the first Devonshire scenery fascinated him, and in some of his landscapes, figures or cattle were introduced by his friend Sidney Cooper, while in others the artistic partnership was between him and Landseer. Years ago a writer in Blackwood affirmed that Lee "often reminds us of Gainsborough's best manner, but he is superior to him always in subject, composition, and variety." Ruskin, roused to combat, wrote more sanely of works by the artist as "well intentioned, simple, free from affectation or imitation, and evidently painted with constant reference to nature." One of Lee's Academy pictures of 1865, 'General Garibaldi's residence at Caprera,' reminds us how in his yacht he visited the Italian patriot the previous year. Lee exhibited at the R.A. for the last time in 1870, retired in 1871, and died in South Africa in 1879.

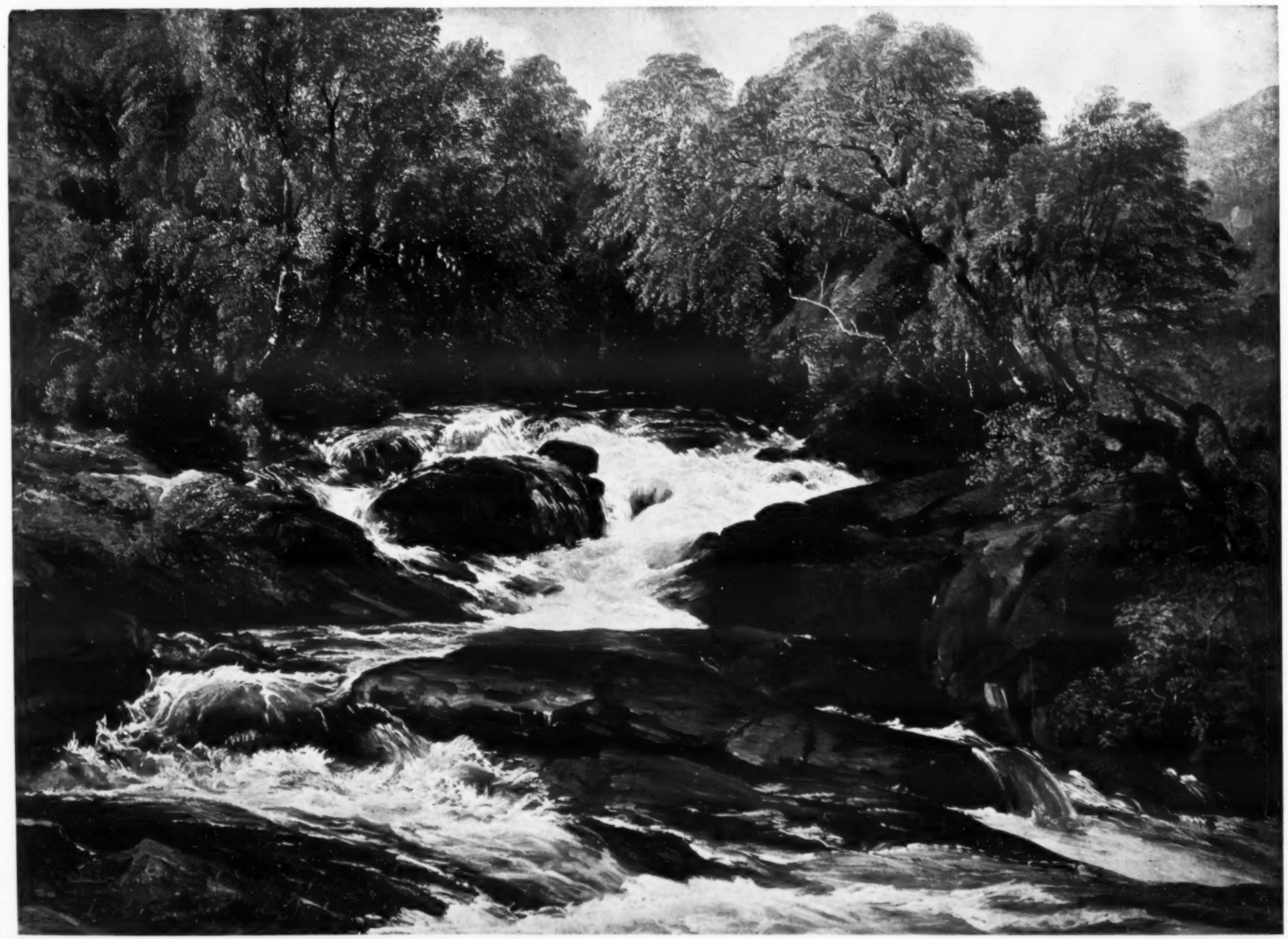
London Exhibitions.

R.W.S.	Photographic Salon.
New Gallery	Royal Photographic Society.
R.I.	Institute of Oil Painters.
Leicester Gallery . . .	Arthur Rackham.
„ „	Graham Petrie.
Baillie Gallery	Some Modern Painters.
Fine Art Society . . .	Mortimer Menpes.
„ „ „	H. C. Brewer.
R.B.A.	Black Frame Sketch Club.
Messrs. Shepherd's . . .	Early British Masters.
Ryder Gallery	Alexander Fuller Maitland.
Messrs. Connell's . . .	J. Edward Goodall.
Messrs. Goupil's	Japanese Colour Prints.
Paterson Gallery . . .	Miss C. G. McLaren.
Drapers' Hall	Stock Exchange Art Society.
New Dudley Gallery . .	Seven West Country Artists.

The Photographic Exhibitions.*—The exhibitions of the Photographic Societies were, as usual, the bridge between the emptiness of the London art world during the holidays, and its fulness when London is itself again. Fresh from the yearly pursuit of beauty, or even clarity, with Kodak or more elaborate camera, the amateur finds at the New Gallery, or in Pall Mall East, material to inspire and correct his ambitions. To the professional the exhibitions have an even greater interest, and, with so large and eager a special public, these societies could afford to be independent of the general spectator of art. The genuine critic, like the genuine public of these exhibitions, is the photographer. Yet the fine results achieved by artists who, by arrangement, selection, and the skilful handling of the product of the camera, make characteristic pictures, bring the photographic shows within the province of the critic of art.

At the Salon, or Linked Ring, especially, many exhibits have significance from the æsthetic point of view. The collection was admirably shown, in a discreet light, on brown walls which gave effect to the tones of the prints. Many of the most striking exhibits were, however, not prints, but autochrome colour photographs, including a plate by that out-and-out champion of photography, Mr. Bernard Shaw, as well as fine examples by distinguished workers, such as Baron Meyer, Mr. Langdon Coburn, Mr. Steichen, and Mr. Craig Annan. These artists, Mr. Will Cadby, M. Demachy, Mr. Steiglitz, and Mr. Clarence White—whose joint studies of the figure were noteworthy—contributed, too, a number of interesting prints. At the New Gallery only the pictorial section is within the scope of the non-professional critic. More than three hundred prints were shown in the West Room, maintaining, on the whole, an artistic as well as a technical standard of achievement. Besides these, a loan collection of over a hundred portraits of men of distinction, chiefly by photographers of art sufficient to ensure more than a mere likeness, were arranged upstairs. Among important exhibitors were the Hollyers, Mr. H. Moor, Mr. E. G. Boon, Count von Gloeden, Mr.

* "Photograms of the Year 1908" (Dawbarn and Ward, 2s.) contains reproductions of many typical photographs shown at these Exhibitions, as well as articles and illustrations referring to the work of the year.



A DEVONSHIRE STREAM.

BY F. R. LEE, R.A.

Harpur, Mr. Cavendish Morton, Mr. Furley Lewis, and Herr Rudolf Dührkoop.

The I.O.P.—It has happened in former years that the exhibitions of the Institute of Oil Painters have contained fine work by Honorary Members such as Mr. Sargent, Sir George Reid, and Sir James Guthrie. This year the exhibition lacks that aid, and suffers farther from the absence of some of the best members—Mr. Charles Sims, Mr. Hornel, Mr. Dudley Hardy, for example. These are disadvantages not to be prevented by those sharing in the exhibition. There are other disadvantages, however, for which there is no extraneous cause. Canvases of pretension, without authority of manner or matter, hang in prominent places where they have the fullest effect in discouraging the visitor in a search for art. Yet that search should not be abandoned. Pictures by Mr. Charles Ricketts, Mr. Charles Shannon, Mr. Cayley Robinson, Mr. Glyn Philpot, Miss Anna Airy, are a reward for perseverance. The West room may be passed quickly through, save for interest in Miss Airy's frank and humorous characterisation of 'Julie, Daughter of Herman Bidell,' in Mr. Gwelo Goodman's 'Jain Procession'—both, one may note, remorselessly 'skied'—in Mr. Talmage's 'Cornish Harvest,' Mr. Matthew Hale's blithe, 'In the Summer Sea,' and Mr. Wilthew's Breton interiors. Pictures by Mr. Munnings, Mr. Wetherbee, Mr. W. H. Bartlett, and Mr. Louis Ginnett are, wherever they occur, advantageous to the exhibition.

The big gallery is more prudently arranged. The centres here are of importance. Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema's 'A Golden Hour,' though not one of his flawless works, is, of course, highly accomplished. It is not pure gold, but the gold is there, in the gleaming casement, in the statuette, in the vivid red hair—almost too deftly coiffured—the smooth fair flesh. Look from it to Mr. Charles Shannon's 'The Sapphire Sea,' and one has no wish to return to this smooth dalliance with the surface of beauty. But the surface is a perfection in art. Mr. Shannon's noble design, wrought out in profound colour of the jewelled sea, in warmth and ampleness of flesh painting, is one of a small category, that of imaginative art. With it are Mr. Ricketts' 'Don Juan and the Statue,' as intellectually dramatic as Mr. Shannon's picture is intellectually sensuous, and Mr. Cayley Robinson's suavely austere 'Reminiscence.' One might almost divide among them the great triad of adjectives—simple, sensuous, and impassioned—but that would be to do no justice to the fervour under the strait simplicity of Mr. Cayley Robinson's delicate forms, the directness of Mr. Rickett's impassioned drama, the restraint of Mr. Shannon.

Mr. Aumonier's large 'Bosham Water,' a fine rendering of the influence of light from a hidden sunset, is another centre in the large gallery, and a third is Mr. Hughes-Stanton's 'Hampstead Heath,' a distinguished work, but showing less than the artist's full power to blend and differentiate the tapestry-like colours of his choice. Mr. J. S. Hill's 'Cromer,' not unlike the 'Hampstead Heath' in colour, is more eloquent of the possibilities of nearly neutral tints, and shows once more Mr. Hill's capacity for expressive paint. Other landscapes of interest are contributed by Mr. Leslie Thomson, Mr. James Henry, and Mr. Guy Broun-Morison, who steeps his small canvases in romantic colour. The delicate but dwindled Pre-Raphaelitism of Mr. Reginald Frampton, the not unskilful essays after the pattern of French masters of the nineteenth century by Miss Landau and Mr. Frank Carter, are utterances of the influence of the past. Mr. Harold Knight ventures earnestly on a big canvas, and on the big matters of sunlight and real life, in 'In Spring.' M. Garrido has the force which Mr. Knight lacks, but abuses the privilege of high spirits in such grimaces as 'Le Père Callot.' Reality is better served in Mr. Gemmell Hutchison's 'Sapphire Sea and Seagulls,' a large and vigorous group of little girls lying in sunshine above a sunny sea, and in Mr. Glyn Philpot's 'Girl at her Toilet.' This, indeed, is a picture of considerable strength, both of performance and of promise. Trenchant, reticent, reasonable, Mr. Philpot's study of the half-dressed figure is forcibly articulated. The clean, rather cold flesh-tones, the calico-white, have a kind of austerity that is tonic.

Messrs. Shepherds' Gallery.—Almost invariably, an exhibition at Messrs. Shepherds' adds to particular knowledge of the great era of British art. The present collection fulfils the hopes of the student in that respect, and offers attraction for all lovers of art. Beginning with examples of the dimly-known art of the native painters whose individuality and fame were engulfed by Van Dyck and his court-successors, the exhibition continues through the age of Reynolds and Gainsborough to the nineteenth century. Besides brightening obscure reputations such as that of Jan Horeman's the younger, a not unworthy Flemish student of Hogarth, of Robert Walker, Lemuel Abbott, Thomas Shotter Boys, whose shore-piece shows his genuine affinity with Bonington, the collection offers secure delight in an early landscape by Gainsborough, a sympathetic, candid portrait of 'Mrs. Adams,' by Raeburn, and examples of Richard Wilson, Romney, Crome, De Wint, James Ward and other masters. 'Sir John Nicholas,' by Lely, is an emulation of the great and gracious way of a Van Dyck cavalier that counts as a masterpiece of the painter. In the 'Musidora,' a smaller version of the National Gallery Gainsborough, the exhibition includes a problem. This version is composed in a rectangular space instead of in an oval, and the carnations are brighter than in the larger picture. It comes from America, whither it passed in 1888 from the collection of the Earl of Thanet. Passages in the leafy background, the "profile perdu," have beauty of handling sufficient to justify the supposition that it is a study by Gainsborough for the picture, though, as it now is, not entirely from his brush.

Other Exhibitions.—Among the many smaller exhibitions were some of interest to justify special note. Mr. Arthur Rackham's illustrations to 'A Midsummer Night Dream' at the Leicester Galleries added to his record as an inventor of frolic elves. If not deeply imbued with the great magic of Shakespeare, his elves and fairies trip it featly, and are sworn servants to the fairy way of life. Mr. John Baillie, removed from Baker Street to Bruton Street, inaugurated his new and decorative premises with a varied exhibition. A proof of a hitherto unknown Whistler etching, a likeness of Mr. Robert Barr, was an interesting exhibit. Mr. Ferguson, that convinced follower of Manet, was represented by about sixty works, including some responsively touched pastels. In a collection of pictures and drawings by modern artists were Mr. Hornel's delightful 'Balloons,' Mr. Peploe's harmonious 'Still Life,' and examples



(Messrs. Shepherd's Gallery.)

Sir John Nicholas.
By Sir Peter Lely.



(Messrs. Shepherd's Gallery.)

Mrs. Adams.
By Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.

of Monticelli, Buxton Knight, Arthur Tomson, Alexander Mann, Katherine Turner and Mr. Walter Sickert. Miss McLaren, who had a show of drawings and miniatures at Mr. Paterson's, is tender in her work, rendering with especial daintiness faces of delightful old age and the little bright faces of children. Mr. Mortimer Menpes in his etchings and drypoints showed how accomplished an artist-journalist he is. His impressions of here, there, and everywhere are deftly accentuated. At Messrs. Goupil's, Bedford Street, was a choice collection of eighteenth century Japanese colour prints, including classic examples of Utomaro, subtle Hiroshigés, and other fine, less-known things.

Passing Events.

MUCH attention has lately been paid in the Press to the advance during recent years in the beautification of London, architectural and sculptural. There can be little question that taste has improved, and that were an Alfred Stevens living to-day he would receive a far larger measure of support than was accorded to the fashioner of the Wellington Memorial. Artistic effort can be put to no finer use than that of helping to reinstate London in its old-time position of "The Floure of Cities All." In architecture we have, for instance, Mr. Norman Shaw, Mr. Belcher, Mr. Blomfield; in sculpture, Mr. Brock, Mr. Derwent Wood, Mr. Bertram Mackennal, to say nothing of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, the shadow resting on whose genius all deplore. In a vast shed on the south side of Primrose Hill Mr. Brock is at work on the Queen Victoria Memorial, which cannot be completed for four or five years yet. We cannot reconstitute mediæval London the Beautiful—it would be folly to attempt any such thing. But modern London, a London suited to vastly altered conditions, can be, is being, beautified.

ONE of the arguments raised against a Shakespeare monument is that to-day we have no great imaginative sculptor. It should be remembered, on the other hand, that, in a sense, genius waits on opportunity. The relationship between the quality and force of the public demand, and the way in which it is supplied is subtle and complex. But surely Watts was an instance of one whose capacity to do noble public work was thwarted, nor was Alfred Stevens encouraged to spread the wings of his genius.

ACCORDING to Aubrey, Shakespeare was a "handsome, well-shap't man," but no portrait exists which with absolute certainty can be said to have been painted from life. The bust in Stratford Church and the frontispiece engraved by Droeshout for the folio of 1623, are both inartistic attempts at a posthumous likeness. Perhaps the earliest portrait, and that on which Droeshout based his work, is that discovered at Peckham Rye in 1892, which three years later was presented to the Memorial Picture Gallery at Stratford. A good deal was heard not long ago



The Flower Girl.

By John Hollins, A.R.A.



Console of ebony, decorated throughout with marqueterie of metal on tortoiseshell. The mounts include lions' heads, the mask of a faun, and ornaments of bronze, cast, chased and gilt—all of exceptional beauty, both as regards boldness of relief, general completeness of modelling and finish. In the Louis Quatorze style of André Charles Boulle, but made by a skilful imitator working in the Louis Seize period.

of a portrait found at the Bridgewater Arms, Winston, a village about ten miles west of Darlington, inscribed "Æ SVÆ 24—1588." The lettering is in raised brass, as in several other cases. Is it likely that at twenty-four Shakespeare would have his portrait painted in this fashion?

THE large group of eight figures in the Pinakothek in Munich given in the old catalogues to Frans Hals is no longer accepted as his. Munich, however, possesses one superb example, the small portrait of Willem Croes, purchased from Herr von Stock, of Haarlem, in 1896 for 85,000 marks.

NOT only Berlin but every other German town of importance with a picture gallery is eager to make acquisitions. The Pinakothek in Munich has in recent years acquired from a private collection in that city two superb single figures by that aristocratic painter and master of exquisite finish, Gerard Terborch. They are a small full-length portrait of a man in a high black hat, with white collar and cuffs, and that of a woman, also in black, relieved only by white. There are no accessories, but the dignified, stately figures emerge triumphantly from their dark backgrounds. The woman's portrait is dated 1642, which was after Terborch's visit to London, but before he settled in Munster, where he painted our National Gallery masterpiece, 'The Peace of Munster,' that wonderful group of ambassadors, diplomatists, church dignitaries, and lawyers, gathered



Clock of bronze, cast, chased and gilt. According to the tradition, it was presented to Louis XV. by the City of Metz after his dangerous illness in that city in 1744. The style is, however, the so-called Louis Seize in its phase between 1770–1775. The youthful monarch here represented as guided and admonished by Minerva is probably not Louis XV. but Louis XVI. The clock is probably meant to symbolize the auspicious dawn of his reign. French school, second half of the eighteenth century.



Cabinet in marqueterie of various natural and stained woods, decorated with large plaques of Sèvres porcelain, painted with flowers on a white ground, with borders of green. The mounts are of gilt bronze, cast and chased. By Martin Carlin. Style and period of Louis Seize.

together from the different courts of Europe to discuss the intricate questions involved in that Treaty. This is one of many canvases that have greatly benefited by Sir Charles Holroyd's judicious re-hanging.

IN connection with the new gallery at the Vatican, where a special room has been set apart for Raphael's four canvases, 'The Transfiguration,' 'The Madonna of Foligno,' 'The Coronation of the Virgin,' and 'The Laying in the Tomb,' it is interesting to remember Turner's opinion of 'The Transfiguration' as expressed in the "Galerie des Tableaux au Vatican," 1845, one of the relics which have been recently lent to the Tate Gallery for a period of about ten years. Turner illustrates by a pencil sketch his words :—

> I had the good fortune to behold this august picture in a good light. It unquestionably is one of the finest pictures in the world. All the copies are below it. Those by Julio Romano the best. That by Harlow clever, but without the depth of the original. The demon (?) figure on the left, said to have been finished by Romano, has never been exceeded in power, and also the three opposite figures. Would not the picture be better if the foreground had been left dark or the middle distance left powerful, particularly of the corner as you face the picture?

THE illustrations of furniture and objects of art on these pages are taken from photographs of pieces in the Wallace collection.

IN the summer of 1906 there appeared at Christie's a panel, 39 in. by 60 in., catalogued as 'Nymphs on the banks of a river,' by Giorgione. Bidding started at 10 gs. or so, but one or two connoisseurs recognized the importance of the work, which finally brought 920 gs. When the dirt and discoloured varnish had been removed it was seen to be a splendid Palma Vecchio, painted in emulation of Giorgione's 'Fête Champêtre.' Many connoisseurs



Candelabra of gilt bronze, cast and chased, showing Loves uplifting large stems of lilies. Vases and covers of green artificial quartz in the form of a tripod. The bowls and covers are mounted in gilt bronze, cast and chased. The supports terminate with rams' heads, wreathed with festoons of grape vine; at the bases are seated infant Satyrs. Small candelabra of lapis-lazuli quartz, and bronze, cast, chased, and gilt. Ascribed to Gouthière. Vase clock of green oeil-de-perdrix Sèvres porcelain, with a stand and mounts of bronze, cast, chased, and gilt—in the manner of Gouthière. The clock by Le Montjoye, of Paris. From the Collection of the Duc de Morny.

All the above ornaments are in the Louis Seize style.

hoped it would be bought for the National Gallery, in which is no such Palma. Instead, however, the picture has gone to the Staedelsches Institute, Frankfurt. The Director, Dr. Swarzenski, has put forward the plausible theory that in this voluptuously conceived work the young Palma represents the wooing of Calisto by Jupiter in the guise of Diana, as described in the Second Book of Ovid. Details of the rich landscape setting are said closely to correspond to Ovid's word-picture.

MR. HAROLD KNIGHT'S talent continues to attract the attention of Colonial galleries. His large 'Grace,' catalogued at £400, at the Society of Oil Painters goes to join 'The Blue Gown,' by Mr. George Henry, in the Capetown Gallery. In 1905 Mr. Knight's 'Cup of Tea' went from the Academy to Adelaide.

THE Parisian firm of Piazza, who so admirably reproduced in colours Whistler's 'My Mother,' 'Carlyle,' and 'Miss Alexander,' have prepared for Messrs. Connell 200 colour-prints of Mr. D. Y. Cameron's 'Dark Angers.' The impressive original was at the Society of Oil Painters in 1903, and is now in the Manchester Art Gallery. The popularity of such colour-prints is world-wide. The examples by Fritz Thaulow, whose colour-printed etchings started the vogue, have for some time stood at substantial premiums.



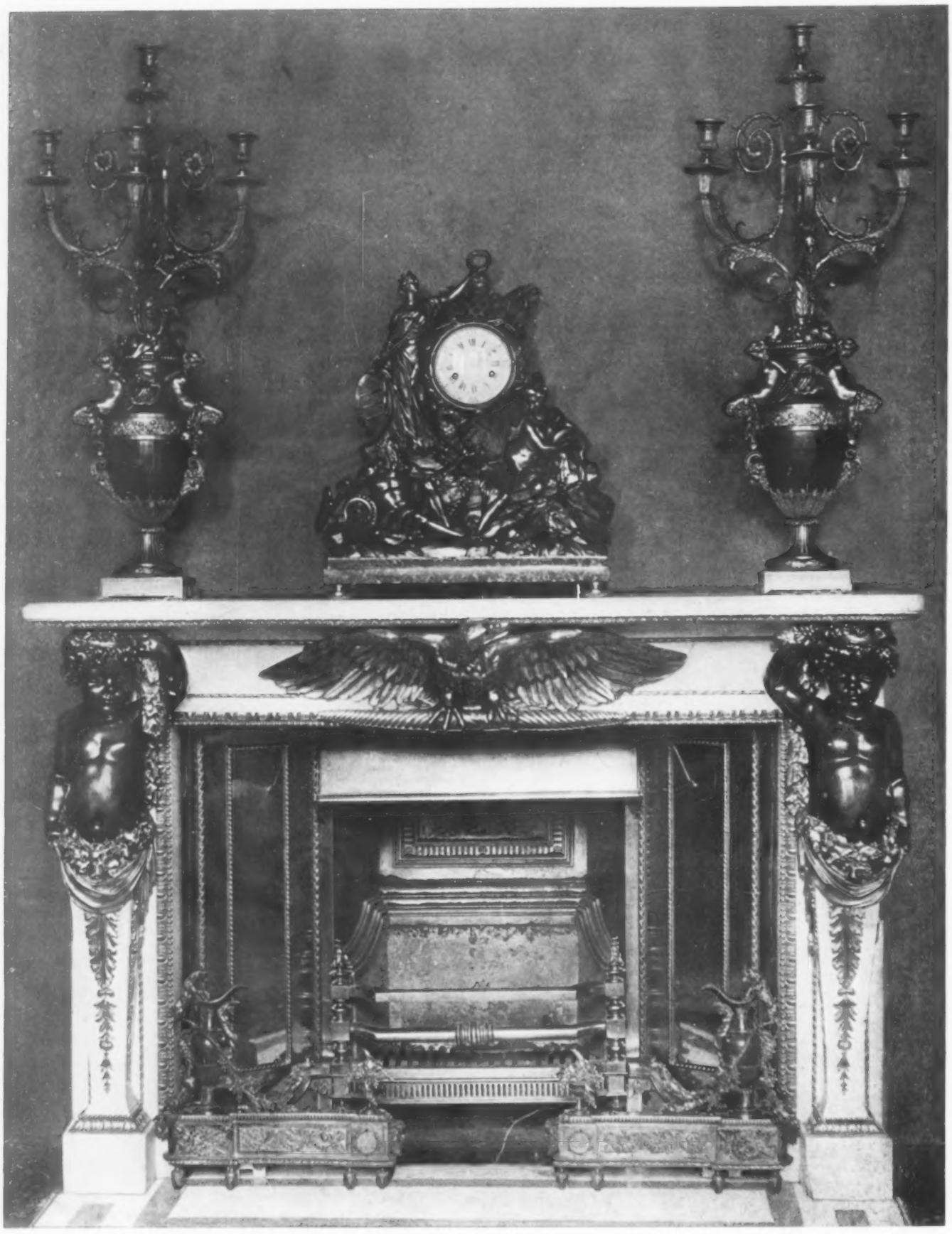
Commode of ebony, decorated throughout with panels of Japanese lacquer. Signed J. Dubois. The elaborate mounts, ornaments and supports are of gilt bronze, cast and chased, or moulu. This piece, which has the shape of a coffer or chest, has been described as the Coffre de Mariage de Marie Antoinette. Made in the last years of the reign of Louis Quinze, in the so-called Louis Seize style.



Large table of satin and other woods with mounts and ornaments of bronze, cast, chased and gilt, the main feature of the decoration being rich festoons of oak leaves and acorns. The style approaches that of J. Dubois. (Period of Louis Seize.)



Large bureau in marqueterie of various woods with mounts and ornaments in gilt bronze, cast and chased. Ordered by Stanislas Leczinski, King of Poland. Once among the possessions of the Crown of France.
Signed by Riesener and dated 20th February, 1769.



Candelabra formed of vases of dark bronze, with branches, statuettes and mounts of bronze, cast, chased and gilt. A prominent motive in the decoration is the Imperial Eagle of Austria, which occurs frequently in works executed for Queen Marie Antoinette. The handles are formed by figures of goat-footed female Satyrs, beneath which are masks of male Satyrs. Ascribed to Boizot and Feuchères. Style and period of Louis Seize. Clock by Gouthière; of bronze, cast, elaborately chased and gilt, some portions of the surface being in dull and others in polished gold. Traditionally it is supposed to represent in an allegorical group of figures the junction of the rivers Rhône and Saone, and to have been presented by the Municipality of Lyons to the Duc de Mortemar, Governor of that city. The clock is signed " Delunésy à Paris."

1908, CHRISTMAS. 60 ILLUSTRATIONS. PRICE 2/6 NET.

SEYMOUR LUCAS

(ROYAL ACADEMICIAN)

By ALLAN FEA.

PUBLIC LIBRARY CITY OF DETROIT.



CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF

THE ART JOURNAL



MONK

LONDON VIRTUE & CO.

CHEAPEST SEA TRIP IN THE WORLD!

Messrs. ELDER, DEMPSTER & CO. are issuing Return Tickets for **£15,** available by their Wednesday Steamers, and **£18** by their Saturday Steamers, to **MADEIRA** and the **CANARY ISLANDS** (which means 3,000 miles of travel), including a fortnight's board and residence at the Hotel Metropole, Grand Canary. As the sea trip is a week each way, this trip covers about 30 days of delightful holiday.

Send for Illustrated Pamphlet giving full particulars.

ELDER, DEMPSTER & CO.,

Head Office: COLONIAL HOUSE, LIVERPOOL.

MANCHESTER, LONDON, BRISTOL, CARDIFF, &c.

ACCIDENTS

of all kinds,
and all . . .

ILLNESS

INSURED AGAINST BY THE

Railway Passengers Assurance Co.

ESTABLISHED 1849.

Also RAILWAY ACCIDENTS,
EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY,
BURGLARY,
and FIDELITY GUARANTEE.

Funds in hand, over £560,000
Capital fully subscribed ... £1,000,000

CLAIMS PAID, over £5,600,000.

South African Branch: Chief Office, 6, Church Square, Cape Town.
Canadian Branch: Chief Office, Continental Life Building, Bay Street, Toronto.

64, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

A. VIAN, *Secretary.*

WYLIE'S CORN CURE.

Painless, Effectual, Safe, Speedy.

D. N. WYLIE, Chemist, 1, College Street, Edinburgh.

THIS NEW DISCOVERY is free from Caustic or Irritant to the Skin. Obviates the necessity for cutting. May be used with the tightest boot. Leaves the skin soft and smooth as in the natural state.

Price 1s. per bottle; Post, 1d. extra.

"This forms a rapid and painless Solvent for CORNS and WARTS."—*Lancet and British Medical Journal.*

No. 4, St. Andrew St., EDINBURGH, *24th May*, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—Kindly send me five more bottles of your *"Corn Cure,"* which is now in great demand with my friends. I have suffered much from Corns on the soles of my feet—the result of too much walking—and have tried many remedies, but I am pleased to be able to tell you that yours alone has been effectual. I was fairly crippled for years, but now find walking a pleasure, thanks to your admirable prescription. You are at liberty to use this Testimonial as you feel disposed.—Yours faithfully, A. T. HUTCHINSON.

42, Marchmont Road, EDINBURGH.

I have pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of your *"Corn Cure."*—JOHN STEWART



MODELLING.

. THE IDEAL .
Home Occupation or Amusement.

HARBUTT'S
PLASTICINE

In 5 Beautiful Colours—requires no water in using—it is Clean and Ever Plastic.

ALFRED DRURY, A.R.A., says: "I don't see how it is possible for sculptors to be without it."
ED. LANTERI, R.C.A., S.K., says: "I find your Plasticine excellent."

SAMPLES and Full Particulars FREE.

WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A., 9, Bathampton, Bath.

Used by Doctors and the Public for over Half-a-Century.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's
Chlorodyne

The ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE.

The Best Remedy known for
COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

Acts like a charm in
DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA and DYSENTERY.

Admitted by the Profession to be the Most Valuable Remedy ever discovered.

The only Palliative in
NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, GOUT, RHEUMATISM.

Effectually cuts short all attacks of
SPASMS.

CHLORODYNE is taken in drops, graduated according to the malady. The doses are small, so that the bottle is not soon exhausted, but remains ready to meet emergencies. No more reliable and generally useful medicine can be kept at hand. It is agreeable to take, pleasant in action, and has no bad after-effects.

Avoid disappointment, insist on having Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne.

Convincing Medical Testimony accompanies each Bottle.

Of all Chemists, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6.



The Art Journal London Virtue &c



Painted by J. Seymour Lucas R.A.

Etched by C. O. Murray R.E.

From the Field of Sedgemoor.

(By permission of C. W. Faulder)



A Roundelay.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1907).

J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.

By Allan Fea.

HOW frequently it happens that a vivid and brilliant story is marred by the introduction of illustrations which, clever as they may be, do not harmonise with our conception of the characters and scenes described. Much rather would we have nothing in the way of pictorial embellishment than that the impressions conveyed to the imagination should be obliterated. We feel annoyed at their obtrusion and lack of sympathy with the subject, whatever it may be.

One may liken this incompatibility between author and artist to, let us say, the ill-treatment of historical subjects by uncontemporary artists. A painter takes upon himself the responsibility of depicting scenes which have really happened and, perhaps through no lack of study and labour, only succeeds in producing a picture which at the first glance strikes one as being theatrical and unreal. Nothing can convince us that the figures or their surroundings are the people that lived and the places that existed. The result may be picturesque, effective, pathetic, dramatic—what you will, but not the *truth*. We have to go but little further than a generation back to find the most glaring inaccuracies in the work of the painter of history and historical genre, as striking in some instances as the Shakesperian costumes of Macready's time.

In the present day of analysis and research, accuracy is all-important. But the historical painter requires something more than accuracy. He must have a keen knowledge and insight into human character, and beyond everything the rare gift of instilling life into his figures, not by mere and often over-strained action, but by subtle expression and suggestion. In art as in literature the value of unobtrusive suggestion to the imagination cannot be over-estimated: therein is that mysterious vitality that instils a sense of actuality. And thus with these essential qualities of the historical picture are we carried back centuries as if by magic, and stand face to face with men and women, observing their actions, not as



The Favourite, 1566.

(By permission of F. Pennington, Esq.)

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1882).

a dumb show, but as something substantial and real. They are there as pictured in our imagination, and consequently endowed with life.

In this particular gift of penetrating the pages of the past and producing scenes which not only sparkle with vitality but are convincing in their truth, no one has the skill of that deservedly popular artist, Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A. Were he asked the secret of the realism of his pictures, he would attribute it probably to careful study, but those who have the privilege of his acquaintance or friendship would add that enthusiasm for his art goes a long way in winning him his well-merited success.

The scene eventually to be put on canvas, once in his vivid imagination, he has the power to convey it to others by impressive and graphic description which only a strongly-marked personality could convey. Thus the gruesome picture in this year's Academy Exhibition, 'Silenced' (p. 4), was painted in words to the writer of this paper long before the subject was ever pencilled out. One could see that prostrate figure, the incriminating secret dying with him, while the assassins creep silently through the arras—see the whole scene, in all its picturesque suggestiveness and masterly



Town Gallants.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1891).



(By permission of W. J. Richardson, Esq., J.P.)

The Nimble Galliard.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1901).



Silenced.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1908).

chiaroscuro, as if the completed picture stood before one's eyes.

Scarcely less dramatic was the more ambitious work representing Wolsey's Bible bonfire in the City (p. 31). The artist's skill in depicting character in this fine composition is no less apparent than the sterling quality of his brushwork. Compare the excited face of the fanatic Bishop Fisher, who supplies the sacred fuel, with the determined, hard-set features of the seated cardinal. The faces of the nobles and ecclesiastical dignitaries also—each one, youthful or aged, is a study to ponder over. Nothing is over-acted or unduly emphasised. We can see the seething mass of spectators and the lofty towers of the Cathedral through the volumes of smoke, far better by suggestion than by hard monotonous detail.

Again, in 'The clouds that gather round the setting sun' (plate facing p. 4), we have the powerful prelate in the stately walks of the famous riverside palace which he built; but in all his magnificence the presage of his fall is suggested with clever subtlety. Like the late John Pettie, R.A., Mr. Lucas is never happier than when occasion throws a cardinal in his way. And surely scarlet robes never appeared more pleasing to the eye—the predominant note in the



(By permission of Mrs. Knowles.)

Charles I. before Gloucester, 1643.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1881).

"The King having summoned the town of Gloucester to surrender . . . . there returned two citizens (Major Pudsey and one Toby Jordan) from the town, with lean, pale, and ugly visages, and in garbs so strange and unusual, that at once gave mirth to the most severe countenances and sadness to the most cheerful hearts; who concluded that such ambassadors could bring no less than a defiance."—CLARENDON.



THE CLOUDS THAT GATHER ROUND THE SETTING SUN.

By J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.



Lieut.-Colonel Clifford Probyn, V.D., Sheriff, City of London.

(By permission of Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi.)

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1899).



The Hon. Mr. Justice Swinfen-Eady.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1902).



Intercepted Despatches.

(By permission of the Rt. Hon. Lord Swaythling.)

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1877).

melody, superbly brilliant, but softened by a hundred harmonies.

'The Favourite,' of Good Queen Bess, if likewise clothed in red would have made an admirable Mephisto; but white, the emblem of innocence, far better suits the crafty and ambitious statesman! (p. 2). One's interest is focussed on the face, the melancholy lines of which conjure up the unhappy and mysterious end of poor Amy Robsart in that gloomy old hall in Berkshire.

The worldly cunning lurking in the face of the sombre figure of Louis XI. (p. 6), from whom with natural instinct the cottage child recoils, appeals with equal force to the imagination, and the genius of the late Sir Henry Irving could not have revealed more clearly and forcibly the cruel, restless, superstitious nature of the wily old king. This and other of the works of Seymour Lucas recall the realism of Velazquez, and if we go back we shall find that the works of the famous Spanish court painter have in a great measure influenced his style. He has studied the master with enthusiasm, and as a result of that enthusiasm his brush appears to be endowed with the vitality and realism that characterise Velazquez's work.

More ambitious perhaps than 'Louis XI.' were 'Peter the Great at Deptford' (p. 23), and the Merry Monarch



(By permission of Mrs. Withall.)

Louis XI.

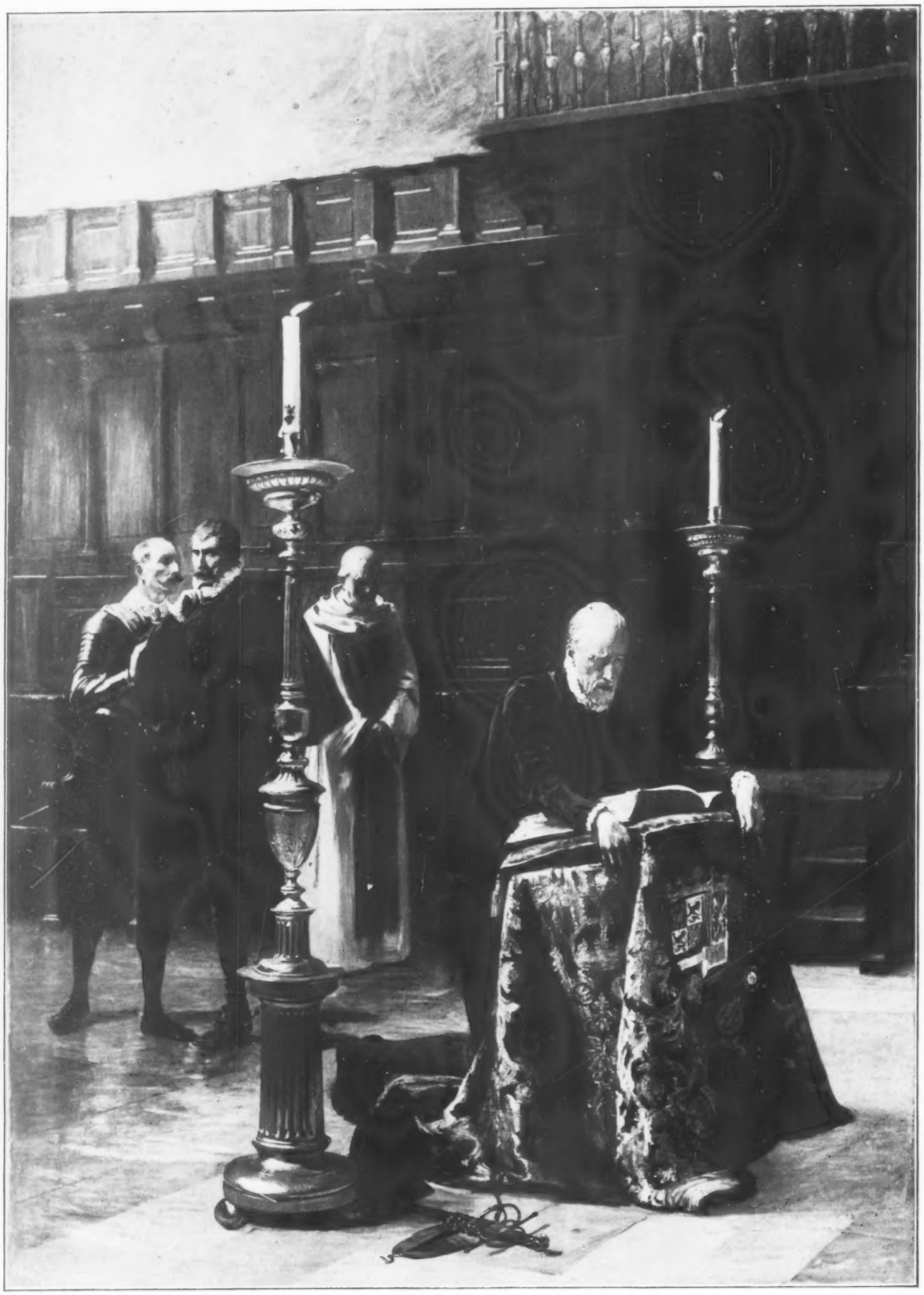
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1890).

"Souvent il lui arrivait d'aller seul dans les rues, d'entrer chez un simple citoyen, chez un artisan, et de s'asseoir à sa table si c'était l'heure du repas."—DUMESNIL.



'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more.'

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1900).



(By permission of Mrs. Withall.)

1588: News of the Spanish Armada.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1893).

"It affected Philip so much that he shut himself up in the Escurial and no one dared to speak to him."—FROUDE.

inspecting Sir Christopher Wren's plan of St. Paul's (p. 28). The portraits are as faithfully rendered as any by the inimitable miniaturist Samuel Cooper. The industrious despot and the good-natured libertine are no mere accessories to a costume-picture, but real people stepped out of the history book. In an interesting lecture the artist has told us what it means to produce a picture such as these and the minute attention that has to be given to the smallest detail.

Looking back further, who can forget that tragic volley of shot levelled at the seething mob in 'The Gordon Riots,' recalling one of the dramatic scenes in *Barnaby Rudge* (p. 29)? There is about it that blood-curdling feeling of realism that thrills when in Sardou's tragedy, *La Tosca*, the lover falls upon his face with a dozen bullets in his body.

In comparison, 'A Whip for Van Tromp' (p. 26)—the big-wigs of the Admiralty of Pepys' time in thoughtful discussion over the model of a ship—comes as a delicate touch of high-class comedy. There is no mistaking the face of the gossipy diarist or his noble patron, the Earl of Sandwich, the latter as comfortably plump as we see him at Hampton Court or the National Portrait Gallery; but alas! the poor Earl was soon to meet his fate in the engagement with the Dutch off the Suffolk coast.

Better known than these is perhaps Drake's game of bowls played when the Armada was in sight (p. 27), though two later Armada pictures—'The Surrender' and 'The Call to Arms' (p. 27)—have finer quality of colour and composition. The former represents the Spanish commander, Don Pedro de Valdez, delivering his sword to Drake on board the *Revenge*. Speed tells us how the Spaniard, finding himself pursued by the dreaded English bull-dog, upon whom on all occasions Mars and Neptune bore attendance, thought it advisable to give up the game there and then, like the accommodating rook perched upon a tall tree, who asked the crack-shot not to shoot; he would come down. 'The Call to Arms,' inspired by Macaulay's "Armada," is a stirring scene on Plymouth Quay, the aged sheriff, bonnet in hand, reading the proclamation. This is a fine specimen of the artist's



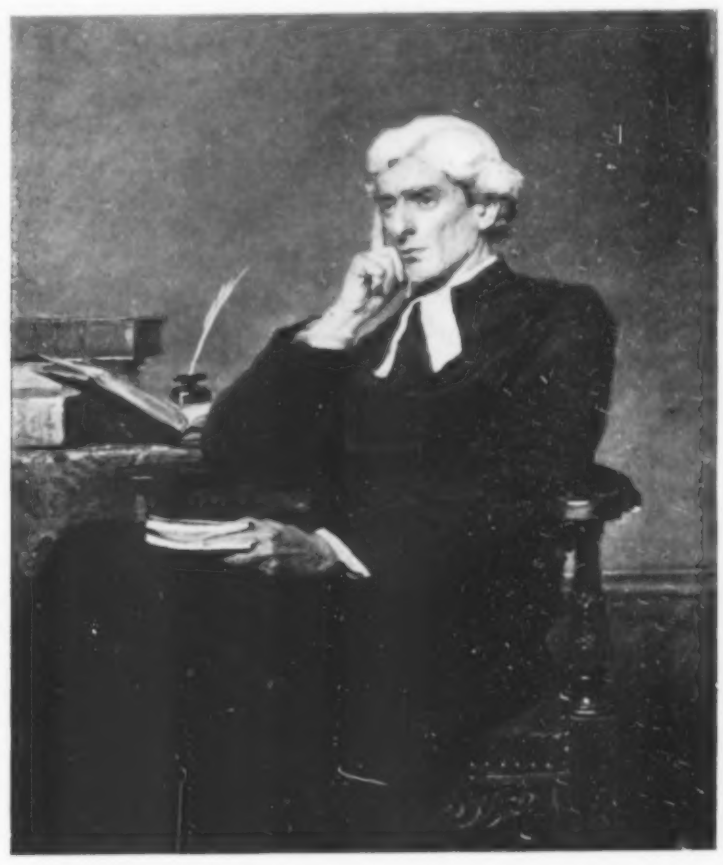
Lady Blois.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1905).



Alfred F. Bird, Esq.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1905).



William Gunion Rutherford, LL.D., Headmaster of Westminster, 1883–1901.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1903).



William Knowles, Esq.

(By permission of Mrs. Knowles.)

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (exhibited 1886).

power as a colourist. Conspicuous in the foreground lies a goodly haul of fish fresh from the sea, sparkling with prismatic colours and as wet and slippery as ever fish appeared upon canvas, for to be accurate the painter purchased the load fresh from a fishing-smack and painted it on the spot.

'Rebel-hunting after Culloden,' now in the Tate Gallery, is deservedly one of the artist's most popular pictures, not only for the story it tells, but for its powerful execution. One's sympathy is rather with the typical north-country blacksmiths than the secreted Jacobite; for though the Royalist captain in command of the search party looks quite insignificant compared with these muscular men, the law is on his side, and an act of sympathy or compassion means nothing less than high treason. The name of Seymour Lucas will always recall his famous smithy shop and that realistic glowing horse-shoe on the anvil.

'From the Field of Sedgemoor' (frontispiece) is equally happy, though decidedly pathetic in subject. One of Monmouth's staunch peasant adherents, after fighting desperately, has dragged himself for shelter into a rustic cottage just as the enemy is marching through the village. It needs not the eloquence of Macaulay to aid one to hear that dreaded solemn tramp of marching men which makes the heart of the girl by the door stand still lest her lover be discovered, and fall a victim. Maybe when the cruel Jeffreys comes down from London on his gory "crusade" that poor Somersetshire lass will plead in vain. Though the names of this man and many other brave yokels who suffered for the Protestant cause are lost in oblivion they are nevertheless heroes, and compare favourably with the notorious woman who gave information which led to the capture of "the King of Taunton." An entry among the secret-service expenses of James II. runs as follows: "To Amy Farant, bounty £50 for giving notice to Lord Lumley where the Duke of Monmouth lay concealed, whereby he was apprehended"—a poor reward when one remembers how she and her descendants were held in abhorrence in Hants and Dorset.

For some years past Mr. Lucas has not dealt with dramatic episodes from the seventeenth century. The Civil War at one time afforded him many excellent subjects, which he handled in a strikingly animated and picturesque manner. Though he himself looks back in rather a disparaging way upon his early Cavalier and Roundhead creations, they are so imbued with the restless exciting spirit of the time, and possess such a convincing truthfulness, that those who remember them must regret that he does not occasionally revert again to those troublous times. Where else is to be found the swaggering swashbuckler or the crop-eared Puritan so exactly as one imagines them to have been but in one of Mr. Lucas's pictures?

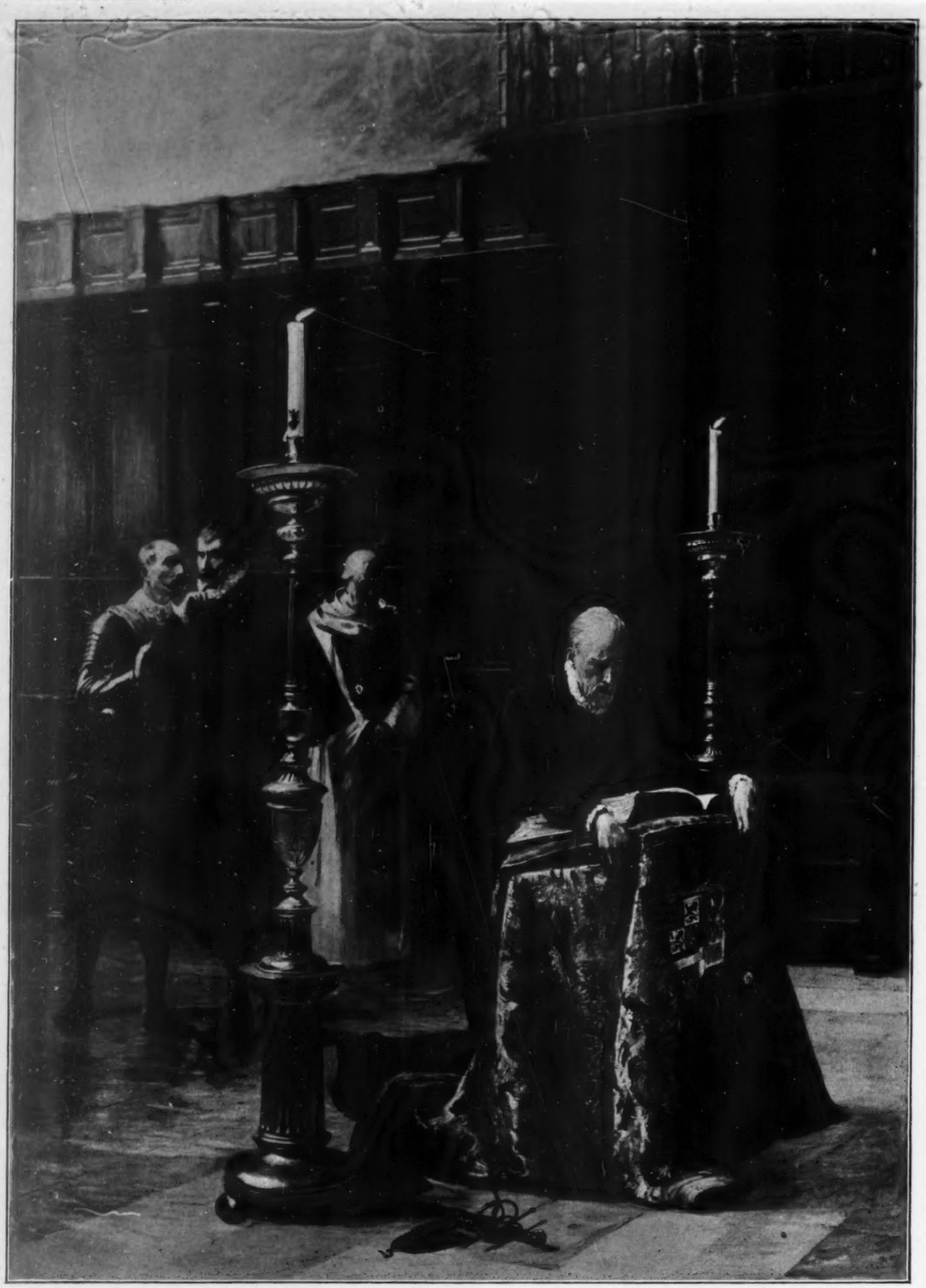
The delightful romances of Scott are vividly recalled. Scenes from *Woodstock* and *Peveril of the Peak* flash to the memory when we have the living Roger Wildrake or Major Bridgenorth before our eyes—impersonations doubtless not intended for these characters, but intuitively impressed upon the painter's mind by the genius of Sir Walter, in the same way that the vigour of Velazquez unconsciously finds expression in his brush. In 'For the King and Cause' (p. 29), 'Charles I. before Gloucester' (p. 4), 'An Ambuscade, Edgehill' (p. 32), and 'Intercepted Despatches' (p. 6), there is a realism and sincerity strikingly at variance with the wishy-washy Cavalier picture of the old school. The first of these is picturesque and pathetic. A wounded Cavalier, homeward borne from the battlefield of Edgehill or Naseby, is expiring upon the way. He lies in a litter *in extremis*, the little party of Royalists, his companions, having set their burden down to summon aid from a mansion they



The Keeper of the King's Conscience.

(By permission of Mrs. Withall.)

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1900).



(By permission of Mrs. Withall.)

1588: News of the Spanish Armada.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1893).

"It affected Philip so much that he shut himself up in the Escurial and no one dared to speak to him."—FROUDE.

inspecting Sir Christopher Wren's plan of St. Paul's (p. 28). The portraits are as faithfully rendered as any by the inimitable miniaturist Samuel Cooper. The industrious despot and the good-natured libertine are no mere accessories to a costume-picture, but real people stepped out of the history book. In an interesting lecture the artist has told us what it means to produce a picture such as these and the minute attention that has to be given to the smallest detail.

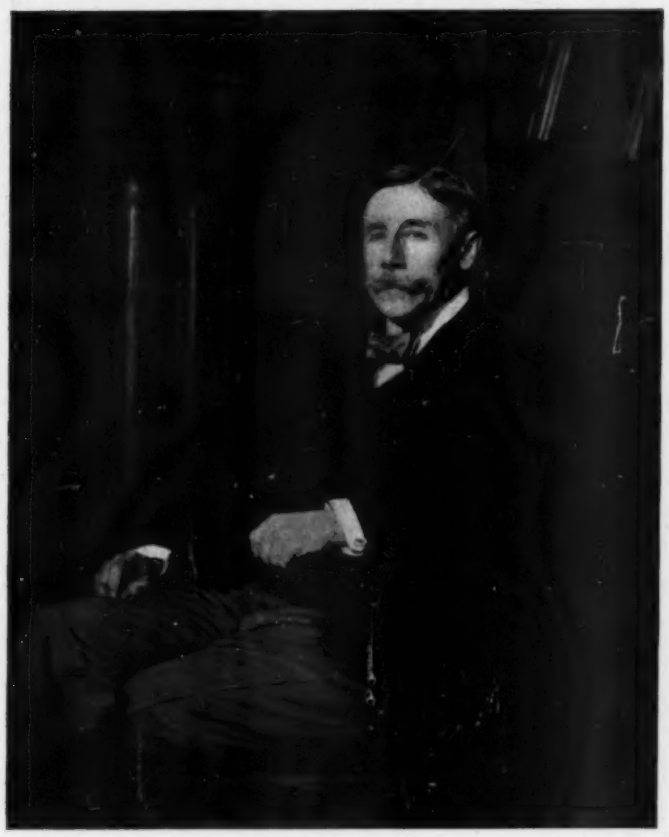
Looking back further, who can forget that tragic volley of shot levelled at the seething mob in 'The Gordon Riots,' recalling one of the dramatic scenes in *Barnaby Rudge* (p. 29)? There is about it that blood-curdling feeling of realism that thrills when in Sardou's tragedy, *La Tosca*, the lover falls upon his face with a dozen bullets in his body.

In comparison, 'A Whip for Van Tromp' (p. 26)—the big-wigs of the Admiralty of Pepys' time in thoughtful discussion over the model of a ship—comes as a delicate touch of high-class comedy. There is no mistaking the face of the gossipy diarist or his noble patron, the Earl of Sandwich, the latter as comfortably plump as we see him at Hampton Court or the National Portrait Gallery; but alas! the poor Earl was soon to meet his fate in the engagement with the Dutch off the Suffolk coast.

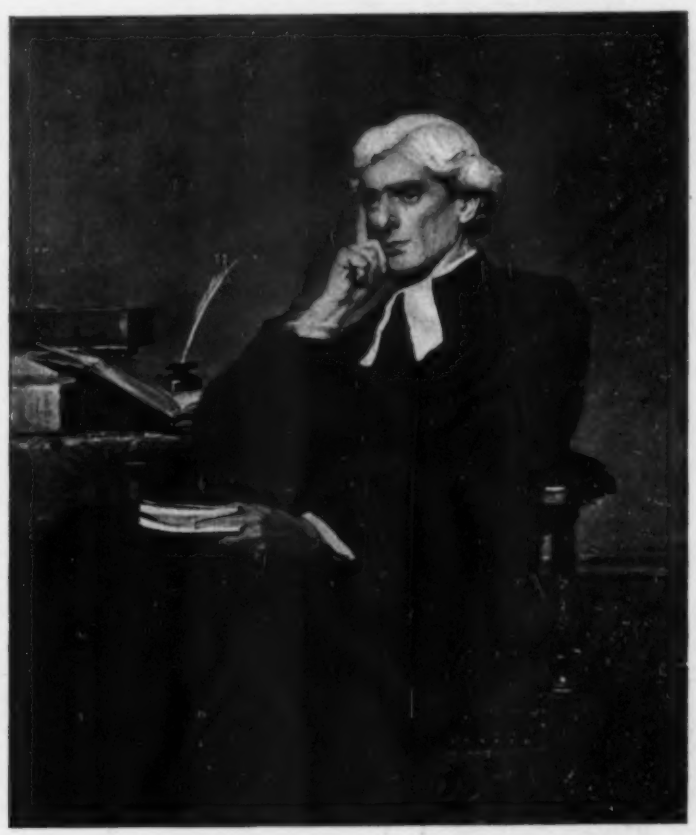
Better known than these is perhaps Drake's game of bowls played when the Armada was in sight (p. 27), though two later Armada pictures—'The Surrender' and 'The Call to Arms' (p. 27)—have finer quality of colour and composition. The former represents the Spanish commander, Don Pedro de Valdez, delivering his sword to Drake on board the *Revenge*. Speed tells us how the Spaniard, finding himself pursued by the dreaded English bull-dog, upon whom on all occasions Mars and Neptune bore attendance, thought it advisable to give up the game there and then, like the accommodating rook perched upon a tall tree, who asked the crack-shot not to shoot; he would come down. 'The Call to Arms,' inspired by Macaulay's "Armada," is a stirring scene on Plymouth Quay, the aged sheriff, bonnet in hand, reading the proclamation. This is a fine specimen of the artist's



Lady Blois.
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1905).



Alfred F. Bird, Esq.
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1905).



William Gunion Rutherford, LL.D., Headmaster of Westminster, 1883-1901.
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1903).



(By permission of Mrs. Knowles.)

William Knowles, Esq.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (exhibited 1886).

power as a colourist. Conspicuous in the foreground lies a goodly haul of fish fresh from the sea, sparkling with prismatic colours and as wet and slippery as ever fish appeared upon canvas, for to be accurate the painter purchased the load fresh from a fishing-smack and painted it on the spot.

'Rebel-hunting after Culloden,' now in the Tate Gallery, is deservedly one of the artist's most popular pictures, not only for the story it tells, but for its powerful execution. One's sympathy is rather with the typical north-country blacksmiths than the secreted Jacobite; for though the Royalist captain in command of the search party looks quite insignificant compared with these muscular men, the law is on his side, and an act of sympathy or compassion means nothing less than high treason. The name of Seymour Lucas will always recall his famous smithy shop and that realistic glowing horse-shoe on the anvil.

'From the Field of Sedgemoor' (frontispiece) is equally happy, though decidedly pathetic in subject. One of Monmouth's staunch peasant adherents, after fighting desperately, has dragged himself for shelter into a rustic cottage just as the enemy is marching through the village. It needs not the eloquence of Macaulay to aid one to hear that dreaded solemn tramp of marching men which makes the heart of the girl by the door stand still lest her lover be discovered, and fall a victim. Maybe when the cruel Jeffreys comes down from London on his gory "crusade" that poor Somersetshire lass will plead in vain. Though the names of this man and many other brave yokels who suffered for the Protestant cause are lost in oblivion they are nevertheless heroes, and compare favourably with the notorious woman who gave information which led to the capture of "the King of Taunton." An entry among the secret-service expenses of James II. runs as follows: "To Amy Farant, bounty £50 for giving notice to Lord Lumley where the Duke of Monmouth lay concealed, whereby he was apprehended"—a poor reward when one remembers how she and her descendants were held in abhorrence in Hants and Dorset.

For some years past Mr. Lucas has not dealt with dramatic episodes from the seventeenth century. The Civil War at one time afforded him many excellent subjects, which he handled in a strikingly animated and picturesque manner. Though he himself looks back in rather a disparaging way upon his early Cavalier and Roundhead creations, they are so imbued with the restless exciting spirit of the time, and possess such a convincing truthfulness, that those who remember them must regret that he does not occasionally revert again to those troublous times. Where else is to be found the swaggering swashbuckler or the crop-eared Puritan so exactly as one imagines them to have been but in one of Mr. Lucas's pictures?

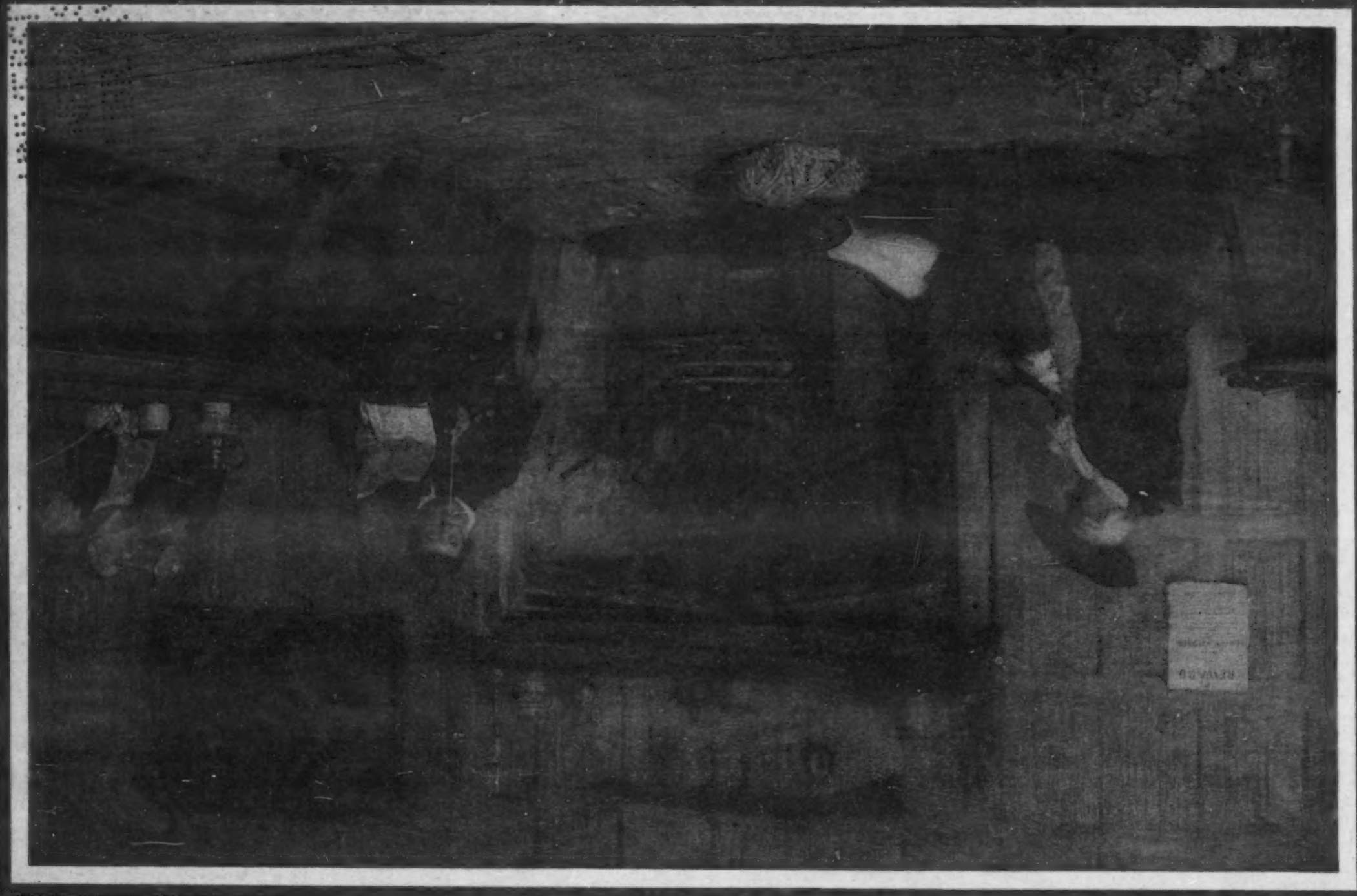
The delightful romances of Scott are vividly recalled. Scenes from *Woodstock* and *Peveril of the Peak* flash to the memory when we have the living Roger Wildrake or Major Bridgenorth before our eyes—impersonations doubtless not intended for these characters, but intuitively impressed upon the painter's mind by the genius of Sir Walter, in the same way that the vigour of Velazquez unconsciously finds expression in his brush. In 'For the King and Cause' (p. 29), 'Charles I. before Gloucester' (p. 4), 'An Ambuscade, Edgehill' (p. 32), and 'Intercepted Despatches' (p. 6), there is a realism and sincerity strikingly at variance with the wishy-washy Cavalier picture of the old school. The first of these is picturesque and pathetic. A wounded Cavalier, homeward borne from the battlefield of Edgehill or Naseby, is expiring upon the way. He lies in a litter *in extremis*, the little party of Royalists, his companions, having set their burden down to summon aid from a mansion they



(By permission of Mrs. Withall.)

The Keeper of the King's Conscience.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1900).





William Knowles, Esq.

By permission of Mrs. Knowles.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. exhibited 1886.

when one remembers how she and her descendants were held in abhorrence in Hants and Dorset.

For some years past Mr. Lucas has not dealt with dramatic episodes from the seventeenth century. The Civil War at one time afforded him many excellent subjects, which he handled in a strikingly animated and picturesque manner. Though he himself looks back in rather a disparaging way upon his early Cavalier and Roundhead creations, they are so imbued with the restless exciting spirit of the time, and possess such a convincing truthfulness, that those who remember them must regret that he does not occasionally revert again to those troublous times. Where else is to be found the swaggering swashbuckler or the crop-eared Puritan so exactly as one imagines them to have been but in one of Mr. Lucas's pictures?

The delightful romances of Scott are vividly recalled. Scenes from *Woodstock* and *Peveril of the Peak* flash to the memory when we have the living Roger Wildrake or Major Bridgenorth before our eyes—impersonations doubtless not intended for these characters, but intuitively impressed upon the painter's mind by the genius of Sir Walter, in the same way that the vigour of Velazquez unconsciously finds expression in his brush. In 'For the King and Cause' (p. 29), 'Charles I. before Gloucester' (p. 4), 'An Ambuscade, Edgehill' (p. 32), and 'Intercepted Despatches' (p. 6), there is a realism and sincerity strikingly at variance with the wishy-washy Cavalier picture of the old school. The first of these is picturesque and pathetic. A wounded Cavalier, homeward borne from the battlefield of Edgehill or Naseby, is expiring upon the way. He lies in a litter *in extremis*, the little party of Royalists, his companions, having set their burden down to summon aid from a mansion they



The Keeper of the King's Conscience.

(By permission of Mrs. Withall.)

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. 1900.

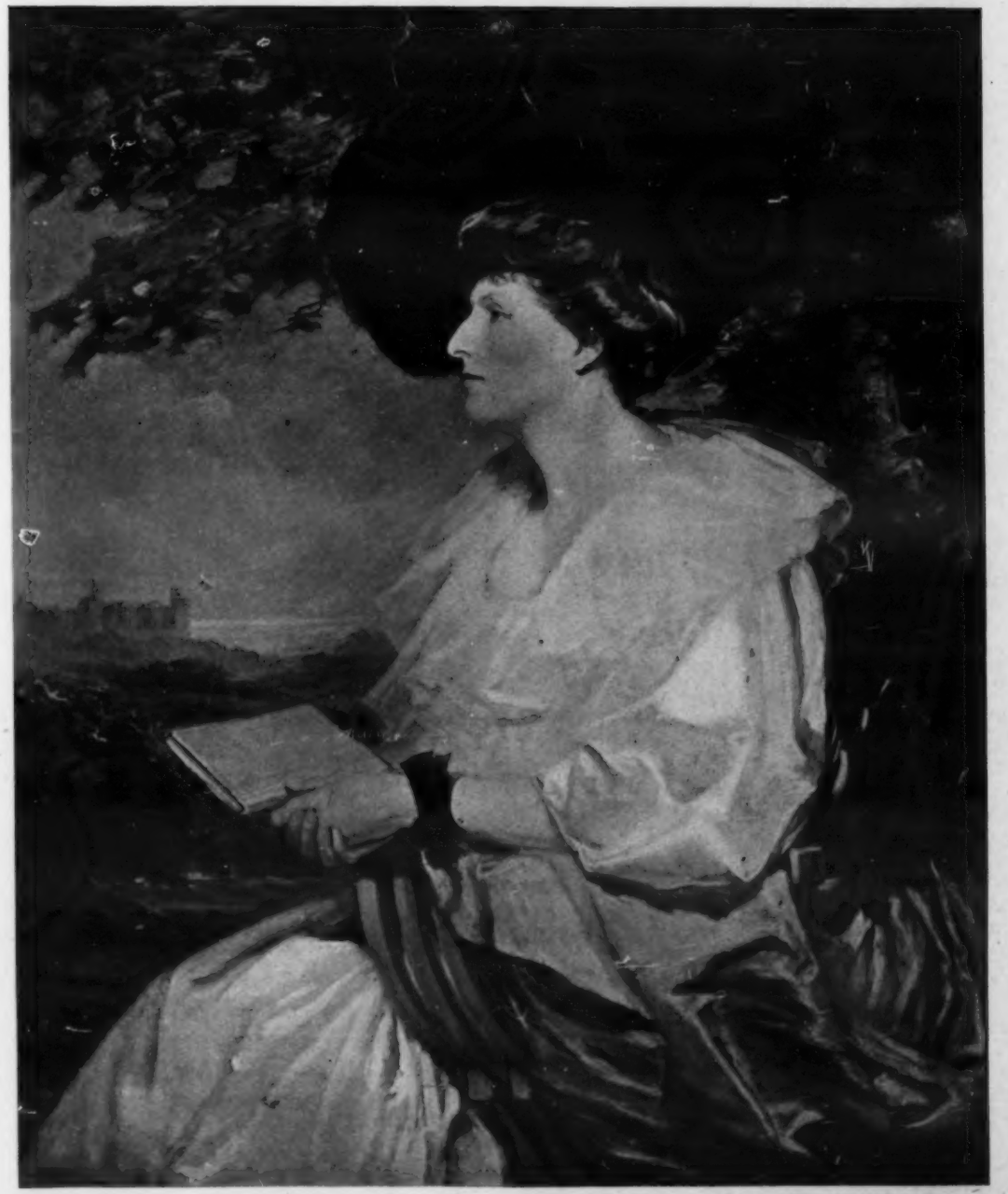


A SUSPICIOUS GUEST AT THE "EMERALD"

BY J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.



Mrs. Graham Harris.
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1906).



(By permission of Morgan S. Williams, Esq.)

The Hon. Mrs. Godfrey Williams.
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1904).



(By permission of Mrs. Withall. From the Etching by V. Lhuillier.)

A Tale of Edgehill.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A (1883).

are passing on the road. But the stately entrance gate, silhouetted against the mellow glow of the evening sky, remains closed—let us hope only while the rusty bolts are being drawn aside by some kindly hand; perhaps even the lovely daughter of some stern Cromwellian magnate will issue forth as a ministering angel? We are left in uncertainty and suspense, and imagination paints the sequel; consequently, how much finer than if the story had been completed, and the succour we had hoped for, visible.

In 'Charles I. before Gloucester' (p. 4) we see the weak but high-minded monarch in the council chamber surrounded by his lords. The city is in no mood to surrender. The herald of the enemy announces two sour-visaged citizens (Toby Jordan and Major Pudsey), who come to make conditions. The black-gowned Independent minister stands upright and scornful, while his thick-set colleague in breast-plate and buff jerkin and capacious leggings, holds forth with eloquence and that nasal twang that has been handed down through generations in a modified form to our American cousins. In the old Elizabethan manor house of the Selwyns at Matson, where the king lodged during the siege, may still be seen the initials of the young princes, Charles and James, carved upon the oaken framework of a window.

'An Ambuscade, Edgehill' (p. 32), is a side-light of the first pitched battle of the Civil War, and if this picture cannot be compared in point of technique with the artist's



(By permission of Messrs. A. & F. Pears.)

A Lively Measure.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1902).



(By gracious permission of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.)

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in German Uniform.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1908).



The King's Messenger.

(By permission of Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons.) By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1897).



Mrs. J. Walter.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1895).

With a Fal-la-la.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1903).

later works, it at least has a "go" about it peculiarly adapted to the subject. A mud-bespattered party of Royalists are cautiously passing along the road in the vicinity of Kineton or Radway, when fire suddenly opens upon them from an unsuspected hedge. A strapping fellow in the rear falls, while the foremost figure clutches his sword and, with the reckless spirit of the impetuous Prince Rupert himself, is about to explore that treacherous screen of greenery, when his senior companion, more versed in the ways of war, seizes his wrist with a grip that means discretion is the better part of valour.



The Latest Scandal.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1887).

In 'Intercepted Despatches' (p. 6) it is the Cavaliers who have laid in ambush and seized a suspected Cromwellian messenger, and having bound him hand and foot, unceremoniously explore the suspected padding of his saddle. The greediness with which they peruse the important document brought to light, only tends to emphasize the mute rage of the prisoner. Reversing the order of things, the incident perhaps was inspired by the story related by the chaplain of Lord Orrery, that a letter passing from King Charles to his queen was intercepted by Cromwell, it is said in person. From a spy the Protector had learned that upon a certain day, and at such and such an hour, a man would arrive and take horse at the "Blue Boar Inn" in Holborn for Dover. A letter from the King would be



(By permission of the Fine Art Society, publishers of the Etching by P. A. Massé.)

Eloped.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.



Finis.

(By permission of T. Foster Knowles, Esq.) By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1904).

found sewn within the lining of his saddle, and that letter would reveal the writer's duplicity in simultaneously courting the Army and the Scotch Presbyterians. Cromwell and Ireton are supposed to have disguised themselves as troopers, waylaid the messenger, and obtained possession of the letter before his very eyes, but without his knowledge that his saddle even contained anything more compromising than straw!

There is an Ainsworthian dash of romance in 'Eloped' (p. 15) that recalls the charm of the old school of historical novel. The cloaked and booted Cavalier is not an effeminate rake of the Rochester type, nor a *blasé* profligate like Buckingham, but a jolly, happy-go-lucky sort of gallant of the Claude Duval type, who sees the fun of the situation when mine host of the wayside inn is put to his wits' end to provide suitable accommodation for such distinguished guests. The hooded lady seated by the ingle-nook by her unhappy expression reminds one of the abducted heiress, Mistress Malet, but after all there was little of romance about that *affaire du cœur*, for the would-be husband was ignominiously captured, though truly he eventually was rewarded with the lady's hand.

Then we have the braggadocio Cavalier 'Drawing the Long-bow' (p. 19) to an attentive if unbelieving listener—the more genuine narrator in 'A Tale of Edgehill,' and many smaller pictures of Royalists of rubicund complexion and convivial habits, ever ready to toast the king in a bumper and consign "old Noll" to the lower regions. Where can one encounter such typical Cavaliers as 'The King's Messenger' (p. 14) or 'As dry as a Limekiln'?

'Fleeced' takes us to the Georgian period and tells its story pat. The cold light of dawn reveals the solitary figure of the ruined gambler. The sharpers have departed, leaving their victim to face his fate when the fumes of wine have left his mind more clear. From the cheating card upon the floor one's attention reverts to the nimble mouse who nibbles at the fallen candle. We hold our breath lest we should disturb the prevailing silence.

'A Suspicious Guest at the Mermaid' (plate facing p. 10), 'Scandal' (p. 15), and 'Debt and Danger' belong also to the eighteenth century. The first of these is a delightful bit of comedy. The sleeping "gentleman of the road" is blissfully unconscious of the notice on the wall for his apprehension. The landlord, who eyes him askance between the deep-drawn puffs from his churchwarden, like the sailor's parrot, doesn't say much but thinks a great deal. He is certainly one of the artist's cleverest character-studies and undoubtedly the most humorous. In 'Scandal' we are inside that famous old hostelry, "The Cheshire Cheese," where some boon companions are very mirthful at the expense of a dandy who has the day before received a sword-thrust in his arm, which he carries in a sling. His honour may be satisfied, but he looks far from happy at being the butt of the speaker's witticism, and were it not beneath his dignity his haughty companion, with well-displayed coat-tails, would demand another early meeting on his own behalf. 'Debt and Danger' represents a spendthrift "blood" anxiously looking down from an upper window of his town house into the street below, where some unwelcome visitor is only too uncomfortably visible.

To show how versatile is the artist's skill and as a contrast to the above, one has but to recall the fine fresco in the Royal Exchange, 'William the Conquerer Granting a Charter to the Citizens of London' (p. 30); 'Reception by H.M. King Edward VII. of the Moorish Ambassador' (p. 21), painted by royal command; Philip II. receiving the 'News of the Spanish Armada' (p. 8); 'Waiting for the Duke of Guise,' of which 'Silenced' might well be the sequel; and 'The Keeper of the King's Conscience' (p. 10), a powerful study of a seated cleric whose reflections are as uneasy



Sir Francis Laking, Bart., G.C.V.O., Physician-in-Ordinary to H.M. the King.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1908).





Finis.

(By permission of T. Foster Knowles, Esq.) By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1904).

found sewn within the lining of his saddle, and that letter would reveal the writer's duplicity in simultaneously courting the Army and the Scotch Presbyterians. Cromwell and Ireton are supposed to have disguised themselves as troopers, waylaid the messenger, and obtained possession of the letter before his very eyes, but without his knowledge that his saddle even contained anything more compromising than straw!

There is an Ainsworthian dash of romance in 'Eloped' (p. 15) that recalls the charm of the old school of historical novel. The cloaked and booted Cavalier is not an effeminate rake of the Rochester type, nor a *blasé* profligate like Buckingham, but a jolly, happy-go-lucky sort of gallant of the Claude Duval type, who sees the fun of the situation when mine host of the wayside inn is put to his wits' end to provide suitable accommodation for such distinguished guests. The hooded lady seated by the ingle-nook by her unhappy expression reminds one of the abducted heiress, Mistress Malet, but after all there was little of romance about that *affaire du cœur*, for the would-be husband was ignominiously captured, though truly he eventually was rewarded with the lady's hand.

Then we have the braggadocio Cavalier 'Drawing the Long-bow' (p. 19) to an attentive if unbelieving listener—the more genuine narrator in 'A Tale of Edgehill,' and many smaller pictures of Royalists of rubicund complexion and convivial habits, ever ready to toast the king in a bumper and consign "old Noll" to the lower regions. Where can one encounter such typical Cavaliers as 'The King's Messenger' (p. 14) or 'As dry as a Limekiln'?

'Fleeced' takes us to the Georgian period and tells its story pat. The cold light of dawn reveals the solitary figure of the ruined gambler. The sharpers have departed, leaving their victim to face his fate when the fumes of wine have left his mind more clear. From the cheating card upon the floor one's attention reverts to the nimble mouse who nibbles at the fallen candle. We hold our breath lest we should disturb the prevailing silence.

'A Suspicious Guest at the Mermaid' (plate facing p. 10), 'Scandal' (p. 15), and 'Debt and Danger' belong also to the eighteenth century. The first of these is a delightful bit of comedy. The sleeping "gentleman of the road" is blissfully unconscious of the notice on the wall for his apprehension. The landlord, who eyes him askance between the deep-drawn puffs from his churchwarden, like the sailor's parrot, doesn't say much but thinks a great deal. He is certainly one of the artist's cleverest character-studies and undoubtedly the most humorous. In 'Scandal' we are inside that famous old hostelry, "The Cheshire Cheese," where some boon companions are very mirthful at the expense of a dandy who has the day before received a sword-thrust in his arm, which he carries in a sling. His honour may be satisfied, but he looks far from happy at being the butt of the speaker's witticism, and were it not beneath his dignity his haughty companion, with well-displayed coat-tails, would demand another early meeting on his own behalf. 'Debt and Danger' represents a spendthrift "blood" anxiously looking down from an upper window of his town house into the street below, where some unwelcome visitor is only too uncomfortably visible.

To show how versatile is the artist's skill and as a contrast to the above, one has but to recall the fine fresco in the Royal Exchange, 'William the Conquerer Granting a Charter to the Citizens of London' (p. 30); 'Reception by H.M. King Edward VII. of the Moorish Ambassador' (p. 21), painted by royal command; Philip II. receiving the 'News of the Spanish Armada' (p. 8); 'Waiting for the Duke of Guise,' of which 'Silenced' might well be the sequel; and 'The Keeper of the King's Conscience' (p. 10), a powerful study of a seated cleric whose reflections are as uneas-



Sir Francis Laking, Bart., G.C.V.O., Physician-in-Ordinary to H.M. the King.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1908).



By permission of C. Morland Agnew, Esq.

"PHYLLIS IS MY ONLY JOY."

BY J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

as the flickering reflection of the fire upon his face. Nor must we forget those excellent illustrations in black-and-white to S. R. Crockett's story, *The Grey Man*.

Delicate grace and touch is noticeable in some of the smaller works exhibited of recent years by Mr. Seymour Lucas, reminding one of some of the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century. That the inspiration has come from Terborch is unmistakable—musical subjects mostly, quaint interiors full of rich colouring, elaborate detail, and broad contrast of light and shade. The musicians in these pictures perform upon instruments that must fill the collector of valuable objects of vertu with envy. Where do those superb specimens of viol, cello, lute and spinet come from? The gorgeous coffer-shaped virginal in the gem 'The Interval' (p. 22) is said to have belonged to no less a celebrity than Nell Gwynne, though perhaps it may be doubtful whether the witty actress was ever so accomplished as to play upon it. Compare the three musicians in 'A Lively Measure' (p. 12), who are playing for all they are worth, to 'Finis' (p. 16), in which a single figure in black holds his bow with the listless touch of one who has made his instrument speak eloquently. It is well known how critical are performers accustomed to Strad or Guarnerius when their favourite specimens are represented upon canvas; but with the artist they would have a difficulty to find the smallest bone to pick, much less with the correct and sympathetic handling of the treasured instruments.

'The Nimble Galliard' (p. 3), 'Phyllis is my only Joy' (plate facing p. 16), 'A Roundelay' (p. 1), 'God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen' (p. 22), are other examples of these pleasing and gracefully-grouped subjects.

From the point of view of the art critic, portraits may rank higher than subjects of historical genre; be this as it may, it is for those better qualified to judge to express a decided opinion in that matter. In this department of his art Mr. Lucas has proved by his annual contributions to the Academy that he is a master hand; but vigorous and life-like as are his portraits, one cannot get away from the feeling that half the artist's gift and personality is lost in depicting more or less



The Hon. Mrs. Home Drummond Moray.
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1908).



Mrs. Massey Beaumont.
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1907).



The Amateur.
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1899).



(Copyright, Virtue & Co.)

Old Airs.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.



(By permission of the Corporation of the City of London.)

Flirtation.

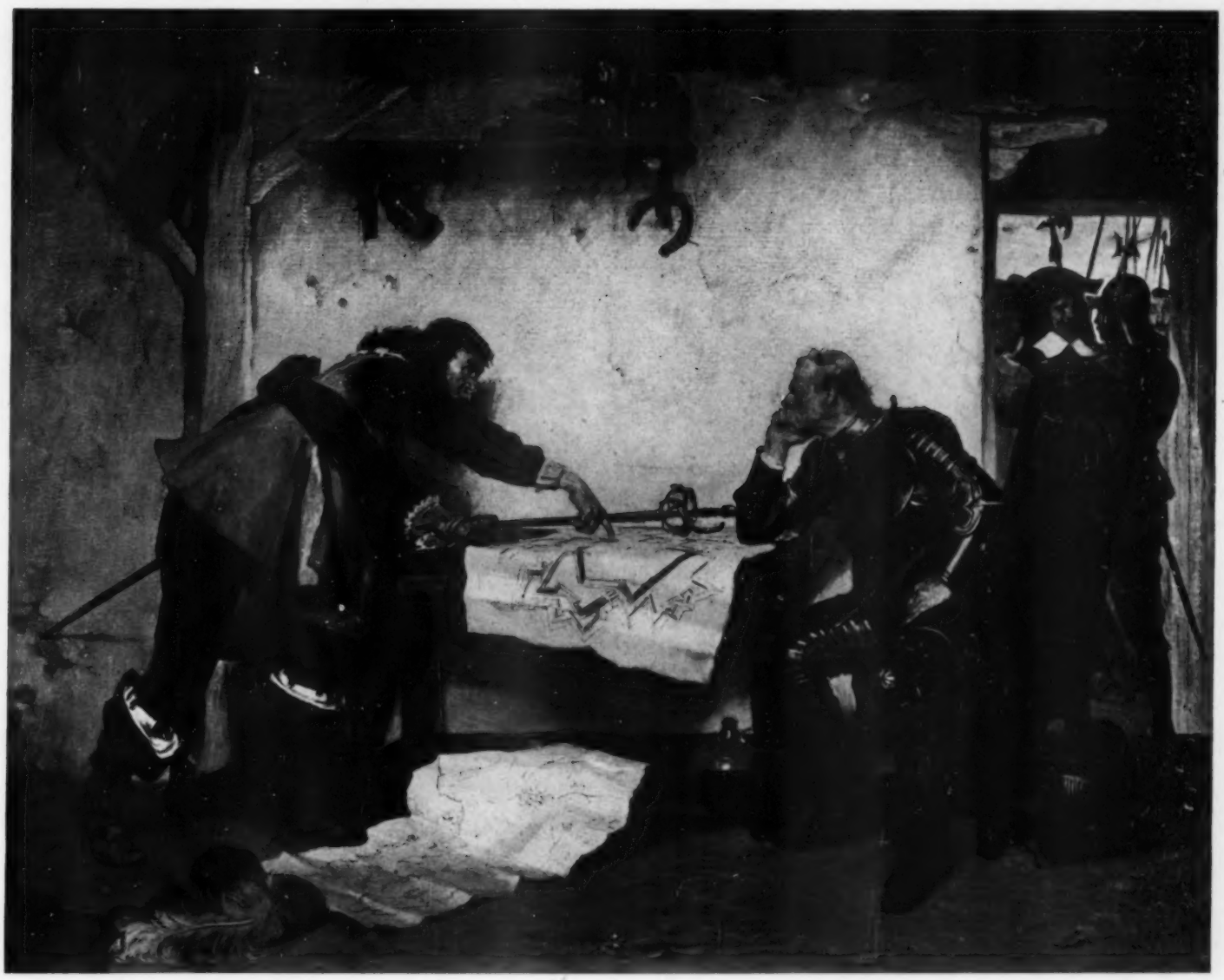
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1885).

well-known people. We miss him as a story-teller just as we missed Millais in the latter part of his career. We find ourselves forced to criticise the vagaries of modern fashion, no matter how the attention is engrossed by the truthful painting of head and hands. There is, however, in these portraits invariably a scheme of decorative colour so necessary to make a complete and interesting picture. His sitters are not stationed in a coal cellar with the glaring light from a bull's-eye upon the face! They do not start out of a dismal background, but are often made attractive in the style of a Reynolds or a Romney by a charming peep of landscape. A notable example is the portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Drummond Moray (p. 17), in which one sees the lady's home, Abercarnie, in the distance. Another example is the portrait of Lady Blois (p. 9), a finely-modelled head of a pretty and vivacious woman with a background suggestive of a Raeburn. Comparatively few artists can paint a graceful, dignified, as well as a truthful portrait of a woman which also has the charm of a pleasing picture throughout.



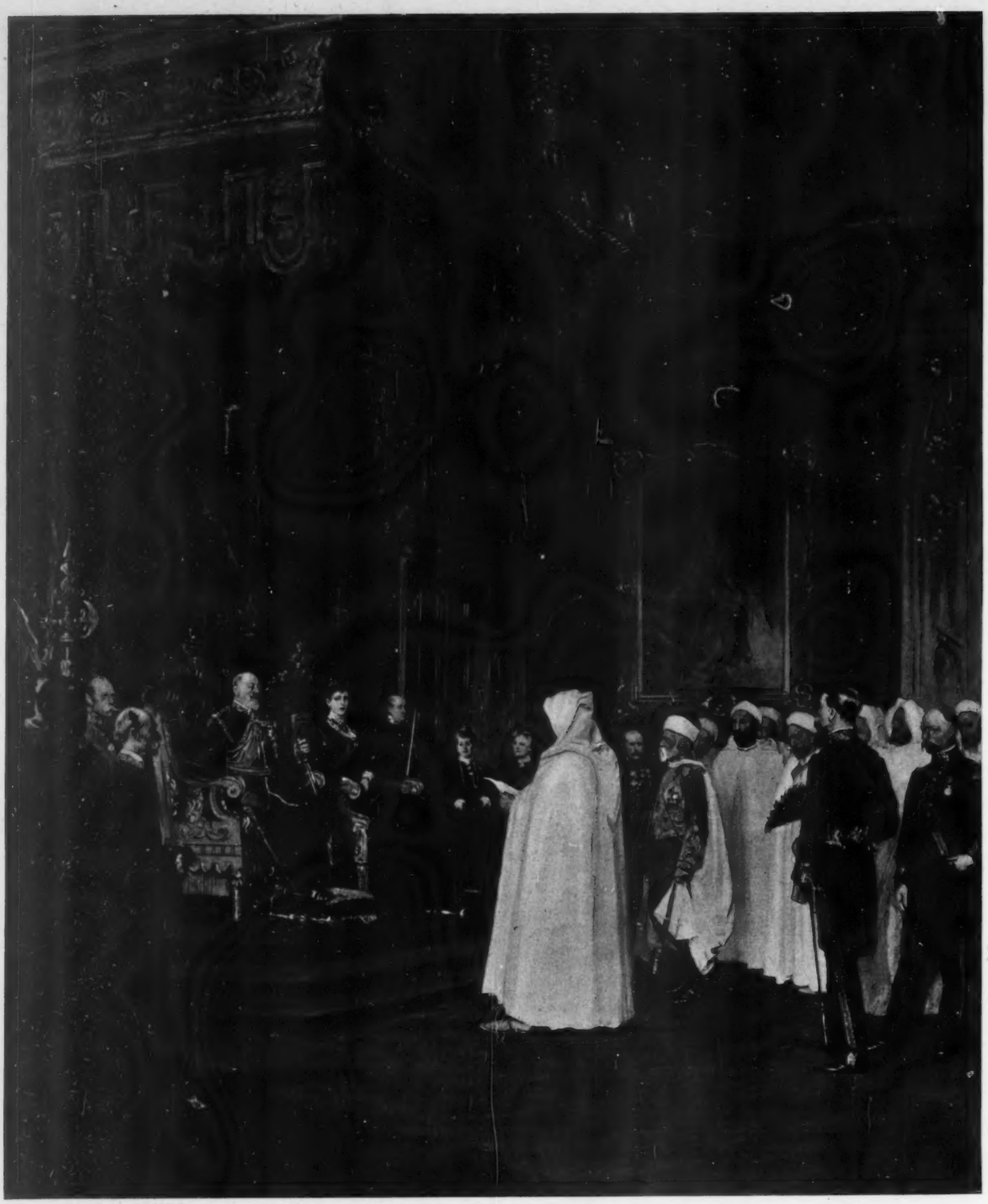
Drawing the Long-bow.
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1880).

Mr. Lucas's portraits of men are also full of character and pictorially attractive. A speaking example in every sense of the word is the portrait of Sir Francis Laking (p. 16), whose kindly, yet keen, expressive eyes look as if he were mentally jotting down observant notes for his professional



(By permission of Mrs. Knowles.)

Disputed Strategy.
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1882).



(By gracious permission of His Majesty the King.)

Reception by H.M. King Edward VII. of the Moorish Ambassador, Kaid el Mehedi el Mehebbi at St. James's Palace, June 10, 1901.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (exhibited 1902).

guidance. In this also the scheme of decoration in the robes gives fine opportunity for the colourist. One has to go back to 1874 to recall his earliest portrait (p. 21), the father of Lord Northcliffe, who was immortalised by the same brush in 1894. The spirited heads in red crayon accompanied by the dashing signature are a familiar feature in the annual exhibition at Burlington House.



Col. H. Harrington Roberts: costume portrait.
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1895).



Alfred Harmsworth, Esq.
(By permission of Mrs. Harmsworth and of the Rt. Hon. Lord Northcliffe.)
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1874).

A list of works exhibited at the Royal Academy will be found on p. 32.



The Armourer's Assistant.
(By permission of Mrs. Knowles.)
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1884).



A Soldier of Fortune.
By permission of Mrs. Mansergh.)
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1856).



(By permission of Wolf Harris, Esq.)

The Interval.

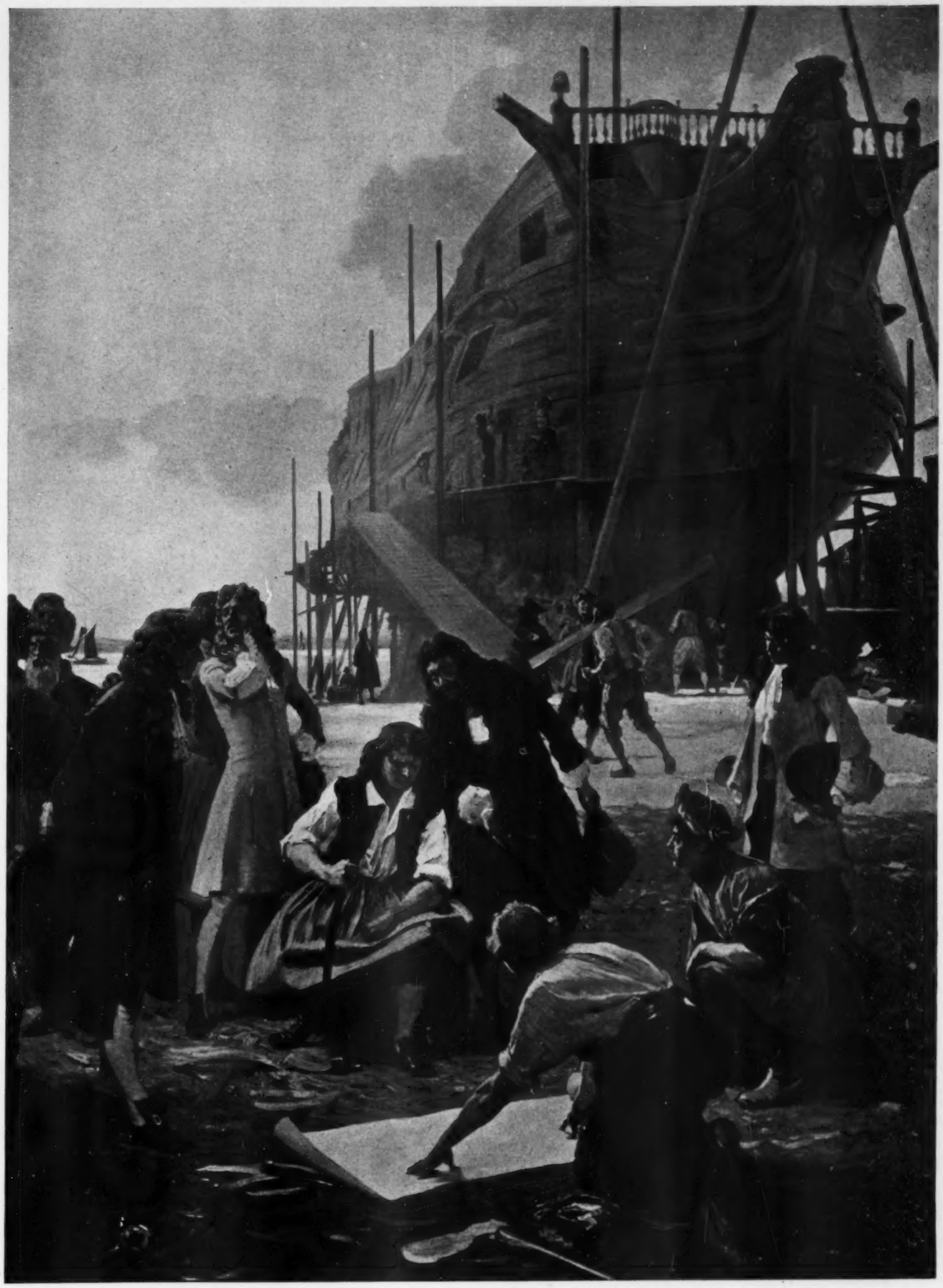
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1905).



(By permission of Alfred F. Bird, Esq.)

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay."

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1903).



(By permission of Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons.)

Peter the Great at Deptford.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1886).



(By permission of Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons.)

The Standard Bearer.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1903).





The Standard Bearer.
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1879)

(By permission of Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons.)

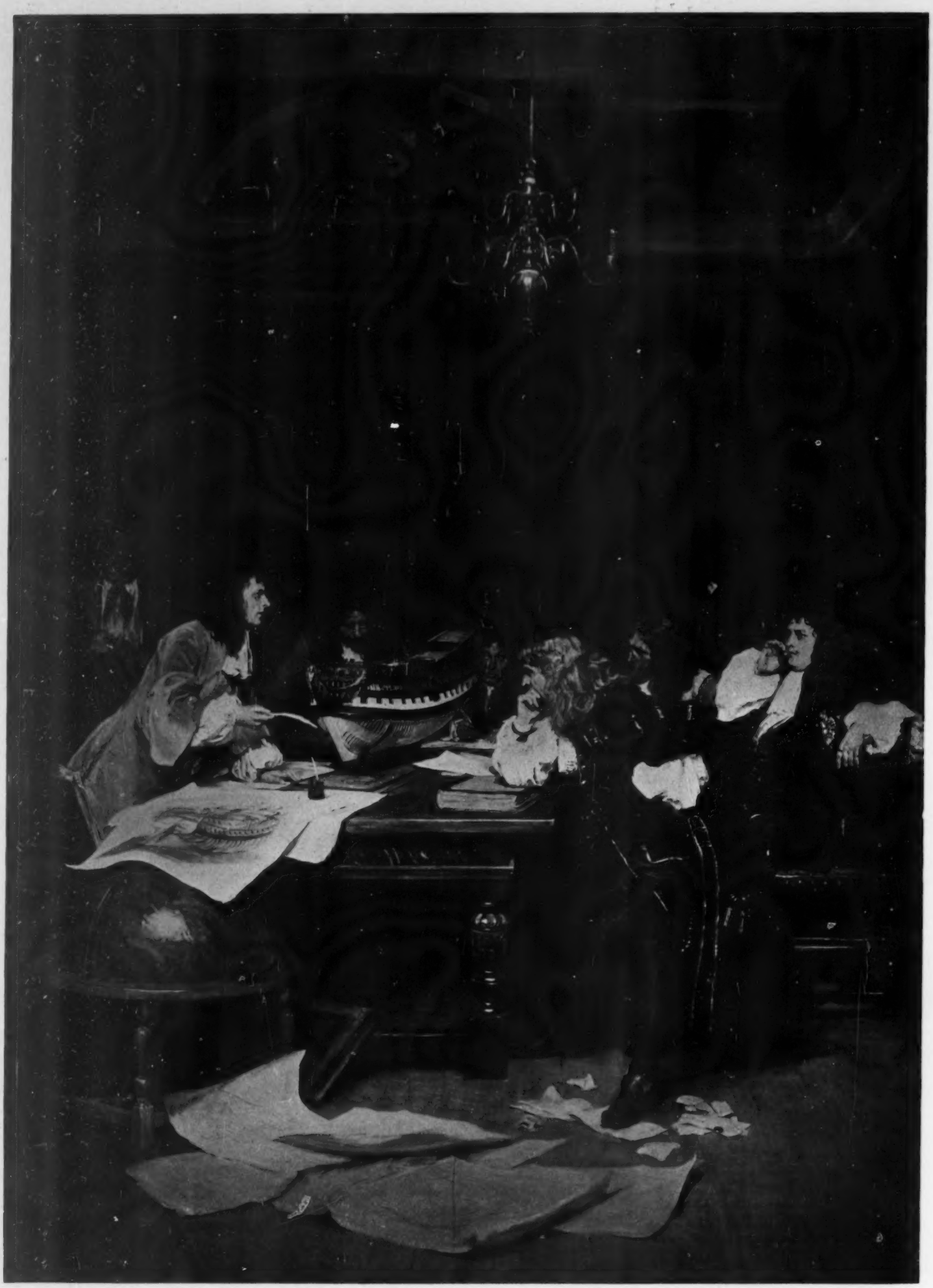




J. Seymour Lucas, Esq., R.A.
By John S. Sargent, R.A



Mrs. Seymour Lucas.
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1896).



(By permission of the Corporation of Leicester.)

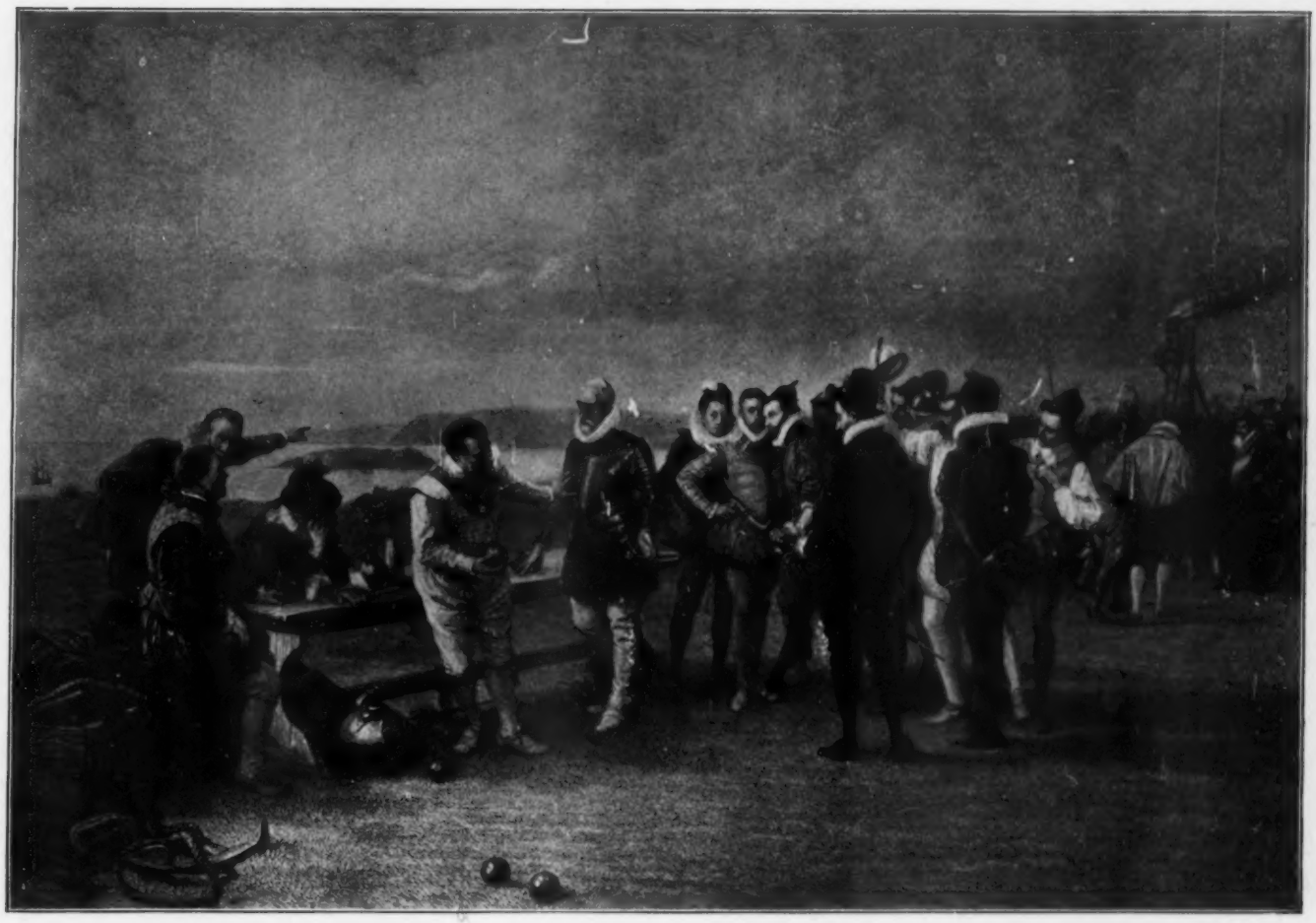
A "Whip" for Van Tromp: the Admiralty, 1652.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1383).



(By permission of Mrs. McCulloch.)

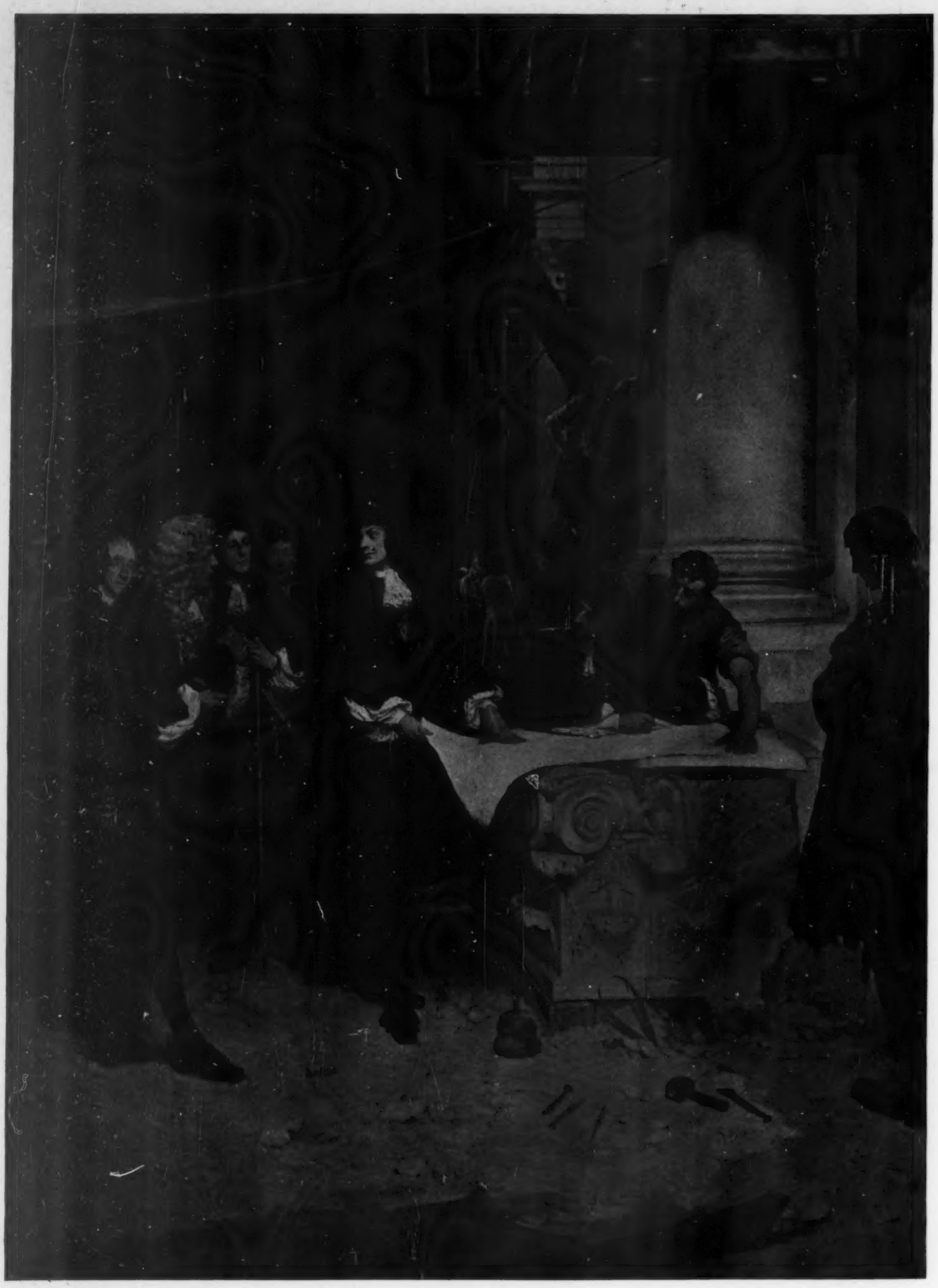
The Call to Arms, Plymouth Quay.
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1894).



(National Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney.
By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.,
publishers of the Engraving by Paul Girardet.)

The Armada in Sight, 1588.
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1880).

"It was on the 19th July that Fleming sailed into Plymouth and announced that he had seen the Spanish Fleet off the Lizard. This intelligence was communicated to Dra ke when he and some of his officers were amusing themselves with bowls on the Hoe. It caused a lively sensation, and a great manifestation of alacrity to put to sea, which Drake laughingly checked by declaring that the match should be played out, as there was plenty of time 'to win the game, and beat the Spaniards too.'"



(By permission of Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons.)

St. Paul's: the King's Visit to Wren.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1888).

"Si monumentum requiris, circumspice."



For the King and the Cause.

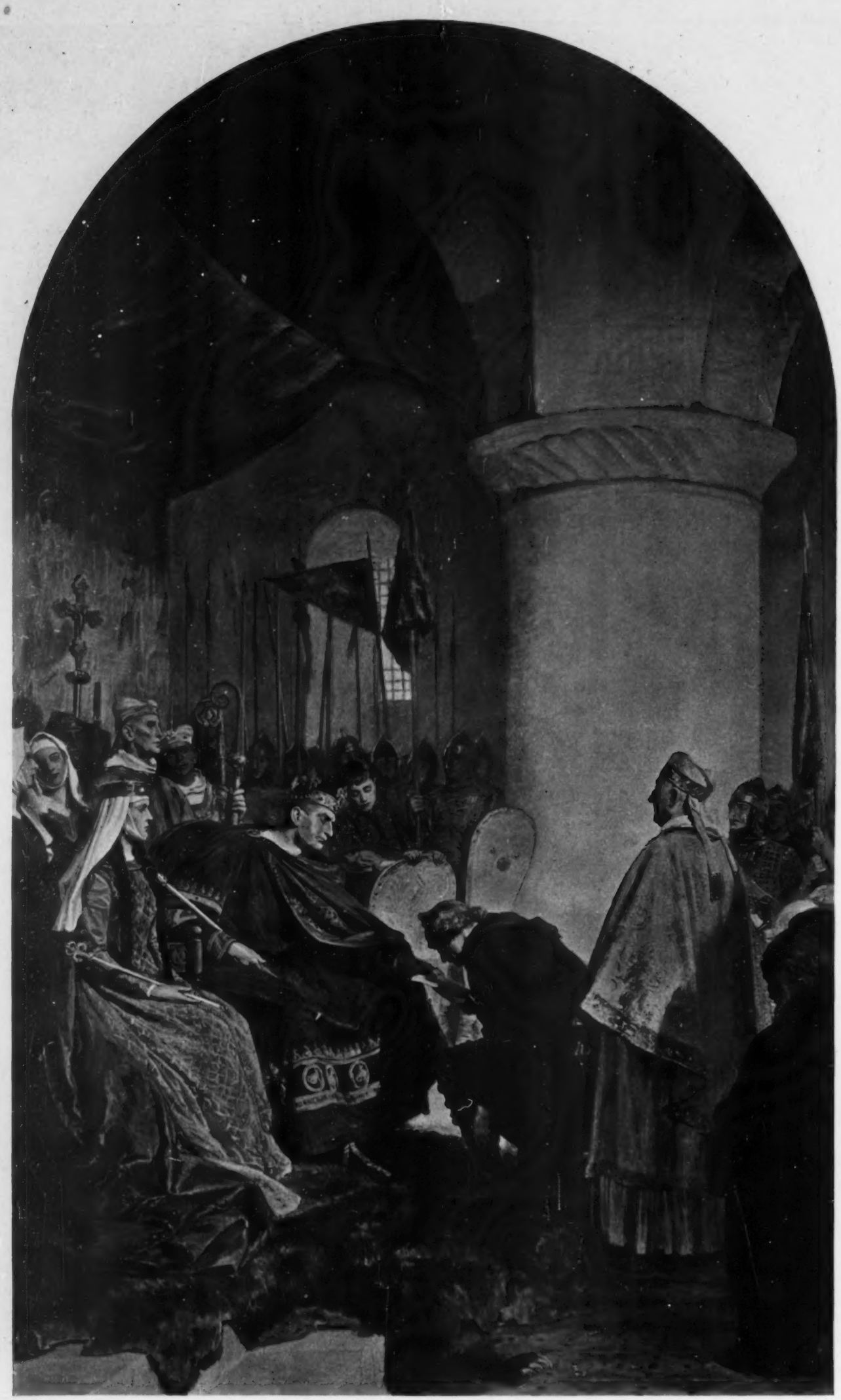
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1876).



(National Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney.)

The Gordon Riots, 1780.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1879).



William the Conqueror granting a Charter to the Citizens of London.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1898).

(Panel in the Royal Exchange, London.)

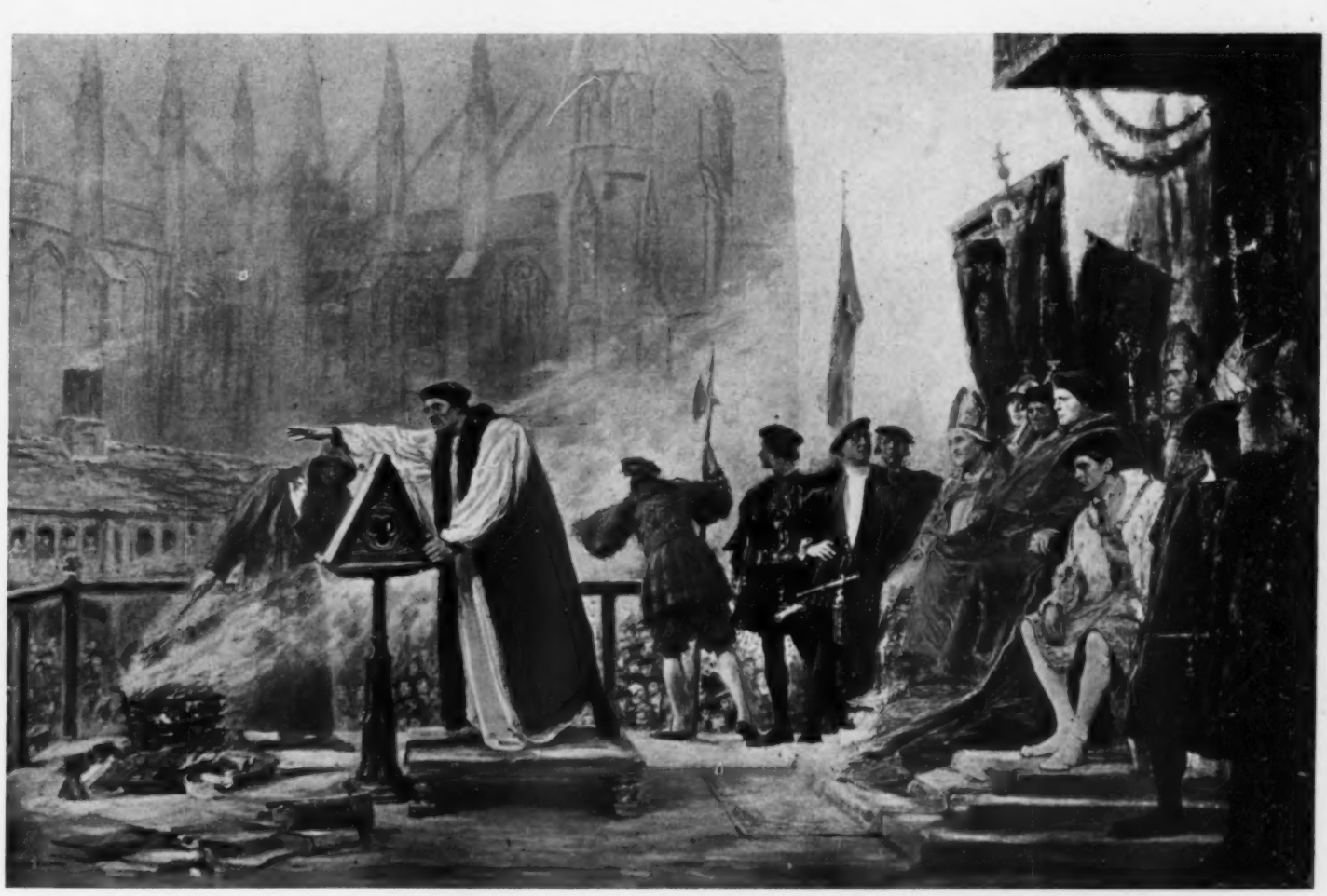


(By permission of Ernest L. Mansergh, Esq.)

A Story of the Spanish Main.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1896).

Salvation Yeo before Sir Richard Grenville and Amyas Leigh.—CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Westward Ho!*



(By permission of Alfred F. Bird, Esq.)

The Burning of Martin Luther's Works outside Old St. Paul's, 1521.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1906)



An Ambuscade, Edgehill.

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A. (1878).

John Seymour Lucas, R.A.

(Born 21st December, 1849. A.R.A., 1886; R.A., 1898.)

List of Works shown at the Royal Academy.

1872. "Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law is death to any he that utters them."
Disturbed.
1873. Searching for Light.
The School-Dame's Nap.
1874. A Musketeer.
Your Objection, Sir?
Alfred Harmsworth, Esq. (p. 21).
1875. Oxford, 1650.
A Difference of Taste.
Old Letters.
By Hook or Crook, 1745.
1876. Fleeced.
Springtime.
The Old Gateway.
For the King and the Cause (p. 29).
1877. Intercepted Despatches (p. 6).
Debt and Danger.
The Burgomaster.
1878. An Ambuscade, Edgehill (p. 32).
A Doubtful Date.
As Dry as a Limekiln.
1879. The Astrologer.
The Gordon Riots (p. 29).
Telling the Story.
The Story Told.
Unbreathed Memories.
1880. Drawing the Long-bow (p. 19).
The Armada in Sight (p. 27).
1881. Reckoning without his Host.
Charles I. before Gloucester (p. 4).
1882. C. B. Birch, Esq., A.R.A.
The Favourite, 1566 (p. 2).
Disputed Strategy (p. 19).
A Spy in the Camp (opp. p. 24).
1883. Portrait of a Gentleman in 17th Century Costume.
My Country Cousin.
A "Whip" for Van Tromp: The Admiralty, 1652 (p. 26).
1884. You don't say so!
After Culloden: Rebel Hunting.
1885. From the Field of Sedgemoor (frontispiece).
1886. William Knowles, Esq. (p. 10).
Peter the Great at Deptford (p. 23).
David Law, Esq.
1887. Joseph Thomson, Esq.
The Latest Scandal (p. 15).
The Student.
1888. J. Haynes Williams, Esq.
St. Paul's: The King's Visit to Wren (p. 28).
Not such a Saint as he Looks.
1889. The Surrender.
A Royal Guard.
A Mercenary.
Mrs. John Williams-Vaughan.
1890. The Loving-Cup.
Louis XI. (p. 6).
Mrs. Edward Greaves.
Charles Bell Keetley, F.R.C.S.
1891. Town Gallants (p. 2).
Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A.
1892. Johnson Cheetham, Esq.
1893. Mrs. J. Horatio Love.
1588: News of the Spanish Armada (p. 8).
Portrait of a Lady.
G. A. Rogers, Esq.
1894. Alfred C. Harmsworth, Esq.
Mrs. Samuel Butler.
The Call to Arms (p. 27).
W. H. Withall, Esq.
Samuel Montague, Esq., M.P.
1895. Mrs. J. Walter (p. 14).
Waiting for the Duc de Guise.
Colonel Herbert Harrington Roberts: Costume Portrait (p. 21).
J. Walter, Esq.
The Rev. W. Rutherford.
1896. Mrs. Seymour Lucas (p. 25).
A Story of the Spanish Main (p. 31).
Alderman J. C. Bell.
A Costume Sketch.
A Soldier of Fortune (p. 21).
The Rev. John Robertson.
Charles Baly, Esq.
1897. Mrs. Arthur Tooth.
John Crompton, Esq.
The King's Messenger (p. 14).
Mrs. T. G. Jackson.
Mrs. G. Rutherford.
Captain H. E. Walter, 10th Regiment.
1898. "Phyllis is my only Joy" (opp. p. 16).
William the Conqueror granting a Charter to the Citizens of London (p. 30).
C. F. Cory-Wright, Esq., J.P., D.L.
1899. News from the Front.
Lieut.-Colonel Clifford Probyn, V.D., Sheriff, City of London (p. 5).
The Amateur (p. 17).
H. G. Radford, Esq.
Mrs. W. Kerr Smith.
The Rev. W. H. Stone, M.A.
Charles Stuart, Esq.
1900. The Keeper of the King's Conscience (p. 10).
"I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more" (p. 7).
Alice Constance, daughter of Sir Thomas Richardson, M.P.
H. G. Gwyther, Esq.
1901. The Nimble Galliard (p. 3).
The King's Rival.
The Clouds that Gather round the Setting Sun (opp. p. 4).
C. Swinfen Eady, Esq., K.C.
Mrs. W. H. Stone.
Frederick M. Fry, Esq.
1902. A Lively Measure (p. 12).
With a Fal-la-la (p. 14).
Reception by H.M. King Edward VII. of the Moorish Ambassador (p. 20).
The Hon. Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady (p. 5).
The Rt. Hon. Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice of England.
Dr. Thomas Morton.
R. Arthur Chappell, Esq.
The Rt. Hon. Lord George Francis Hamilton, M.P.
1903. "God rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay" (p. 22).
The Standard Bearer (p. 24).
Edwin Harris Dunning, Esq.
William Gunion Rutherford, LL.D. (p. 9).
The Rt. Hon. Fremantle St. John Brodrick, M.P.
1904. Finis (p. 16).
Sir John Neilson Cuthbertson, D.L., LL.D.
The Hon. Mrs. Godfrey Williams (p. 11).
His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.
George J. Frampton, Esq., R.A.
Mrs. Joseph Duveen.
1905. The Interval (p. 22).
Alfred F. Bird, Esq. (p. 9).
Mrs. Walter.
Lady Blois (p. 9).
Claude F. Egerton, Esq.
The late Miss Edith Lucas.
1906. The Burning of Martin Luther's Works outside Old St. Paul's, 1521 (p. 31).
Mrs. Graham Harris (p. 11).
George Zwilgmeyer, Esq.
The Lord Loreburn, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.
Mrs. Horatio P. Fenner.
A. Bowlby, Esq.
1907. A Roundelay (p. 1).
Miss Edith Mary Durham.
John Leydon Morton, Esq., M.D.
Rev. Thomas Cecil, President of Queens' College, Cambridge.
Mrs. Massey Beaumont (p. 17).
Mrs. Frederick Morrice.
1908. Silenced (p. 4).
The Hon. Mrs. Home Drummond Moray (p. 17).
Sir Francis Laking, Bart., G.C.V.O. (p. 16).
Sir Hubert von Herkomer, R.A., C.V.O., D.C.L.
H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.